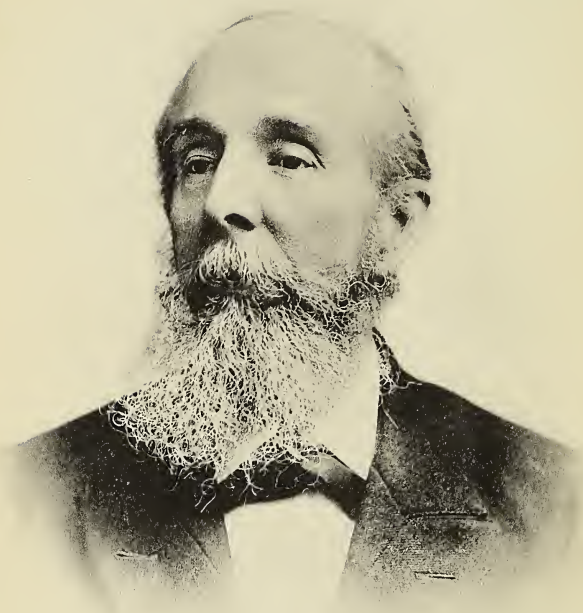


THOMAS WAKEFIELD
MISSIONARY AND GEOGRAPHICAL
PIONEER IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA
BY
E. S. WAKEFIELD

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THOMAS WAKEFIELD



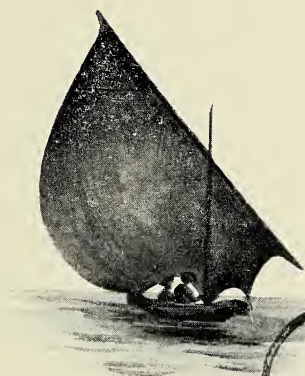
Sincerely and heartily yours,
Thos. Wakefield

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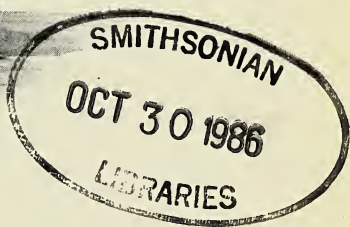
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PIONEER IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA

By E. S. WAKEFIELD



A DHOW



WITH A PORTRAIT AND EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

4, BOUVERIE STREET ; & 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

1904

PREFACE

I HAVE undertaken this work at the request of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the United Methodist Free Churches.

No attempt has been made to produce a book with any pretence to literary style or finish. A simple story, setting forth the life-work of a good and a brave man; a plain, unvarnished tale of quiet heroism and patient continuance in well-doing, is all that is offered to the public.

With this biography there is of necessity incorporated an outline of the history of the opening-up and development of Eastern Africa, a country which is destined before long to play an important part among Britain's many colonies and possessions, held in trust for the glory of God, and the welfare and advancement of the human race.

As a pioneer for Christ in this land of spiritual darkness, Thomas Wakefield takes his place with those who 'through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong and waxed valiant in fight.'

He was essentially in heart and life a missionary,

and during the whole of his career his glory was to save men from sin and its consequences. But at the same time he was a man of many interests, and he lost no opportunity of acquiring knowledge for his own satisfaction, and, as it afterwards transpired, for the enrichment of several branches of science.

Dr. Scott Keltie, of the Royal Geographical Society, writing in the February number of the *Geographical Journal* says:—

‘The death of the veteran missionary, Erhardt, has been quickly followed by that of another East African pioneer, the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, who, like the former, took advantage of his long residence on the East Coast to engage in researches on the then mysterious geography of the remote interior. Mr. Wakefield possessed the true instinct of a geographer, and, while contributing not a little by his own journeys to an improved knowledge of the East African coastlands, will be perhaps chiefly remembered by geographers for his almost unique contributions to geography by the method of careful inquiry among the members of native caravans, which enabled him to forestall to some extent the results of actual exploration. Towards this end he was no doubt assisted by his good fortune in meeting with such competent interpreters of his material as Mr. Keith Johnston, and, subsequently, Mr. Ravenstein, but such aid could have done little to unravel the intricacies of the geography of the interior apart from the remarkable perseverance and accuracy in recording displayed by the inquirer on the spot.’

It was my husband’s intention, if leisure came to him, to have gathered together the stores of information accumulated during his long residence in Eastern

Africa, and personally to have arranged and published the results of his researches, but this was never accomplished.

I count it a very great privilege to have been entrusted with the carrying out of his purposes as far as possible.

My grateful thanks are hereby tendered to all who have assisted me in this work—especially to the gentlemen who formed my consultative committee, namely, the Rev. W. Redfern, President of the Connexion, the Rev. David Brook, M.A., D.C.L., and the Rev. H. T. Chapman, Missionary Secretary.

W. H. Bone, Esq., of Sydney, N.S.W., has very kindly contributed excellent illustrations of the Gallas and their country, which greatly add to the interest of the story, and I would take this opportunity of expressing my indebtedness to him.

E. S. WAKEFIELD.

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THOMAS WAKEFIELD



CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

‘To make some nook of God’s creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God ; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed ! It is work for a God.’—CARLYLE.

‘To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.’—CAMPBELL.

IN the ancient town of Derby, somewhere on the Normanton Road, in a locality once known as ‘Spring Gardens,’ Thomas Wakefield was born, on June 23, 1836. His parents, Thomas and Juliana Wakefield, were of the Baptist persuasion, and attended St. Mary’s Gate Chapel. The father died comparatively early in life, and upon the mother devolved the charge of the young family. She appears to have been a woman of strong character, and evidently impressed her personality upon her children, especially the boys, of whom there were four—John, Richard, Edwin, and Thomas. When the latter was about three years of age the family removed from Derby to Chester, and this city was the home of Thomas Wakefield until he entered upon his life-work.

Like many of our best known and successful missionaries, young Tom had early to face the world. When he was ten years of age he left school, and by his childish efforts contributed in some slight degree to the support of the family. Small of stature and delicate in physique, the little fellow might have been seen leaving his home daily at an hour when others were still slumbering, and with a brave and cheery spirit trudging along the canal side to his place of work.

At the age of sixteen, in order that he might learn the business of a printer, he was apprenticed to Mr. Johnson, of Nantwich. Richard Wakefield had previously served the firm in the same capacity, and his conduct had been so satisfactory that Mr. Johnson had no hesitation in taking another boy from the same family. The Wakefield brothers ever remembered with gratitude and appreciation the uniform kindness and careful training afforded to them in the Johnson household. Provision was made for the physical and mental welfare of the young people, and the children of the family, as well as the apprentices, were not slow to avail themselves of their privileges.

Meetings for 'Mutual Improvement' were held, essays written and discussed on various topics, and to these efforts young Tom Wakefield would contribute his full share. He was the life of the party, and by his humorous stories and witty sayings delighted the more sober members.

As a versifier he also distinguished himself, and the few survivors of those happy days yet remember some of his impromptu rhymes.

It is doubtless due to the influence of Mr. Johnson that Richard and Tom Wakefield became members of the Methodist Free Church. And it was at one of

the week evening services in connection with the church which Mr. Johnson attended that Thomas Wakefield was conscious of a spiritual change. His conversion was quiet but certain, and his after life fully showed its reality.

About this time he began to preach, although he was only eighteen or nineteen years of age, and at twenty-one, having finished his term of apprenticeship, he entered at once on the work of the ministry in a circuit in Cornwall. Mr. Wakefield's first ministerial appointment was to the Bodmin Circuit, and from thence he passed on to Helston, where he remained until the African call came to him.

While in Helston he gained the hearts of all by his cheerfulness and kindness of disposition. The young people in particular were attracted by his genial spirit, and his habit of always looking on the bright side of things.

Mr. Wakefield himself ever retained the happiest memories of his stay in Cornwall, and of the kindness and sympathy accorded to him there. He attributed in no small degree his powers of endurance when on the march in Africa to the training received in the days when he traversed the moors of Cornwall on circuit visitation.

CHAPTER II

THE EAST CALLING

‘In many dark corners of the earth are sitting men to-day who have abandoned almost everything for Christ. And their feeling is that they have barely done their duty : that a necessity is laid upon them, that they must suffer for Christ, and by and by die for Him.

‘And the stern warrant for it all is in the text, “He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.”’—DR. HITCHCOCK.

ABOUT the year 1856 a new thought kindled light and inspiration in the midst of the United Methodist Free Churches. The idea, probably, was not the offspring of one mind simply, but of several minds simultaneously. However, be that as it may, the first public expression of the purpose of commencing a mission in Africa possibly came from the *Connexional Magazine* for 1857, for in the February number of that serial a correspondent wrote an article entitled ‘Shall we have an African Mission?’ with the following quotation as a headline :—

‘Africa must soon become one of the main theatres of Missionary labours.’

In this he says :—‘Dear Mr. Editor,—Your article on

missions in the November Magazine, especially that part referring to Africa, met with my hearty approval. . . . It is a subject on which I feel a lively interest.' But whence came the strong desire in our churches to embark on a Christian mission to the heathen races of Africa? We say 'heathen' races, because the denomination had already a mission in Sierra Leone, but it consisted in the oversight of African Christian Churches. The origin of the movement in behalf of *pagan* Africa is, no doubt, traceable to the great work of Dr. Livingstone in founding mission stations on the Zambesi River, and the interesting story of his achievements and experiences published in the year 1857. That fascinating book sent a thrill through the Christian and scientific mind of Christendom, and not a few missionary societies owe their position and work in Africa to this great pioneer, who pushed his way through jungle and morass to carry the Gospel to the barbarous tribes isolated and hidden in the interior and central regions of the great continent.

Long, however, before the date already given, our people had manifested an evangelistic spirit, highly creditable to so young a body of churches, struggling in their work with financial limitations. Notwithstanding their comparative youth, they established what they denominated a 'mission' in Carrickfergus, Ireland; another in Hamburg, for English sailors who were often found in the German harbour, and who doubtless found in the English Methodist Missionary a helpful friend; a mission was also founded in Wisconsin, America, and other mission stations were founded, and churches built, in Australia and New Zealand. In sending out missionaries to these last-named countries our people were moved by the Christian impulse of following English

emigrants, the gold-seekers and farmers, with the Gospel. Churches were planted in their midst, and Sunday schools built for the religious education of their children.

The heart of the young denomination was warm and ardent, and missions to carry light into the darkest corners of the world were fitting expressions of its loyalty to its Divine Leader. When Dr. Krapf's account of his work in Abyssinia and Central and Eastern Africa was published, the Missionary Committee's interest was at once aroused, and they saw in East Africa an open door, through which they might enter upon a field where their energies might be expended and a rich harvest reaped for God. Consequently, through the medium of Mr. Charles Cheetham a correspondence was opened up between the Missionary Committee and Dr. Krapf. So interesting and important were the communications of the latter that he was invited to come from Germany, where he was residing, to meet the Foreign Missionary Committee, Mr. Cheetham generously defraying the expense of the Doctor's journey.

On November 14, 1860, the Foreign Missionary Committee met in Lever Street Chapel, Manchester, when Dr. Krapf was introduced to the members, to whom he gave a verbal account of his travels, and directed the attention of the committee to several parts of East Africa in which it would be possible for them to begin work. He also expressed his willingness to put his services at the disposal of the committee for two years, to assist in founding a mission, and at the same time informed them that from an Institution in Switzerland for the training of young men for missionary labour, they might engage suitable men to assist in the work.

As the result of this interview, the Missionary Secretary, the Rev. Robert Eckett, issued the following appeal to the young men of the Methodist Free Churches:—

‘Now then, who among our young preachers, either local or travelling, are willing to offer themselves for this service of toil and hazard—for this benevolent and honourable enterprise? Let those who are thus willing to give themselves to the service of God, in preaching among the heathen the glorious Gospel, and who count not their lives dear unto them, that they may thus honour God, and bring the heathen to the knowledge and love of Christ, send me as soon as possible offers of service, with full information as to their age, length of time during which they have been preachers, and whether they have reason to believe that their Circuit Quarterly Meetings will, if consulted, recommend them as being qualified for the work. It is also desirable that they state what have been their ordinary business occupations. I forbear to use any arguments to prompt brethren to offer their services, but it is hoped that those who would gladly go if they were personally solicited will not refrain from expressing willingness to go.’

In response to this appeal, Thomas Wakefield was moved to offer himself to the committee for service in connection with the projected mission, and on December 8, 1860, he wrote to his mother, informing her of the step he proposed to take:—

‘You will see that an unmistakably providential opening appears for us, as a Connexion, to establish a mission in Eastern Africa. I have read the Secretary’s letter again and again, and I have the secret impression that I ought to offer myself as one of the agents to go.

I am aware that the trial, if required, will be a great one, but the subject with me has been matter for thought and prayer, and the impression retains its power as at the beginning. I believe, dear mother, in Divine impressions and Divine providences. I have held a consultation with my superintendent about the matter, and he advises me to act according to these convictions. Of course, if I offer myself I may be rejected, or rather, others may be preferred, but if I were to offer myself and were refused, my mind would be easy—I should feel that I had discharged my duty—but if not I shall feel condemned. I would not take this step without first consulting you. Pray about it, mother, and send me an answer as quickly as you can, for I must write to the secretary next week.'

It may be of interest to notice here that many missionaries have been led by God to places other than those to which, in the first instances, their hearts have gone out. Livingstone, we are told, originally intended to go to China, Duff thought of Africa, Alexander Mackay had set his heart on Madagascar, Charles New would have chosen China, and Thomas Wakefield's desire was to visit and evangelise the North American Indians.

The brave, good mother could have put no obstacle in the pathway of her son, for his offer was made to the Missionary committee. The lot was cast into the lap, and doubtless the whole disposing thereof was of the Lord. Mr. Wakefield's name, with others, was placed before the committee, and awaited their consideration. The young men who volunteered for Foreign Service were earnest and sincere in their devotion, but the physical constitution of some of those chosen forbade their appointment to an inter-tropical climate. The secretary

therefore wrote to inquire whether two men, who had been placed on the reserve list, were 'willing to abide by their offer of service.' One of these was Thomas Wakefield, who at once replied that he had never wavered in his decision to undertake the work, if accepted by the committee. Throughout the whole of his after life this characteristic was most noticeable. Thomas Wakefield did not arrive at conclusions or decisions in a hurry, but once having made up his mind that a particular course was a right one, that a certain position was tenable and righteous, nothing would move him from that position.

The committee ultimately accepted Thomas Wakefield and James Woolner, who were withdrawn from their circuit labours and set at liberty for the purpose of preparing themselves for their distant sphere of work. From the Institute at Krischona, in Switzerland, two young men, Messrs. S. Elliker and J. F. Graf, were selected, and, the party being now complete, no time was lost in making the final arrangements. In June, 1861, Dr. Krapf and his two companions left England for Germany, to sojourn for a short time in the home of the Doctor for purposes of instruction, and from thence proceed eastward. On June 29 Mr. Wakefield writes to his mother :—

'KORNTHAL, NR. STUTTGART.

'We arrived here safely on Thursday evening last, after a long and tedious but somewhat interesting and amusing journey. My little smattering of French was very useful to me. We should not have arrived here so soon, had it not been that Mr. Eckett booked us by first class express from London to Strassburg, nor should we have got on with so little difficulty.

'Dr. and Mrs. Krapf are remarkably kind-hearted, and are very anxious to do all they can for our comfort and happiness.

'There is one drawback—Mrs. Krapf cannot speak English, and as we cannot speak German, the Doctor is obliged to act as interpreter. She told us through him that she would be our "Mother" while at Kornthal. The village is remarkably clean, quiet, and airy.

'The scenery is very beautiful. I'm delighted with the place. There are very few, if any, of the inhabitants who are not religious. It would amuse you to hear Brother Woolner and me when we go to the Post Office for our stationery and our letters, for we cannot ask *one* question in German. The Doctor would go with us, but we prefer having the fun. We have learned a few sentences and words, and hope in course of time to know a little more.

'This morning we attended an annual service in the chapel. This afternoon we go again, after which we commence our study of the East African languages. Our two Swiss brethren are now bidding their friends farewell. We went with one to the station yesterday.'

July 10.

'We are getting on with our African language (Kinyika); Dr. Krapf, who understands twelve languages, expects us to speak it in six months—at the end of that time we are to begin another—Kiswahili—which is spoken on the coast. So you see we have plenty to do. I assure you we feel tired at the end of the day. But every object that is worthy of attainment requires an effort; and the thought that it is for the Lord and His glory encourages us much. Our tutor is one of the excellent of the earth; not only learned, but also very meek and heavenly-minded.

‘We expect to see Mr. Eckett to-night by the eight train—if not to-night, to-morrow.’

‘July 17.

‘I very gladly received your letter on Sunday evening last. Nothing of any note has happened since I wrote last, except that our very esteemed friend Mr. Eckett has been here for a few days; he started for London yesterday. We went with him to Zuffenhausen Station (about two and a half miles from here) and saw him off. It was very kind of him thus to come so far—it was entirely on our account—to see if we were comfortable and likely to be so, and whether anything had been omitted which we required.

‘I think I told you that we get up early in the morning—about 5.30—breakfast at 6.30—luncheon at 10—dinner at 12—coffee at 3—and supper at 7 o’clock. The Germans are wonderful folks for soups. We have soup at dinner and tea, and every day since we have been here we have had different kinds. The Germans have about *four hundred varieties*—at dinner there comes, first of all, the soup (which is first rate), then meat and bread, with cucumber, horse-radish, preserved currants, then meat again, of a different sort, generally sausages, potatoes, prepared green-meat—so you see we are not starving. One of my companions has learned the science of making these soups, so we hope to have some of them even in Africa.’

‘August 3.

‘Last night we had a busy time of packing up. This morning we start by the ten o’clock train for Stuttgart, etc., to Ulm. We spend the night and Sunday at Ulm, and on Monday morning start by the four o’clock train on our way to Trieste.

‘A valedictory service was held here last night for

Dr. Krapf. It seemed to be a solemn time, but of course we didn't understand what was said. Poor Mrs. Krapf is feeling it very much. She is going with us as far as Ulm. I know it will be a dreadful parting! I trust that the Lord may sustain her. She seems to be a very pious and devoted woman. The Doctor too is evidently feeling the trial, though a man of strong courage.'

'TRIESTE, AUSTRIA, *August 8, 1861.*

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—Through the tender mercy of God we reached Trieste safely about 7.20 this morning, after wearily travelling from 7.30 yesterday morning. Mrs. Krapf went with us to Ulm, and weeping bade her husband adieu. We went on, and reached Salsburg at about 1.30 in the morning. The scenery all along has been delightful, especially the Alps. I was sorry we could not stay longer at Vienna—we got in about 10 at night, rode off to an hotel, slept very comfortably, and at 7 the next morning we started off again. And here we are now at Trieste, on the shore of the Adriatic Sea; as we passed along its side in the train this morning it looked beautiful indeed—very expansive, but very still—unrippled—calm as a lake at eventide.'

On Saturday, August 17, the voyagers cast anchor in the harbour of Alexandria early in the afternoon, having left Trieste by the steamer 'America' on the previous Monday morning. They had a favourable passage, although two of the party had their first experience of sea-sickness.

Mr. Wakefield says:—'One thing, the most interesting of all, was an English prayer meeting I attended on Saturday night last. It was like an oasis in the desert!—the first we have had the privilege of attending

since we left home. It was held in a drawing-room belonging to a Christian gentleman (an Episcopalian). There were two American missionaries present; two young missionaries from Switzerland, who are going to Abyssinia, beside the wife and daughters of the gentleman of the house. It was verily "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." On Sunday morning we went to an English service in the Seamen's Chapel. The minister invited me to pray at the close, and also asked one of us to preach at night. Brother Woolner accepted, and I opened the service for him. In the afternoon of the same day we went to an English service in the city. It was something *like* Sunday. To-morrow morning we take the train for Cairo.'

From this town the travellers report themselves as being in the best of health and spirits, and enjoying to the utmost the novelty of their surroundings: 'The climate is very salubrious—the sun always smiles—and the heavens are undimmed by a solitary gloomy cloud. Those old familiar salutations of England, "It's a lovely day!" or "It's a fine morning!" are quite forgotten, for bright mornings and balmy days are things of course. About noon it is very warm and oppressive, especially to strangers, which powerfully tempts one to seek a quiet siesta; and even the Arabs themselves are glad to stretch their bodies in the shade. The mornings and evenings are decidedly the most congenial to human nature; then we enjoy a trip into the city, a book in the study, or a promenade on the housetop. The twilight is remarkably brief in its duration—it scarcely has an existence—immediately after the sun has gone down the shades begin to gather, rapidly darken, and the night sets in. It is then required that all who have business in the streets of the

city should carry lanterns. The streets are crowded, not only with passengers, but with donkeys, carriages, etc., consequently it would be dangerous to be "in Egyptian darkness."

From Suez, on October 29, we learn, in a letter to Mrs. Wakefield, that the missionary party are busy preparing to embark on a steamer to make the voyage down the Red Sea to Aden, and they are glad that they are about to make another advance, trusting that 'their Heavenly Father, who has led them so far in safety, will still hide them under the covert of His wings.'

No record remains of the passage down the Red Sea, nor of the sojourn at Aden, but we find that on the 12th of November Dr. Krapf and his colleagues embarked from the latter port on an Arab dhow bound for Mombasa.

CHAPTER III

EN ROUTE FOR THE WILDERNESS

‘You are like a man surveying a tropic forest, which he can only do by hewing his path yard by yard, unable to see a rood before him : other men will follow him, till, and plant, and build, while he dies in faith, not having received the promise.’

C. KINGSLEY to F. MAURICE.

AND now begins a period of discomfort and hardship for our friends which is only to be thoroughly appreciated by those who have known by experience the conditions of life on board an Arab dhow. For fifty-six days they voyaged under exceedingly trying circumstances. Writing from Makalla, south coast of Arabia, Dr. Krapf says :—

‘My colleagues are now somewhat acquainted with Arab navigation ; but I fear this sort of living will give them a very bad impression thereof. As for me, I have never had an Arab vessel so convenient and roomy and the crew and captain of which are so obliging as the men of our vessel, which belongs to a native of Jiddah, in the Red Sea. On an Arab vessel you must, of course, not mind living among rats and other animals. But what does it matter, when you consider the great end you have in view ? I am sorry to tell you that our dear brother Wakefield suffered much from

fever soon after we left Aden. He arrived here in a very weak state.'

Philosophic, however, as the Doctor was over the society of the rats, their presence could not be ignored. Mr. Wakefield reports their number as 'hundreds'; even the Arab captain admitted that 'they ran like herds of goats.' Invisible in the daylight, they did not fail to visit the travellers at night, destroying the beds, running over necks and faces, and occasionally biting toes. Food was exceedingly scanty. The good Doctor administered soup, of a kind designated 'burnt,' the appetising nature of which may be imagined; but it seemed to be the only one out of the four hundred varieties for which ingredients could be found on an Arab dhow, and it is to be feared that the 'burnt' flavour predominated over all others. Bedding soaked with perspiration was put out in the sun to dry, returned to berths, soaked, and dried again.

To vary matters a little, 'pirates' appear on the scene. Three boats are discovered by the captain to be following the dhow. At once he concludes that mischief is intended, and prepares for defence. The small cannon which every dhow carries was loaded, guns, rifles, and pistols put in order, loaded and capped. Mr. Wakefield, weak from fever, crawled out of bed to join in the proceedings. At a given signal every piece was fired, the sounds booming across the water. 'Whether,' writes Mr. Wakefield, 'our followers thought we had so many weapons and so much ball and powder and so many hands to use them that it would be prudent to withdraw and abandon their designs, or whether after all it was a useless expenditure of powder, toil and time on our part, are questions we cannot answer, but simply state that after our noisy

performance the boats and their occupants disappeared.'

When at Aden, Captain Playfair had entrusted to Dr. Krapf a small box and letter for the King of Makalla. Accordingly, when the boat reached this place the Doctor, accompanied by the captain and one of the missionaries, went ashore to be introduced to the King, and to deliver the present. The good Doctor took this opportunity of making a request on Mr. Wakefield's behalf, asking whether the King would be kind enough to grant the loan of a house for a day or two, so that the sick passenger might come ashore for rest and recuperation. The request was readily granted, and when Mr. Wakefield landed he was conducted to a large and airy room, where a stalwart servant was stationed to attend him by day and guard the room by night. Mr. Woolner very kindly remained with him also. During the stay of the invalid, the King sent presents of milk every morning, also sheep and goats for the boat. Very grateful were the feelings of the strangers for these tokens of kindness and good-will. After five days' rest at Makalla, resulting in restored health to the sufferer, the journey was resumed.

In the Indian Ocean the force of the monsoon was felt, and the old vessel rolled and pitched to a fearful extent. At Brava, a poor Somali boy, who had died of small pox on board the dhow, was carried ashore to be buried.

The reception accorded by the Governor of Brava was exceedingly kind. A tall, handsome man, he could speak English, and had evidently been much in the society of Europeans. Upon being conducted to the Governor's residence new milk was handed round in tumblers, and a good dinner was afterwards provided, in European style. Colonel Rigby, the British Consul at

Zanzibar, had shortly before visited Brava, and had, by his good offices, produced an amicable feeling towards the strangers.

From Brava the journey was resumed, and it was hoped that Mombasa would be the next port of call. Preparations were made for landing, and Dr. Krapf was congratulated by his companions at the prospect of meeting with his old friend and colleague, Mr. Rebman. But, to the disappointment and chagrin of all, the dhow swept past Mombasa during the night or early morning, and on Sunday, January 5, 1862, the mission party found themselves in the harbour of Zanzibar—ninety miles or so beyond their destination.

Lieutenant Colonel Pelly, H.B.M.'s Consul, received Dr. Krapf and his companions very cordially, and expressed his willingness to do all in his power to advance the interests of the mission. Mr. Wakefield was entertained at the Consulate for several days, in order that his health might be fully recruited, a vacant house being meanwhile prepared for the reception of the party.

Deliberations took place as to plans for the future, and Usambara was suggested by the Consul as a likely locality in which to plant a mission station. During this period of waiting the young missionaries were diligently studying Kiswahili, and earnestly praying that they might be guided as to the locality in which to settle; that their steps might indeed be ordered by the Lord.

It was at last decided that Dr. Krapf and the two young men from Krischona should go to Kauma, in the country of the Wanyika, with a view to opening a station there, and when arrangements were complete the Doctor would return and take the two Englishmen



NYIKA WAR DANCE.

to Usambara, to look out for a suitable spot near the Pangani River. This idea was carried out, as far as Messrs. Elliker and Graf were concerned. The chiefs of Kauma were willing to receive the missionaries, and after negotiations were arranged the two young men were taken by Dr. Krapf to his friend Mr. Rebman, at the Church Missionary Society's Station Rabai, there to remain until the rainy season was over, and to pass through the initiatory stage of fever under the kind care and motherly companionship of good Mrs. Rebman, an English woman who had been in the district for ten years. Having accomplished this task, Dr. Krapf returned to the young Englishmen awaiting him in Zanzibar.

We will now let Mr. Wakefield take up the thread of the story :—

‘ ZANZIBAR, *March 14, 1862.*

‘ MY DEAR MOTHER,—A vessel leaves here for Aden in the course of about sixteen hours, so I avail myself of the opportunity of writing to you. I am still very well, thank God, and still at Zanzibar, but expect to leave here for Mombasa in about a week or ten days. The Doctor returned from Mombasa on the 11th February, and on the 14th the Doctor, Mr. Woolner, and myself engaged a dhow, and started from Zanzibar for Mombasa. On the next day a slight accident occurred. We anchored in sight of the town for the purpose of taking in water, when the anchor gave way, and we were carried by the flood to the shore. We used every effort to try to save the boat by casting out anchors, and endeavouring by ropes to bring her thus into deep water, but all in vain, she continued to knock against the bottom, the waves breaking over her stern. At last we gave it up, and engaged one of the sailors to

carry us ashore; but before we could get our things out they were all drenched with salt water. We spread out our beds, blankets, clothing, and everything we had on the shore, and in the course of a few hours all were dry.

‘We despatched one of the sailors to the English Consul to apprise him of our position and requested him to send a boat to convey us back to Zanzibar. In the meantime the dhow filled to the brim with water. The Consul sent a boat for us belonging to an English warship—the “Zenobia”—and we were rowed home in safety by a crew of swarthy Englishmen. We stayed at Zanzibar a short time and then made another attempt, but this time merely to go to the Pangani River—about six hours’ sail. We wished to ascertain whether a mission station could be formed there, and in case of failure we intend to turn our attention to the north, somewhere near Mombasa. This time we were accompanied by a young Englishman named Thornton, who went out from England, in 1858, with Dr. Livingstone and party, but who has recently left them. While at Pangani we made several excursions, so you see we have commenced our African travelling.’ Ultimately the party went on to Mombasa, circumstances not being favourable to their settlement on the Pangani.

Clouds, however, now began to arise, throwing gloom over the hearts of the members of the mission. The brethren Graf and Elliker caused Dr. Krapf much anxiety. They suffered greatly in mind and body, and in the end Dr. Krapf procured for them passages for home, requesting the committee to send two men from England.

The day after the arrival of Messrs. Woolner and

Wakefield at Mombasa (March 24) they were severely attacked by malarial fever, and as, to quote the Doctor, 'the brethren must by fever get African blood,' a pause had to take place in the efforts to secure a site while this acclimatising process went on.

Meanwhile an exciting encounter took place in the harbour of Mombasa between some English boats (on the look out for slaving dhows) and Arabs. During the firing, bullets from some of the guns passed through the house where the sick missionaries were located, and in one room a bullet passed over the head of the occupant of the bed. Happily the inhabitants of the house received no harm.

Dr. Krapf at last came to the conclusion that the most suitable district for present missionary operations was at Ribe, about fifteen miles to the north of Mombasa. Having made several journeys to this place, and being cordially received by the chiefs of the Ribe tribe, the Doctor and Mr. Wakefield, although both in very feeble health, went up to Ribe, to erect the iron house which they had brought with them from England. In a month the structure was completed, and the missionaries could now vacate their unhealthy nyika huts. Dr. Krapf also began to build a pole house, for increased accommodation, and having bought forty acres of land for cultivation, he, to quote his own words, 'requested Mr. Wakefield to take charge of the station, which he did with great timidity and diffidence, saying that he knew too little of the language. Accordingly I left Mr. Wakefield on the 7th October, after having hired an Arab boat, which was to take me from Mombasa to Aden. I often intended to remain longer at the station, but the return of my sufferings in the spine, as well as in the brain, and other sufferings, caused by mental

anxieties, compelled me to leave Mr. Wakefield earlier than I had intended. I only wish and hope that he may show himself a brave soldier of Christ, who occupies his post in spite of all difficulties. He will then receive a rich blessing in winning many souls for Christ.'

Let us now see what the lonely missionary says about himself.

'MOMBASA, *October 5, 1862.*

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am now at Mombasa; Dr. Krapf and I came yesterday morning about three o'clock (moonlight). We had several heavy showers, which lodged a good deal of water in the boat and made it miserable for us, for we had made arrangements for sleeping by putting boughs of trees at the bottom of the canoe, and when I awoke I found that I had been lying with my side in water. Dr. Krapf, I believe, fared somewhat similarly. I should not be here now, were it not that Dr. Krapf sails on Tuesday next for Aden, and from thence he will either travel to Abyssinia or to Germany and home.

'On Tuesday morning I take boat and steer my way back to Mwakerungi, and thence about two or two and a half hours' walk through the wilderness to Ribe. You may be sure I feel very much about being thus unexpectedly deserted. I am not at all fearful of the people—my loneliness I can also bear, being supported from above, but my great difficulty lies in the fact that I am left with such important business on my hands, such as I have never been used to. For example, there are four or five cottages in course of erection, and when I return I must build two more—make reservoirs, buy land, etc., of which, according to the Doctor's calculations, we have already more than thirty acres. I shall be obliged to

keep three married men on the estate—one as cook and the other two for general work, such as cultivating the ground and occasionally going to Mombasa on business. I shall also have to employ several Wanyika to clear the ground, carry loads, etc. ; all this and much more to be done. I care not for the labour, but I can only speak a few words of the language. I am thankful to say that my health has much improved during the last fortnight. And now, dear mother, I ask for your prayers, that I may have grace and wisdom given me from above, to enable me to perform the onerous duties of my position. To God alone we must look ; on Him alone rely. Brother Woolner, unable to stand the climate, left Mombasa for Zanzibar on the 28th July last, and, I expect, is now on his way home, so that I am quite alone.'

While these changes and vicissitudes were being experienced in East Africa the Missionary Committee were doing their best to send relief to the lonely worker at the outpost.

At home the Denomination had met with a sad and almost irreparable loss in the sudden death of the Rev. R. Eckett, the Foreign Missionary Secretary, who passed away during the sittings of the Annual Assembly on July 28, 1862. Mr. Eckett had taken an enthusiastic and prominent part in the inauguration of the East African Mission, which was now passing through such a time of trial and peril, and his death at this juncture was sufficient almost to dishearten and discourage. Happily the mantle of the deceased secretary fell upon one who was brave and hopeful, and the Rev. S. S. Barton, who was elected to the vacant post, lost no time in seeking out a man to relieve and sustain Mr. Wakefield.

To the Annual Assembly there came as representative

from his circuit a young man named Charles New. His brother, the Rev. Joseph New, had been for some years engaged in mission work on the West Coast of Africa. Towards this young man the Missionary Secretary was strangely drawn, and the impression day by day deepened upon him that here was one 'upon whom the Church should lay hands for the work of God in Eastern Africa.' An interview was sought, and the matter laid before the young minister. He received the communication quietly, and although his own inclination would have led him to China, yet the invitation to East Africa he could not but regard as coming from God, and in accepting the call he said, 'I am in God's hands. He cannot err.' On December 12, 1862, Mr. New sailed from Southampton to take the overland route to Bombay, and henceforward his life was bound up with the fortunes of the East African Mission.

Returning now to Mombasa, we find, from a letter dated April 10, 1863, that the isolated missionary there had been passing through times of physical trial. He says, 'I've not been very well, having been successively attacked by fever, diarrhœa, indigestion, etc., but through God's mercy I have recovered from them all, and am now in good health, with the exception of a few boils, which are troublesome and sometimes painful, but nothing more. There is no appeal against them.

'The rainy season has commenced, and I am very glad, for the weather will soon be cooler, though no doubt it will bring much sickness. I think you have no need to fear for my safety; I have no fear for myself. The thought that an ever-present, ever-watchful, ever-protecting Almighty Father is about us, brings consolation to the mind. I have been expecting colleagues to join me, but they have not yet arrived. The Rev. J.

Rebman, missionary of the Church of England, and his wife, are very kind. When we come to Mombasa to write our letters, make up our accounts, etc., we have many a friendly chat together, and in my difficulties about money he has been a friend.'

Under date May 5 comes the welcome information that Mr. New had safely reached Mombasa on the previous Tuesday, in good health and cheerful spirits. Fresh energy seemed to have been infused into the heart and life of the relieved worker by the companionship and society of Mr. New, for we read now of domestic arrangements and plans for the future, which point to a lightened heart and brightened outlook. A Goanese cook had been engaged. In passing, it may be said that no missionary, nor indeed any European, can afford to live poorly in a tropical climate. The luxury of a cow, so that milk and butter might be procured, was a dream that might be realised by the settlers, and to give the house a home-like appearance, as well as to disperse the rats, a cat was talked about. Very possibly these flights of fancy fell to the ground, but hope, in tropical Africa, be it ever so chimerical, is a powerful tonic.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST GRAVE AT RIBE

‘To labour, and not to see the end of our labours ; to sow, and not to reap ; to be removed from this earthly scene before our work has been appreciated, and when it will be carried on, not by ourselves but by others, is a law so common in the highest characters of history that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation.’—DEAN STANLEY.

‘We must not speak in mournful numbers, then, of those who are taken from their work here, as if that were the whole of the story, for they are taken to higher work elsewhere ; and even their work here will be completed in God’s good time and way by ministers whom they have trained and He will move and inspire.’—DR. COX.

WITH brave and hopeful hearts the two men begin their battle against difficulties and dangers, darkness and superstition, determining with God’s help to make in the midst of dreariness and wilderness an oasis. Their work was laborious, as may readily be conceived. The buildings had to be strengthened and completed, studies of the languages could not be neglected, and to the best of their abilities they instructed the natives. They were encouraged, moreover, by the promised advent of another worker. The Rev. E. Butterworth, of Manchester, had offered himself for service in East Africa, and had gladly been accepted by

the committee. A young man of culture and intense earnestness in religious life, great hopes were entertained of his rendering to the Denomination exceptional service on the foreign field. He sailed on November 12, 1863, and in due course reached Mombasa, and gladdened the hearts of Messrs. New and Wakefield by his presence and Christian friendliness. Alas! the joy and service were of short duration.

Writing from Ribe, on April 16, 1864, Mr. Wakefield says: 'Brother Butterworth safely reached us in February, and was in good health. I have now to tell you that our dear brother is dead. He died a fortnight ago, on Saturday night, April 2, at twelve o'clock, after a short illness of seventeen or eighteen days.

'It happened providentially that Colonel Playfair, H.B.M.'s Consul, was with us on a visit just at the time; and also the Rev. Mr. Alington and Mr. Drayton, of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission, under Bishop Tozer, at Nyassa, South-East Africa. All these gentlemen nobly helped us in the melancholy work of burying our departed friend.

'Poor dear Butterworth! He was a very kind fellow, a very agreeable companion, and we anticipated a good deal of happiness together in the future. But almost before we had begun to form our plans he was taken from us.

'We were all three attacked with fever at the same time—on the 15th of March. Mr. New not severely, but poor Butterworth and I were obliged to go to bed, where I remained for two or three days, and in about a week I was able to attend to my work. But our dear friend Butterworth never rallied. The fever assumed the low type, and gradually but surely he went down hill. On the Saturday morning he told us he did not think he

should die, but at night he was a corpse. He died very sweetly and gently—just a few breaths, and then he seemed to fall asleep, with a beautiful smile on his face.’

Mr. New wrote: ‘After the death of our dear brother it was impossible that we should sleep, so Brother Wakefield and myself sat up by each other, overwhelmed as we were by grief, either in death-like silence or whispering to each other our lamentations. Hour after hour passed away as we watched for the first streaks of morning light, in order to commence the work of making a coffin, as the last act of affection for the departed we could ever perform. The Sabbath morning dawned as it had done a thousand times before, and all Nature woke up with joy to greet the Orient King as he rose above the eastern hills.

‘It was with feelings of the most gloomy nature that we measured the timber, cut it into shape and put it together—all with the tools he himself had brought out—while every screw we drove suggested the thought, “Little did he imagine he was bringing them to make his own last tenement!”’

After the burial of Mr. Butterworth and the departure of the guests from the station the two bereaved men once more faced the stern duties of their onerous position. One of the tasks they assigned to themselves as soon as possible was the erection of a memorial over Mr. Butterworth’s grave. With infinite patience and toil they selected and shaped three blocks of stone, which, when smooth and even, they placed one upon the other, carving on the topmost stone the name and age of the lamented missionary. And there under a spreading tree, which by and by would shower white blossoms upon the lonely grave, they left the body of Edmund Butterworth, his burial-place being the token

that they had taken possession of the land in the name of Christ.

On July 25 Mr. Wakefield writes to the secretary respecting the work and prospects of the mission. He regrets that owing to sickness and much manual labour he has not been able to give that attention to the language which he had intended. He had, however, gathered about him a few boys and young men, to whom he was imparting elementary lessons. But very few were willing to learn, and none would promise to come regularly. He is also dissatisfied with Ribe as a mission centre. He finds the population much smaller in numbers than he has been led to believe, and considers it to be his duty and that of his colleague to visit other tribes, and if more promising ground can be found, to remove the headquarters of the mission to such a place.

Never had he forgotten that the first object of the mission was the Galla nation. And although Dr. Krapf had settled his party at Ribe through the exigencies of the times, yet this place was originally intended only as a stepping-stone to the northern district where the Gallas lived. Naturally, then, the thoughts of the two missionaries turned towards these interesting people, and the words of Dr. Krapf himself, in a letter to Mr. Wakefield just about this time, confirmed the impression. He says, 'I am exceedingly glad to learn that you will extend your cords and fix upon another station. At Kauma you would be nearer the Galla country, and you know how much I have a Galla mission at heart.'

In the meantime, while waiting for permission and direction from the home authorities, the two missionaries were busily engaged in itinerating amongst the tribes in the vicinity of Ribe and teaching all who were willing

to be taught. The ground was hard and unpromising, but the seed was faithfully sown, and the harvest sure to follow.

In Mr. Wakefield's journal of this period we get numerous examples of the simplicity and utter childishness of these dwellers in the wilderness. While attending to some large rheumatic ulcers on the legs and arms of a poor Mnyika named Kiwanga, Mr. Wakefield took occasion to tell this man that although his condition was physically very bad his heart was in a worse condition through his natural sinfulness. The poor fellow looked up at him in astonishment and said, 'Enough, I am willing ; give me a new heart !' And then, as best he could, the missionary tried to make clear to this child of the wilderness the way to the Great Physician, who alone could bestow the new heart.

Sometimes, when earnestly trying to rouse the poor creatures out of their apathy and deadness of life, and endeavouring to let in some rays of light upon their darkness, the listeners would break in with requests for cloth and pice (the currency), for these people were, and are, adepts in the art of begging. Meeting an old woman one day, and wishing to show himself friendly, the missionary addressed her, according to the custom of the country, as 'Mother.' 'True, true,' returned the old lady, laughing heartily, 'but if you are my son you should give me a cloth !'

Passing the hut occupied by a strong young man thirty years of age, and finding it in a very dilapidated condition, Mr. Wakefield asked him why he did not make his home comfortable for himself and family. The young man frankly responded, 'Because I'm too lazy.' On another occasion, when talking to a small

company of the Wanyika on things concerning their eternal welfare, a man in the company grew weary and prepared to leave the little congregation, but as he went he could not refrain from drawing attention to a bag he was carrying, and holding it up he displayed some holes in it, laughingly saying that it wanted 'dawa' (medicine). Mr. Wakefield indignantly told him that he wanted dawa for his soul, for that was in a far worse condition than his bag!

There is little doubt, however, but that the missionary's reproofs were few and far between. His patience with his wayward people was very great. He made every allowance for their ignorance and depravity, and, as was the testimony voluntarily given many, many years afterwards by one of these poor disciples, 'He led them gently.'

On December 31, 1864, we find this entry in Mr. Wakefield's diary: 'We had a diminished attendance of scholars to-day. We taught them morning and afternoon. We sat up to see the Old Year out and the New Year in, reading the Scriptures in our usual course, and then holding a prayer meeting.

'I would sincerely record my unfeigned gratitude to the Father of all Mercies, in whom I live and move and have my being, for His boundless goodness to me during the Old Year of 1864. Oh! how amazing has been His long-suffering and forbearance with all my ill-manners! How unchanging has been His love! How unfailing His daily providence! He has protected and preserved me, loved and led me, strengthened and upheld me, smiled upon and blessed me. And I can say truthfully—during every day and every hour of the past year of 1864—"I have lacked no good thing. Ebenezer!"'

The year 1865 opens well for the two friends, who, in the face of many perplexities and difficulties, still feel that their work is of God, and therefore will not come to nought. They are blessed with tolerable health, although the fevers and the ulcers and other ills to which the flesh is heir come and go; but the strong recuperative power which is given to them carries them through all.

Writing to his mother on February 3, 1865, Mr. Wakefield says, 'Mr. Rebman's colleague, Mr. Taylor, who came out here some months ago, is a very nice fellow and very sociable. During our stay at Mombasa he has come to our house generally twice a day. Every day we have been out for a swim in the sea—all this is very pleasant. In a few weeks he is going to Mauritius to meet his "Lady Love" and get married. I wish I were going with him on the same errand!'

Mr. Taylor started for Zanzibar on a native dhow on March 5. As he was nearing that place he was attacked with fever, and became unconscious. He was taken, on landing, to the British Consulate, where he died, notwithstanding the efforts made on his behalf by doctors and British residents. And so the happy meeting, so long anticipated, never took place, but upon the sister station at Rabai a cloud of sorrow fell similar to that which had enveloped our own station at Ribe, Mr. Rebman being deprived of his friend and fellow-worker when it was thought that the latter had become acclimatised and ready for work.

On March 15, 1865, Messrs. Wakefield and New began a visitation of the north-eastern part of Wanyika-land, passing through Kambe, Jibana, Chonyi, and Kauma; then on to Takaunga, on the coast; from thence by sea to Mombasa, returning to Ribe on March 22.

That a move of a definite nature is to be made at last, we learn from a letter written to his mother by Mr. Wakefield, and dated July 27, 1865. 'Yesterday I wrote a letter and sent extracts from my journal to the Missionary Secretary. From that letter you will see that I am just about to make a journey to the Gallas. I only anticipate going about fourteen days' journey from here (Ribe), or about 150 miles, as the country of the Galla people is so very extensive that it would require a long time to go over or across it. I shall only travel a little in the south of it, in order to make inquiries and ascertain the prospects of establishing a mission among them. We are doing so little at Ribe—owing to the fewness of the people and other causes—that we are far from being satisfied with it as a mission station. I therefore proposed to Brother New that I should go and visit the Galla country and see if there were not a good opening there. I have much to do, therefore, to prepare for this journey, in getting porters to carry the loads, buying beads, cloth, wire, etc., etc., to pay our way amongst the people through whose midst we must pass. The journey, of course, must be performed on foot, as there are no horses here and no donkeys, except those that carry burdens, and these would most likely object to carry me. However, I don't mind the walk, as we shall take it in easy stages—say twelve to fifteen miles a day. I hope and pray it may be a success, and that I may come back with a good report of the land, and be prepared at once to recommend it to the committee for immediate possession. Very probably Ribe will be retained as a first, or coast station in making our way either to the Gallas or some other inland tribe.'

'Bishop Tozer wrote me a long kind letter the other

day, accompanying it with a little pamphlet. In the latter there is a view of Zanzibar and the Consulate, and a good deal of interesting information about East Africa. From it we learn that Bishop Tozer's party are contemplating occupying Usambara and Chaga. The pamphlet is entitled *Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham Mission to Central Africa*.

'To-morrow morning I start early for Rabai, to have a talk with my friend, Mr. Rebman, about my anticipated journey to the Gallas. A few weeks ago the whole front wall and half of the roof of Dr. Krapf's clay house fell down, and the whole appears now a heap of ruins. Consequently, we must now begin to build again; but we have first to collect the material, which will take some time. We were astounded, and very sorry to hear, a few days ago, of the assassination of President Lincoln.

'With regard to ourselves, we are going on much as usual, sometimes unwell, sometimes only "middling," but showers are keeping the air nice and cool for us.'



1. GALLA WARRIOR WITH 'GUTU.'

2. A GROUP OF GALLAS.

CHAPTER V

TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN LAND

‘The Galla nation has undoubtedly the same destination for Africa which Germany had for Europe. It will become one of the brightest ornaments of Christ’s Church when it shall have been laid prostrate before our God and Saviour. I therefore beg you, for the Lord’s sake, to turn your attention to this important nation.’—DR. KRAFF (*Letter to Mr. Cheetham, Mag. for 1861, p. 269*).

PREPARATORY to the proposed entrance into the Galla country Mr. Wakefield made numerous attempts to gain information respecting this wild but interesting nation. He could, however, gather little, except that they were savage, treacherous, and warlike ; whilst in the ruins of stone-built towns along the coast they had left sad traces of their savage spirit and barbaric valour.

None of the people immediately around the mission station had ever come into contact with the Gallas, nor had Mr. Wakefield met with a member of the Galla race, consequently, a personal visit to the country was absolutely necessary, whatever such a visit might involve.

The Galla country being a *terra incognita* to all except the aborigines and their predatory enemies the

Masai, the Wakamba, and the Somali, the arrangements for making a journey thither were beset with considerable difficulty, more especially from the influence of the widely spread reports of the savage habits of the Gallas, and the fear inspired by their evil name. Whilst the central regions, southward and westward of Bararetta, were open marts of commerce, and regularly visited by trading caravans from Mombasa, Tanga, and Zanzibar, the Southern Galla country remained unvisited and unknown. A few influential Wanyika of Giriya and Kauma had been taken into confidence and allowed to step over the frontier, but not to penetrate any distance into the country. These men were chiefly interpreters, whose services the Gallas were glad to secure during negotiations between themselves and the northern Wanyika.

The first item in the preparations for the journey was the collecting of the indispensable '*Wapagazi*,'—load carriers or porters. Many of the natives, on being asked to go with Mr. Wakefield, refused promptly with the most positive decision. They said, 'If you were going to Ukambani, or the Masai country, or even beyond, we would willingly go with you, but *not*—oh no—*not* to the *Gallas*!' And this denial was always accompanied with a very broad smile, as much as to say, 'The thing is utterly impossible!' This horror was due to the knowledge of the barbarous practice of the Gallas in acquiring the trophy necessary to distinction and honour, a practice more barbarous than the scalping custom of the North American Indians.

However, ten men were at last persuaded to go, and with these Mr. Wakefield determined to start. The first engaged was Mwidani-bin-Mwidadi, a middle-aged man, who had frequently acted as 'pundit' to Dr.

Krapf, when the latter was engaged in translating portions of the Scriptures into Kiswahili and Kinyika, and who also gave Mr. Wakefield his first lessons in the vernacular after Dr. Krapf had left East Africa. On account of his literary ability, superior social position, and mature years, this man was appointed head of the caravan. He brought two of his sons and also another man, named Mwindia, all of whom were engaged for the journey. These four men were all natives of Jomvu, a Swahili settlement on the southern side of the creek leading from Mombasa to Rabai, and they were Mahomedans. Another Mahomedan, Tofiki, who had long been in the service of the mission, went with them as cook. Four Wanyika of Ribe, by name Mwaro, Murenge, Kireri, and Kambu, fell into the ranks, while Songoro, a boy seven or eight years of age, completed the little caravan.

The currency of the Galla country being beads, brass, and iron wire, coloured cloth, grey and indigo-dyed calico, lemali (a coarse cloth), etc., a supply of these things was secured as presents for the chiefs and influential men, and also as means for purchasing food for the little band of explorers.

These necessary articles having been formed into loads, a start was made from Ribe, on Saturday morning, August 13, 1865, and the route through Kauma taken.

Mr. New accompanied the party for half a day's march, and would have gone further, had he not been obliged to return that he might conduct the Sunday services at Ribe. Before parting, the two missionaries withdrew from the company of the porters into a secluded place in the 'bush,' and there prayed together to the God of races, who has the hearts of all men

and all circumstances of life, in His hands, beseeching His blessing upon the purpose of the journey, and entreating that His presence might be with them in all their goings, and that some day or other the desire of their hearts might be granted, and although, perhaps, in the far-away future, that God's kingdom should come, and His will be done, even in Ugallani.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the travellers reached Mwangala, a hamlet in the Chonyi district, and decided that this should be the end of the first day's march. Loads were stowed away, and darkness descending, the porters lit fires in the open air, which were soon surrounded by picturesque groups busily roasting cobs of Indian corn, and chatting, laughing and joking in the highest of spirits. Meanwhile, a sailor's cot was slung up to the rafters of a native hut, and in this the missionary rested for the night, the porters disposing themselves about the floor on mats and skins. On the following morning the march to Kauma was resumed, but before starting Mr. Wakefield was called aside by two elders of Chonyi. Looking gravely into his face, they said, 'Where are you going?' 'To Kauma,' was the reply. 'And whither beyond?' 'To the Galla country.' The elders looked very serious, and then said very emphatically, 'The Gallas are *not men!* Nobody goes into their country.'

Mr. Wakefield replied, 'I have heard that they are bad people, that they are guilty of shocking acts of barbarity; but that is the principal reason why I wish to visit them, to seek them out, and to see if these savage men cannot be made better.' The old men were silent, but by the expression of their faces they evidently regarded the scheme as hopeless.

'But,' said the traveller, 'I have been told that the

people of Kauma and Takaungu are in the habit of going to the Galla country for purposes of trade.' The elders replied, 'It is not so, those men do not penetrate into the Galla country, they only reach its boundary.' 'Well,' responded Mr. Wakefield, 'I shall go to Kauma, at any rate, and there make full inquiries about the matter.'

Before leaving these gentle people the missionary delivered a message to them, telling them of their darkness and the only means of enlightenment, and begging them to repeat his words far and wide among the tribe.

One of the elders before mentioned acknowledged that what had been said was doubtless correct, but what were they to do? They had no one to teach them! The missionary told them that God would provide.

And here we may mention the interesting fact that one of the porters in this expedition in after years went to this very tribe as a teacher. Stephen Kireri, when offered a choice of stations, selected this spot, a chapel was built at Chonyi, and to-day this position, between Ribe and the Galla country, is still held.

On leaving Chonyi, the route lay at times through strips of dense forest; brab-trees, silk, cotton, baobabs, and varieties of the cactus were conspicuous. At a village in the territory of Kauma a halt was made, when it was found that there were several Gallas at Kauma, who had brought ivory to exchange for cloth. This information was hailed with delight, and under the guidance of a native the party was conducted to Kaya Bomu, or the Great Village. The day being Sunday, the firing of guns on their approach was forbidden. They were conducted for a temporary

residence to the same hut which Mr. Wakefield and Mr. New had occupied together on their previous visit in March. Here the tidings were confirmed respecting the presence of the Gallas and also of the Walangulo, a race living in the Galla country, but held in a state of semi-vassalage by the Gallas.

In the course of the evening a tall Mnyika paid a visit to the missionary. He spoke the Galla language fluently and accurately, and told the visitors that he had made ten journeys to the Galla country; meaning, of course, that he had been over the frontier so many times. He spoke of the Gallas as being a race of finely built men, some of whom, he remarked, had noses 'as long and as prominent as those of Europeans.' He also said they were savage and treacherous. The missionary then told him that, as it was the Sabbath, he wished to spend the evening in quietness, but on the morrow he would have a consultation with him and the other elders of Kauma.

Accordingly, the next morning Mr. Wakefield was up before the sun, for the purpose of going to a small stream to have a very refreshing and necessary bath. This stream is about 12 ft. wide and 2 ft. in depth, and flows for the whole of the year. The natives reported it to have two sources, that of Tsavo (in Teita) and the Sabaki, falling afterwards into the Kilifi Creek at a place called Mtanganyiko, where a number of Gallas, robbed of their cattle and reduced in circumstances, had settled down as agriculturists, under the patronage of Raschid Bin Sayid (an Arab), the Governor of Takaungu. The locality takes its name from the coalescence of several streams with the Kilifi Creek, 'Mtanganyiko' being derived from the Swahili verb 'Tanganya' ('to mingle').

On the return to the hut, the 'old man' formerly referred to called the Gallas together. Their report was that the Masai had recently made a raid on the Galla country, had killed a goodly number of people, and had carried off some cattle. This was not a very encouraging outlook.

Shortly afterwards, the party were called to the palaver hut; Mwidani being taken as witness and interpreter. Upon the consultation being opened up, the 'old men' at once demanded blackmail, or what was termed 'ada.' They were remonstrated with, and told that, previously, valuable presents had been made to them, and that it was most unreasonable that 'ada' should be taken every time their country was visited. An alternative was offered to them if they would help in the preparations for the journey, use their influence with the friendly Gallas, and try to open up the way for the explorers; in that case they would certainly be rewarded, but 'ada' they could not claim. The 'grey-beards,' then, in an impertinent manner, intimated that if they were not satisfied on this point they had the power of throwing obstacles in the way of the missionary by forbidding any Kauma man to go with him as guide, and any others who might wish to engage themselves as porters. To this, the rejoinder was made that although they had the power, it would be an exceedingly dishonourable act. The travellers were convinced that it was evidently the intention of the elders thus to act if they were not satisfied.

Shortly after this talk three Gallas—two of them young men from twenty-five to twenty-seven years of age—and a youth appeared. One of the young men was exceedingly light in complexion, and the other and the boy were very dark. On the ground, in the open

space in the Kaya, these men sat down, and the elders ranged themselves on either side. A long and formal 'maneno' began, in which one of the elders explained to the Gallas, in their own language, the wishes of the visitors, and asked them if they would recommend that the journey be made. The young man of the light complexion replied, 'Though I am the son of a chief, yet I do not feel at liberty to advise in the matter; but my father's brother is in the neighbourhood, and it would be better to consult him.'

It was agreed that they should come again to the Kaya very early on the following morning, accompanied by the uncle referred to, and also another influential Galla who was then visiting in the locality.

The effect which the sight of these Gallas had upon the porters was most remarkable. One of the warriors had his head adorned with four 'gutu,' which indicated that the young man had gained the highest distinction of a certain order. The men were heard whispering with bated breath, 'See, that fellow has killed four men!' and they trembled with fright.

Observing the effect of this interview upon the porters, the missionary could not help thinking that if the sight of a single Galla in circumstances of security would alarm the porters to such an extent, how would they feel in the Galla country, when surrounded by the natives? To the missionary came also these thoughts: 'What will be the destiny of this fine race of people? What, in the purpose of Providence, will God do with them and by them? Will they ultimately have place and power amongst the nations? Our Churches are trying to bring the influence of Christianity to bear upon this wild, imperious race. What will be the extent of their efforts, and what the measure of their success?'

The Gallas retired, promising to return the following morning; they said they would come 'bora chib-chib,' which meant to-morrow morning, at the first cockcrow.

Mr. Wakefield kept his tryst, having previously read to a little congregation of Wanyika a parable from St. Luke's Gospel, and Mwidani had followed this up with a clear and faithful explanation. The Gallas, however, did not put in an appearance. They were waited for until two o'clock in the afternoon, and then word was secretly passed round to the effect that the Kauma elders had privately sent the Gallas away, telling them to wait at Giriyama until a messenger came to them to inform them whether they were to help in this matter, or to block the way of the intending explorers.

When this act of deception and intrigue was discovered, and knowing too that the old men were demanding no less a sum than 100 dollars for permission to pass over their frontier, it was determined at once to return to Ribe, and to arrange for another route. After a few plain words with the 'grey-beards' respecting their perfidious conduct, the travellers returned to Kaya Bomu, and an hour after sunset reached the old camping place at Mwangala, in Chonyi.

The following morning, starting about half an hour after sunrise, through a district rendered difficult for marching owing to the heavy showers which had fallen and had thoroughly drenched the party, they reached the mission station at Cheetham Hill about three in the afternoon. Mr. New was very much surprised at the return of the small party, but explanations quickly followed, and then, after enjoying a few days' rest, fresh preparations were set on foot, with the result that the route through Giriyama was now selected.

The second attempt to reach the Gallas was made on Monday, September 4. All the Wanyika porters who had accompanied the expedition to Kauma had evidently been severely frightened by the few Gallas they saw at Kaya Bomu, and their fears were no doubt strengthened by conversation with the Wanyika at Kauma, for the African delights in the extraordinary and the marvellous, and to narrate tales of ferocity and bloodshed; and the stories told were eagerly and credulously accepted. The consequence was that they promptly took the opportunity of their return march from Kauma to break their engagement with Mr. Wakefield. He willingly let them go, and succeeded in collecting fresh men, adding also another Jomvu man—Bashekh—and Hammadi, a man living at Mombasa. The latter spoke Galla fluently, having been the slave of a Galla who lived in the Chafa district.

After leaving the station at ten o'clock, the course followed was at first due north: Kauma, Chonyi, Jibana and Kambe, were to the eastward of the line of march, and Rabai, Duruma, west and south-west. They were speedily within the extensive district of Giryama, with its gently undulating plateau, ample pasture ground, patches of forest growth and intervening fields and villages. After sundry halts on the way the party reached Kaya Kwale in the evening. This was only a small Kaya built in a thicket, and containing about a dozen huts. Here they had to wait a considerable time before either supper or sleeping could be arranged for, as the 'old man' of the Kaya was absent, and nothing can be done in a country like this without the sanction or order of the 'old man.'

At last he appeared: a well-to-do looking personage about sixty years of age, and probably 5 ft. 10 in. in

height. His well-favoured form was wrapped in a couple of strong and expensive Arabian cloths, from the top of which appeared his dark-grey hair, plump face and double chin, indicating that whoever else may have had hard fare, he had not been a stranger to the fat of the land.

The hut was set at the disposal of the two Englishmen, who, after partaking of a little refreshment outside the hut, retired, as they thought, to sleep for the night. The porters were also accommodated in the same building, and a woman was busy cooking for them. After the meal had been disposed of, the men arranged themselves for the night in sitting posture, saying that it would be impossible for them to lie down to rest on account of the expected attack of an insect, called by the Wanyika 'kivivani,' the bite of which they said invariably produced fever, and in some cases death.

The leaders of the party, having composed themselves in the hope of a calm rest, were speedily disturbed at the beginning of their doze by the persistent attacks of these insects, and, being unable to rest, they at last turned out of the hut into the moonlight, and found that they, their clothing, and their bedding were simply covered by insects which shall be nameless. After dislodging these unwelcome visitors as thoroughly as they were able to do, the travellers laid logs of wood on the ground and spent the remainder of the night in the open air.

The welcome morning twilight at last stole gently along; the friends arose from their uncomfortable couches before sunrise, and hastily disposing of a scanty breakfast, prepared for their second day's march. A present was put into the hand of Gandi, the host—with which, of course, he was dissatisfied—and about seven

o'clock the party left Kaya Kwale, its 'old man,' its natives, its kivivani and its other attractions. Alternately passing through forests and open ground, nothing in particular engaged the attention of the travellers, except a few beautiful palmyras, nodding their lofty plumes in one of the vales through which they were led by the guide, until they reached Kazi-ya-Moyo, and made their way to the village of Ya-wa-Medza, the influential and respected native of Giriya, of whom it was reported that he had been to the Galla country about a dozen times, and was said to speak the Galla language fluently. It had previously been mentioned that this man, and a native of Kauma, were making up a small trading caravan to go to the Galla country, and a messenger was sent by these men to say that if Mr. Wakefield would take the route through Giriya they would accompany him. This appeared to be a specially favourable opportunity; at last the door to the Galla country seemed to be thrown wide open and the path made encouragingly clear.

At eleven o'clock they reached Ya's settlement—a village built in a patch of forest and containing fifteen huts, not disposed according to any plan or design, but built wherever the owner's fancy had led him. The centre of the village was left quite open, forming an ample space, with a sort of irregular 'square,' in the centre of which flourished a large and magnificent tree called 'murihi,' whose extensive boughs and dense foliage formed a most inviting shade under which the women pounded their corn, and went through other preparations connected with the village food.

Ya—or, to give him his full name, Ya-wa-Medza—received and treated the leader of the party courteously, and very readily promised to assist in the project to the

full extent of his power. There were several Gallas and Walungulo in the village at the time, and this was Mr. Wakefield's first sight of the latter race of people.

Ya at once informed these men of the object of the visit to Giriya; he also said that there were Galla 'sultans' or chiefs at Biriya, a district in Giriya, a day's journey to the west of Kazi-ya-Moyo. It was suggested that a messenger should be sent to them, to invite them to come to the village, these Gallas being on a visit of a diplomatic nature to Giriya. They had been sent to negotiate a covenant of peace with the authorities of Giriya, there having recently been hostilities between the two tribes, and the Gallas had come to the conclusion that such hostilities were not favourable to the interests of both peoples, as the road had been closed against an interchange of visits, and a stop put to commercial intercourse.

A halt was made at Kazi-ya-Moyo to await the arrival of the Gallas from Biriya, and during the evening one of them arrived, named Wayam Bukuloo. He was carrying a long-handled broad-bladed spear, and was accompanied by a retainer, who was similarly armed. He was in search of a runaway slave.

Wayam voluntarily declared himself to be the greatest man of all the Gallas who had come to Giriya on the errand of covenant for peace. He promised to return in a few days, after he had recovered his slave, and consult with the party about their journey to the Galla country.

After receiving a present of cloth, he took his leave; but, like many another Galla, he was not careful about keeping his word.

The next morning Mr. New left the village to go to Goddoma, about three hours to the north-west, intending

to return the following day. He was unexpectedly met at the entrance by some of the Goddoma 'old men,' who peremptorily refused him permission to go, and the missionaries were afterwards told that there were five hundred armed men in the path waiting to stop Mr. New by force, if he and the natives who were with him had persisted. The elders afterwards paid them a visit, professedly to greet them, and after a long consultation they demanded a 'present.' This, no doubt, was the principal object of their visit, and after a long discussion on the subject the missionaries gave them twelve yards of grey calico. The elders begged for more, but begged in vain. When they had secured the calico, they gave Mr. New permission to go to Goddoma. Mr. New having to return to his duties at Ribe, now left his friend, commending him to the care of God, and wishing him a prosperous journey.

Time and space are both insufficient in which to record all the hindrances thrown in the way of the missionaries by these 'children of Nature.' 'Big men' and 'little men' demanded their *ada* of cloth, until the travellers foresaw that if this thing were not stopped, the expedition would be impoverished for the rest of the journey.

Moreover, the treacherous natives of the district were endeavouring to influence the Gallas who were within reach by tales of the fearful doings and black arts of the white man; and as a climax, the statement was made that if a Galla did but look upon a white man, he, the Galla, would die. Fortunately a Galla was found who was brave enough to face the ogre, and down to Kazi-ya-Moyo he came, looked upon the Dunga (white man) and lived. 'Now,' said the man, 'I know these reports to be untrue, and if the Dunga wishes to visit

our country I will escort him thither and introduce him to our chiefs ; but in order to do this he must bring with him a good present.'

In support of this statement he plied the following argument :—Has the white man ever been to our country? Has his father ever been there? Has his grandfather ever been in it? Have the Waswahili ever been in it?' And when the answer to each of these queries was 'No,' *Then*, said the Galla, 'it is imperative that a good "jifu" (present) shall now be paid!'

This conclusive statement being unanswerable, it was asked what the toll required would be. A quantity of calico and cloth was mentioned, which was considered most exorbitant; but the Galla held his own, saying that on no lower footing could the white man enter the Galla country. At length arrangements were made, and the present sent into the Galla country by the hands of two of the members of the expedition, who were guided by the Gallas.

While awaiting developments in Kazi-ya-Moyo, Mr. Wakefield had several very severe attacks of fever, but happily overcame them by the mercy of God, and the persistent use of quinine. Mwidani was sent back to Ribe for more calico, and as opportunity offered the missionary endeavoured to instil into the dark and vacant minds immediately about him some ideas of God and of righteousness.

Visitors from Teita and the country of the Walungulo came to interview the strange white man, regarding him with the greatest curiosity, and invariably giving a flattering opinion respecting him.

Taking advantage of the waiting time, Ya-wa-Medza, the promised guide and leader of the trading caravan, now put in his claim for a larger sum than had been

promised to him, and for a while matters again looked serious; but an amicable arrangement was at last decided upon, and early in the morning of the 14th October, loads were prepared and packed, and everything got ready for the journey. But when matters seemed to be at last tending towards a favourable start it was discovered that several of the porters were missing. In order to give them time to return, a delay of two days or so was made. But the faithless followers never came back, and as others were willing to take their places, on Tuesday, October 17, Giriyama was left behind, and the faces of the company set towards Ugallani.

The way led at first through a dense forest, relieved at intervals by pieces of open ground, partially cultivated. In the afternoon the village of Goddoma was reached, and here the camp was pitched for the night. On the following day the march was resumed, and until Friday no special circumstances called for attention. The country through which they passed was alternately bush and wilderness, with a variety in the way of the noble mountain Mangea, which was originally the home of the Wanyika of Giriyama, Kauma, Kaumbe and Ribe, and also of the Wakamba and Wateita, all of whom were expelled from it long ago by the Wagalla.

On Friday the march was begun in hunger and thirst; there being no water procurable, breakfast was an impossibility. Leaves were eagerly sucked for the sake of the few drops of dew upon them, but about eight o'clock the Sabaki River was in sight, its blue water being enclosed by refreshing verdure. Ya, hurrying on, drew a calabash full of water and returning presented it to Mr. Wakefield; and the porters on reaching the river threw their loads to the ground, filled their calabashes, and hurried to meet their thirsty

companions. This graceful action is invariably carried out by the East African porters, wherever travelling, in consideration for their weaker and fainting associates.

As the company was now in the country of the Walungulo (or gipsies of East Africa), 'ada' must be given to these people, and this being arranged, the river was crossed at noon on Saturday. Circumstances necessitated the continuance of the march on Sunday, and on Monday a messenger was despatched to the King of Kofira with a small present, and to announce the arrival of the party at this place.

Etiquette requiring the halt of the company until authority came for them to advance, Mr. Wakefield and his men exercised what patience they could, taking note of the country, the inhabitants, and their dwellings. The 'chichiri,' a wonderful bird, came near, and settling on a tree began briskly to chirp, whereupon two men at once left the camp and followed the bird. In about two hours they returned with a store of honey, to which the bird had guided them. It is said that sometimes ivory and treasures are revealed to the people by this little sparrow-like bird, who has also been known to lead to elephants or buffalo.

The view obtained of the Galla country from this point was magnificent. The whole of Ugalla proper was lying in clear outline, consisting of a chain of hills stretching for many days' journey, and veering westward it formed a gigantic crescent, imposing and beautiful. The summit of the range was rather level, with here and there a gentle swell.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in discomfort from heavy rain showers, and Mr. Wakefield had another attack of fever, which made him very weak and unfit for exertion; but in the afternoon of Wednesday,

a Galla arrived with the pleasing announcement that the way was open, and the Gallas were very desirous of a visit, and wishful that the white man should hasten on.

On Thursday morning early a start was made from the camping ground, and a delightful freshness of atmosphere and vegetation was perceptible after the rain. Beautiful flowers attracted attention; the chichiri flitted persistently about; a delicious fruit, somewhat like a gooseberry, but with a flavour of the grape, was growing wild; petrified remains of trees were scattered about; turkey-buzzards made their appearance, and by mid-day the verdant meadows of Badessa were reached.

Here the firing of a rifle announced the arrival of the party to the Gallas, and the messengers previously sent appeared advancing to meet their friends with smiling faces. Goddana, the Galla guide, now called a halt, and giving a packet of tobacco to two Gallas of the party, despatched them with it and a message to the great men of the land. The Gallas were long in making their appearance, and after they had received the present they remained in council behind some trees. At length twenty-four Gallas, each carrying a long spear on his shoulder, emerged from the thicket, slowly sauntered towards the visitors, and taking their seats on the grass, called the missionary to their presence. Laying his rifle aside, and taking only a stick, Mr. Wakefield went up to them, Goddana, Ya and Mwidani accompanying him. When the Gallas saw the 'Dunga' unarmed, they laid their spears, which until now had been held erect, on the ground. It was too dark to distinguish the features of the men, and beyond some talk about the tobacco, which had not been presented in proper form,

and which had to be returned and re-presented, nothing was done except permission accorded to sleep. The Gallas then led the way to an open space in the thicket. No hut nor shelter of any kind was visible, and here, the strangers were informed, was the spot where they must pass the night. Unprotected by even a fence, they were at the mercy of the elephants, buffaloes, lions, and hyenas, which were constantly roaming about. In such circumstances there was nothing for them but to trust in God and keep their fires burning.

Mr. Wakefield's sleeping hide was spread on the ground, and he sat down to rest, but was soon called to a second palaver with the Gallas. They wished to know his object in coming to visit them.

Clearly and plainly the missionary put before them his errand. He was no merchant nor pedlar, but a man sent to bring them good tidings of peace. If they would not receive him in the capacity of a preacher of the Gospel, he would go on to some other tribe that would give him a hearing.

The Gallas professed to be satisfied, but they said if the stranger lived amongst them would he prevent the incursions of the Masai? To this Mr. Wakefield replied that he was but a single individual, while the Masai numbered thousands. That he was no fighter, but only a teacher, and could not promise them victory in battle. But that the white man's God governed all the earth. None could act without His permission. The white man believed that God heard his prayers, and that He would protect all from harm that trusted in Him. But God, although so great and wise, sometimes permitted nations to punish one another. If the Gallas and the Wanyika

put away their sin and served God, He would preserve them. To this the Gallas replied, 'Your words are good; our country has had much trouble. Our cattle have been carried away by the Masai, and if you will pray to God about this matter it will be well.'

Such a statement as this was surprising and almost startling, coming from the lips of such debased heathen and savages, as represented by the Wanyika and Waswahili, and the missionary made answer: 'I pray daily for you all, and if I come amongst you, I shall not only pray to God on your behalf myself, but I shall also endeavour to teach and persuade you to pray to Him; but you must forsake your sins, for they offend God.'

The little company soon after separated for the night, well pleased with one another, and the missionary with humble, grateful heart thanked God, who had given him such a favourable reception at the hands of these men.

The days that followed, however, had much in store that was of an exceedingly trying nature. While no harm was threatened or attempted on the white man and his followers, yet many disagreements arose, and jealousy was displayed by one class of Gallas towards the other, in connection with the visits of the Dunga, and above all was the insatiable greed of the Gallas for cloths and presents of all kinds. One man in particular, named Neko, was exceedingly avaricious, and caused much trouble by his underhand dealings.

But still there was evidently in the minds of these people a craving after the knowledge of God; and remembering what the stranger had said about the power of prayer, the Gallas asked that a special meeting should be called and prayer offered that they

as a nation should be preserved from the cruel and fierce Masai. Accordingly on Thursday, November 2, at nine o'clock in the morning, an interesting company started for the place appointed for the meeting.

The King, Neko, Direbu, Goddana, Ya, Mwidani, and several Waswahili and Wanyika, with the missionary, wended their way to the chosen spot. Was ever such a prayer meeting held before? A score or so of heathen, some of them famous for diabolical cruelty, at their own desire going to pray to God, and with evident faith that He would hear them! On the way Ya remarked to Mr. Wakefield that he had not his book with him. 'What book?' said Mr. Wakefield. 'The book to pray with.' 'Oh never mind, we will pray without a book.'

After walking three miles the place appointed was reached, near the base of Weichu Hill. Here was a Galla cairn, raised in commemoration of a certain time when the Masai swept down on the Gallas and carried their cattle away.

Mr. Wakefield asked how the Gallas would like the meeting to be conducted. Not knowing the Galla language, how should he pray? 'In his own tongue, in English,' was the reply.

Then the Gallas asked in what direction should they turn their faces.

That was immaterial, said the missionary.

'Now,' said Mr. Wakefield, 'I kneel down, close my eyes, and clasp my hands.'

Instantly the Gallas did the same.

Then telling them that this was a most solemn occasion, and there must be no trifling or irreverence, the missionary led the first prayer meeting in the Southern Galla country. He entreated that God

would regard with special notice and favour the circumstances of that hour; that then and there He would vouchsafe His Spirit to those present; that He would have mercy on the heathen now bowed before Him, and upon the whole Galla nation, and convert them unto Himself; that if it were not against His will the dreaded raids of the Masai might be prevented; that the Gallas might be blessed in things temporal, and above all, that the Holy Spirit might enlighten their minds, that they might be delivered from ignorance and heathenism, and that their souls might be saved from sin and destruction.

The Gallas were then invited to pray for themselves, because God required individual prayer.

Then the King came forward, and kneeling by the side of the missionary, prayed that God would prevent the coming of the Masai, that if they should come He would draw them back, that they might not reach them.

After leaving Kofira, Mr. Wakefield and his men journeyed to Chaffa, but not before many hindrances to this project had been overcome, and was warmly welcomed by the King of that country. He said:—‘The country is yours; you may come and reside in it whenever you please. And when you come again you will, of course, come, not as a stranger, but as one of us.’

Having produced his Bible, Mr. Wakefield endeavoured to explain to the King its character, saying that by it he wished to teach the Gallas. Then taking his album he showed the wondering Gallas the photographs of the Connexional officers and friends, and said:—‘All these men love the Gallas, and have sent me to you to ask if you are willing

that you and your children should be instructed in Divine things.'

The King now proposed that, after a rest, they should assemble together again, and hold a prayer meeting similar to that which was held at Kofira, to pray that the Masai might be withheld from visiting and plundering the country.

Mr. Wakefield said he would pray for this with them, but that he should also pray to God to deliver the Gallas from sin, and make them good men, assuring them that if this were effected, God would bless them as He did all who served Him.

On Monday evening, November 5, the prayer meeting was held, in a shady spot about one hundred yards from the camping ground. The King and about twenty Gallas, Mwidani, and a stranger from Melinde were present. All knelt down, but immediately after Mr. Wakefield began to pray the Gallas also joined in, and in a few seconds the whole assembly fell into a rapid but harmonious chant, using only two or three petitions, which were repeated over and over again.

It was a strange mingling of petitions: the missionary praying in English, and the Gallas in their own tongue, Mwidani and the man from Melinde in Kiswahili, varied by sentences in Arabic from the Koran, and, at the conclusion, Mwidani could be heard saying, apparently with fervour and sincerity, 'Lord, we have sinned; there is much sin amongst us; but we will forsake it all and follow Thee. Hear, and grant all that Bwana Wakefield has prayed for. Forbid the Masai to come to this country again, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.'

When the little company arose from their knees

the King was informed of what had been said in prayer, and he replied, 'It is good!'

On Tuesday, the 7th, the return march to Ribe was commenced, and the settlement of Ya-wa-Medza reached on Monday, the 13th, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The villagers turned out to meet the travellers, relieving the porters of their loads, all expressing their joy at the return of the wanderers. A woman rushed up to Ya, and taking both his hands raised them as high as she possibly could, and screamed out her 'Kijelejele,' or song of triumph, with the full power of her lungs. Mr. Wakefield was afterwards treated in the same way.

On Tuesday, at four o'clock, Ribe was in sight, and Mr. New, hearing the reports from the guns, and the loud rolling song of the Gallas who were with the party, came up the hill to meet the returning explorers. The gratitude of the members of the mission at the successful issue of the undertaking may be imagined. A perilous journey had been accomplished, and all had returned therefrom having been mercifully preserved by the Father of all men.

Respecting this undertaking Mr. New had previously written:—'I am not sanguine as to the results, and should not myself follow the exact course Brother Wakefield deems it right to pursue, but I sincerely hope that God may lead him, in His all-wise providence, to the exact spot which He would have us occupy, that our brother may find the crooked paths made straight and the rough places made smooth, and that he may find many people prepared to receive the message of peace. The journey which Brother Wakefield proposes to himself is one of considerable hazard and risk, and I pray that God may go before him in

the way, shield His servant from all harm, and bring him back again laden with the grapes of promise. Then, if it is God's will, we will go up and possess the land, for we are well able, not indeed in our own strength, but in the strength of His presence and grace.'

CHAPTER VI

A SECOND ATTEMPT

‘Patience is a very necessary thing in Africa. You can do nothing in a hurry, except it be to die. All kinds of business and locomotion are performed leisurely. But in sickness you travel at railway speed to the last goal.’—MACBRAIR.

THE ordinary work of the station was now taken up again and the surrounding villages faithfully visited. Gallas from the north came down to visit the Dunga who had been brave enough to enter their country, and they brought with them messages from their countrymen, saying that they were wishful again to see the white stranger, ‘who was *such* a nice man,’ and hoped he would not long delay his coming.

But the spiritual harvest in connection with the mission was small. The one or two young men who had given their allegiance to the ‘Book’ were continually falling back into heathenism, and causing their teachers much disappointment and pain of heart. But we cannot wonder at the fickleness of the new converts, when we remember how utterly opposed to all their former habits, thoughts, and aspirations was this new life of theirs, and how their friends were continually sneering and discouraging them from their adherence to the mission. On February, 1866, Mr.

Wakefield writes to his mother, informing her that he is just preparing to go down to Zanzibar.

Bishop Tozer had frequently invited the missionaries to visit Zanzibar and take up their quarters with him, so that they might from there make inquiries respecting Lamu, a coast town north of Mombasa, and see if it would not be a good point from which to reach the much desired Gallas.

Accordingly, on February 22, Mr. Wakefield embarked on an Indian baghala, then at anchor in Mombasa harbour, named the 'Riami,' bound from Bombay to Zanzibar. The voyage was of the usual dhow order, slow, but by no means sure, and from Thursday to Sunday morning the passengers were kept on board for want of favourable breezes. Finding himself at last becalmed close to Zanzibar, Mr. Wakefield asked to be put ashore, that he might walk into the town.

With two guides he passed through groves of clove and orange trees, meeting many slaves on the way, representatives of numerous tribes on the mainland. These men and women were interesting to contemplate, but behind all was the sad thought that they were exiles, and exiles for ever, the slaves of men who had robbed them of their birthright—Freedom.

On reaching the town Mr. Wakefield was received and entertained by Bishop Tozer and Dr. Steere with the greatest kindness. The Bishop was an ardent missionary, and it is interesting to note that at this early date he was convinced that the evangelisation of Central Africa must be ultimately entrusted to the care of a native ministry, and to this end he devoted himself, to the training of the young people and children, establishing for this purpose schools and classes. To-

day the Universities Mission is rich in native agents, and the wisdom of the Bishop's scheme is evident.

Mr. Wakefield was greatly interested in the progress of the mission, and every opportunity was given him of obtaining information as to the work done. He finds them in possession of a bell, presented by Lady Franklin, and wonders somewhat at the boldness of the Bishop in having a bell rung for Christian worship in the ears of a Mahomedan population. He is sure that were such a thing attempted at Ribe, the tones of a bell floating down to the 'Holy City' of Mombasa would bring a wild storm of fury upon the mission. And doubtless this would have been the case in a district then entirely dominated by the followers of Mahomed. But to-day the sound of the 'church-going bell' is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, and persecution dare not lift up her head.

Dr. Steere introduced Mr. Wakefield to the two Fathers at the French Roman Catholic Mission, who very courteously received them. They were taken to the workshop, where young Africans were being instructed in various handicrafts by a clever French mechanic. There was no school to be seen, the reason of this being, as Bishop Tozer afterwards explained, that only French, and not English, was taught, and consequently the attendance had declined.

The French mission has now a splendid settlement at Bagamoyo, on the main land.

During his stay in Zanzibar Mr. Wakefield had several interesting interviews with Dr. Livingstone, and, at the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Seeward, dined with him at the English Consulate. The Doctor was at Zanzibar, preparing for journeys of exploration,

and in the light of our knowledge of Africa to-day it is interesting to read that the great traveller was 'to navigate the Rovuma as far as the rapids, and then explore the countries beyond, which are at present unknown to Europeans, and also to proceed northward, to ascertain if there be not a watershed to the south of the lake discovered by Captain Speke, and which may prove to be the real source of the Nile.'

Mr. Wakefield thought that Dr. Livingstone looked remarkably well, and that 'his robust and ample exterior bore few marks of the withering influence of a tropical climate. Strong and vigorous, he will no doubt add still more to his already well-earned renown.'

At the same time information was obtained as to the fate of the unfortunate Baron Von Der Decken, who was well known to the geographical world as an enthusiastic explorer. He had taken two steamers up the coast, with the object of navigating the Juba River, but both were wrecked, one at the mouth and one higher up the river, near Bardera. The Baron and his companions were murdered by Somalis, and thus an expedition most expensively fitted out at a cost of about £30,000 was ruthlessly swept away.

In response to his inquiries respecting the desirability of the island of Lamu as a point of departure for the Galla country, Mr. Wakefield found that all opinions were favourable as to climate, but further than this he could gather nothing. Dr. Seeward kindly procured a 'letter of protection' from the Sultan of Zanzibar, which expressed a wish that all subjects of His Highness would treat the missionaries well during their journey through the northern provinces, and assist them as much as possible in the object of their tour.

Having secured a passage in a native boat bound for Arabia, but calling at Mombasa, Mr. Wakefield bade his kind friends at Zanzibar goodbye, and, accompanied to the shore by Bishop Tozer and Dr. Steere, he embarked on March 9, and reached Mombasa on the 12th.

After joining Mr. New at Ribe, and putting matters in order there, the two friends set out once more on an errand of observation and inspection, having for its object the foundation of the Galla Mission.

On March 29 they sailed from Mombasa in a native vessel bound for Lamu, and by noon of the next day they were steering into that port. The voyage had been one of utter wretchedness and sickness, the poor travellers having no place of refuge where they could rest their weary bodies, except that afforded by the bare boards under the low poop of the boat.

At first the captain was about to land his passengers at Shela, a small village to the south of Lamu, but they insisted on being carried to the town, and after rounding Shela they entered the harbour of Lamu, where scores of Indian, Arab, and native craft were riding upon the ample waters. After a steady row towards the town the missionaries were very kindly received by M. Chabot, a French merchant for whom they had letters, and who kindly made room for them in his own house until they could find accommodation for themselves.

Lamu is an interesting town, and has long had a considerable trade with India and Arabia. It possesses a small port, but the buildings are chiefly of the wattle and daub type, although there are some stone houses. Despite the insanitary condition of the streets the town is considered healthy.

A visit was paid to the neighbouring island of Patta, once a place of great importance, but at the time of which we write the glory had departed.

The Sultan's letter was received everywhere with great respect. 'You are the friends of Said Majid,' said the great men. 'We are his people, and you are welcome here.'

In reply to inquiries respecting the Gallas, all that could be learned was that communications had ceased between Lamu and the Galla country, because of the disturbed state of the country brought about by a chief who would not submit to Arab rule.

The travellers met with uniform kindness from the inhabitants of Lamu and Patta ; but, feeling that the object of their journey was accomplished and that the way to the Gallas from Lamu was blocked, they began to make preparations for the return voyage, and engaged passages on a boat proceeding to Malindi ; but, with the characteristic fickleness of these native boatmen, the captain backed out of his engagement, for some reason or other, and the missionaries had to look out for some other means of conveyance. On applying to the Governor of Lamu for advice he kindly proposed that as Mr. Wakefield's old friend, the Chief of Chaffa, was then in Lamu trying to negotiate between the rebel Simba and the coast government, and that he (the Governor) was going to the Ozi River on this business at the chief's request, it might be well if the missionaries accompanied him as far as the Ozi, then passed on to Ganda and walked down to Malindi.

To this proposal our friends gladly acceded, and on the morning of April 16 they set out with the Governor's party by boat for the Ozi River,—three boat loads in all. At a place called Kipumbani some of

the Mahomedans went on shore for prayer, and then resumed the voyage until sunset, when Kimbo, on the mainland, was reached. From this place they journeyed to Mpeketoni, where the headman received the company with kindness and hospitality. Kipini was the next place of call, and from thence they sailed up the Ozi to Kau, reaching that place just before sunset on Wednesday, the 18th. Here ensued a time of waiting for our travellers, as Hirebaya, the Galla Chief, was too busy arranging matters between Simba and the Governor to be able to pay much attention to the missionaries. At length, on being pressed as to the possibility of leaving Kau and proceeding to Ganda, the usual hindrance began on the score of etiquette. 'No, no, you cannot go at once, that is not our custom. I must go first and prepare the way. Then you have nothing with you ; our people would only laugh at the goods you have brought to divide between so many persons. There are *two* of you, and you are great men. You go down to Malindi. I will meet you there, and will let you know if the people are willing to receive you,' said Hirebaya.

This was not pleasant, as Ganda should have been taken on the way to Malindi, but after a protest on the part of the missionaries they reluctantly consented to accept two guides offered to them and to make the best of their position, which was very bad. Provisions were extremely short and the two friends were almost starving, Mr. New having in addition to bear the burden of an attack of fever. The travellers begged for help in the way of porters, and at length three were found, at the rate of three dollars per man, and having secured two donkeys for twenty dollars, they were ready for departure. But there was a charge

preparing for them in the shape of a mail-bag. The Mahomedans were busy writing letters, and their pens flew over their papers as rapidly, almost, as John Alden's pen did when writing those famous despatches 'to go next day by the "Mayflower."' It was argued that as an escort of two soldiers must be given to the white men, let the authorities kill two birds with one stone, and send their letters by these men to Zanzibar.

At last, by dint of persuasion and entreaty, the little company were permitted to proceed, and on Friday afternoon the journey was begun. Most of the party went overland, but our two friends were provided with a canoe, and so were spared four or five hours' walking, and thus they made for Charra. While the light lasted they had a delightful time. The scenery was magnificent, and the course of the river being circuitous a constant variety of views delighted the eye. The trees on the sides of the river were draped with luxuriant festoons of foliage, depending, and interlacing, the whole presenting a picture of wonderful beauty. But higher up the river the progress of the canoe was impeded by thick grass and weeds, through which they had to push their way; the current was against them, and the mosquitoes came out in such abundance that the annoyance from their bites was almost unendurable.

Charra was reached at last, and after a night's rest the journey would have been resumed, but for the fact that one of the Galla guides had taken the opportunity of visiting his home, and as he was considered indispensable to the success of the journey, a halt during the Sabbath day was unavoidable, to give him time to return; but on Monday, the 30th, the party was again afloat on the Ozi, making for a spot from whence they

were to start on the walk through the wilderness. Abdalla, their host at Charra, led the travellers to this point of departure, and then, indicating the pathless track, he said, 'This is your way, here are your guides. Go!' But before he left them he stretched out his hands towards heaven, made a short supplication on behalf of the travellers, and once more said, 'Go, and farewell!' to which the Christians added in their hearts a name so strong that the prayer could not miss its way, 'through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

So the march to Malindi began. The company consisted of the two missionaries, their two men, two Waswahili and a boy, two interpreters, two Arab soldiers, four Gallas, and three porters.

All the first day was spent in wandering hither and thither, for there seemed to be no straight cut to Malindi through the bush. At sunset, Buiya the Galla led them to a Galla village, where they rested (or tried to rest) for the night. The rain came down in torrents, the mosquitoes held high festival, and general misery prevailed. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather in the morning, the march was resumed; but time would fail to tell of the trials on the way. Wata, a village, was reached at one o'clock, and as the rain ceased the travellers began to dry their sodden clothing as best they could in the heavy, damp atmosphere, intending to remain where they were for the night. Vain hope! Natives and Europeans were alike driven out by mosquitoes, and in sheer desperation the party turned out on the road at midnight to begin the walk to Mambrui, a Swahili village on the way to Malindi.

For a while all went well; the moon shone out, and walking was fairly easy, but ere long matters became

very trying again. The road was bad, shoes wore out and had to be discarded, and the barefooted missionaries could but with difficulty make headway. To render matters worse, the two donkeys, having to pass through deep water, floundered, broke their girths, and left their loads floating behind them. As the day dawned the country became visible and the march improved. Animals were seen in abundance, such as the zebra, quagga, deer, and others. Being in need of food for themselves and men, the travellers essayed to shoot, but not a gun would go off after being exposed to so much rain. After walking for fifteen hours, the caravan could proceed no further, and as Mambrui was still a long way off, the weary and hungry party decided to encamp. All the food available was a little rice—this was eaten with honey, and then fan-palm leaves were collected and spread for beds, and so our friends slept—or tried to sleep. The rain again descending, they were compelled to assume a sitting posture, and under umbrellas waited wearily for the morning. Breakfastless and barefoot they started again, and by noon reached Mambrui, where they were accorded a warm welcome by one Hammad bin Said, who did everything in his power to make the travellers comfortable. He was also able to give them definite information respecting the Gallas which was likely to be of great service.

After the grateful and refreshing rest at Mambrui, Messrs. New and Wakefield set out for Malindi, accompanied by Hammad bin Said, arriving at their destination on Saturday, May 5. Here they must wait for the promised communication from Hirebaya, which did not arrive until June 4. When at Mambrui the travellers met him and another Galla named Dadu.

The long delay was explained in various ways, chiefly by the difficulty of walking, in consequence of the unfavourable weather.

Upon condition that a handsome present should be given to them, the Gallas were prepared to receive the white men, and they might come at once. The missionaries felt that it would be unwise at that season of the year to undertake another march of the nature of the one lately accomplished, and, moreover, their stock of goods would not admit of the presentation to the Gallas, so, promising to visit them in August or September, the travellers bade the Gallas farewell, and the next day prepared to start for Mombasa, which they reached, after various adventures on the way, on Tuesday, June 12, feeling most grateful to God for their preservation amid so many dangers and discomforts.

CHAPTER VII

IN UGALLANI

'The warriors of Messiah, messengers
Of peace, and light, and life; whose eye unsealed
Saw up the path of immortality,
Far into bliss—saw men, immortal men,
Wide wandering from the way, eclipsed in night,
Dark, moonless, moral night; living like beasts,
Like beasts descending to the grave, untaught
Of life to come, unsanctified, unsaved.'

POLLOCK.

IN fulfilment of the promise made to the Gallas in June, the missionaries again visited the country to the north of Mombasa, leaving that place on October 28, 1866.

An incident took place in connection with the start which is of an interesting nature, as far as the superstitions of the people are concerned.

The passages of the Englishmen had been taken on a boat called a baghala, a superior dhow. Respecting the building of this boat a disagreement had arisen between the owner and some men of the town, and when the boat was ready for sea these men determined, if possible, to bewitch her, and prevent her sailing. So while the vessel was making her way out of the harbour incantations were being worked ashore by the professors of witchcraft.

By a curious train of circumstances, various mishaps occurred to the outgoing boat. First, the great beam to which the huge three-cornered sail was attached broke in two, and fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. Back went the boat for repairs and a new beam. Another start was made, this time attended with the loss of two anchors, and again the dhow put back into Mombasa until the anchors were replaced. On the next attempt to leave, the captain, having secured a ring made of palm leaf and called a 'pingu,' placed this under the left heel of the owner of the boat, who was steering, and with this counter-charm the boat now sailed safely out of the harbour and away to the north.

Malindi was reached on the following day, and, a very miserable hut being the only thing to be found in the way of accommodation, our two friends attempted to make a home in this mansion of two rooms, into which they put two tiny native bedsteads. The matter of apartments being settled, inquiries were now made as to the present relationships with the Galla country, and the following story was related:—About ten days previously, a Galla on a visit to the town had stolen some Indian corn, and for this offence was imprisoned. Upon being released, he asked for a 'present,' which possibly he thought was due to him on account of his visit. This was sternly refused, and the Galla told to go about his business. Whereupon he retired, but taking to himself some accomplices he went to Mambrui, two or three hours' distance from Malindi, and there finding a Swahili slave alone in one of the plantations, speared him, and then ran away. On account of this deed no Galla had of late ventured into Malindi,

On November 3 the missionaries went to Mambrui to consult with their old friend, Hammad bin Said, the result being that a Mahomedan Galla, Haji Hammadi by name, was sent to call down to Mambrui some of the principal men of the Galla country. The messenger was to start with the customary 'presents' on Monday, the 5th, and the Gallas were expected to arrive about ten days from that time. While waiting for the strangers' visit the missionaries were witnesses of terrible acts of cruelty practised on the poor unfortunate slaves of the Arabs and Waswahili. Lashings and scourgings in the public market-place were common occurrences, and after the castigations were over the slave was often left suspended from the post, and any one passing by was at liberty to take up a stick and belabour the poor creature. On one occasion a man in this condition appealed to the Englishmen, who at once interceded with the Governor for his release. The man was unbound, but Uledi, one of the men in the employ of the mission, said that as soon as the Wasunga (white men) had disappeared, the poor fellow was beaten again, so that he died.

On Monday, the 19th, the information was given that the Gallas for whom the missionaries had sent had arrived at Mambrui. They went over to that place and found a large party awaiting them. A number of the leading men had come as representatives, but Hirebaya, their old friend, had been detained. A great palaver was held, but before anything could be done the usual preliminaries had to be attended to. There could be no talk without the customary presentation of cloth. This ceremony was conducted in the following way:—A large hide was spread on the ground, and upon this the representatives sat. A

shuka (cloth) was laid on the hide, on which the first Galla, with whom the ceremony began, sat down with crossed legs. Around his head a 'kikoi' (cloth with a coloured border) was carefully wrapped by Hammadi. He repeated the man's name, saying, 'The Dunga likes you.' Then came the 'kilemba,' which was now wound round the head over the 'kikoi,' Hammadi repeating the same words. This ceremony, called 'ku piga kilemba' (to form a turban), being over, another shuka was thrown over his shoulders, and then a lesu (handkerchief) thrown open and spread over that

The same performance was gone through with the other three men; and there they sat, swathed in clothes, as though they were anticipating a severe attack of ague and were desirous of getting up a perspiration previously

Even Hammadi, who was formerly a Galla, turned to the missionaries, and said: 'Only look at this foolishness!' One of the men placed in his turban an ostrich feather. Another was not satisfied with less than two. Five lesser men were turbaned in two yards of calico each, and every one arrayed in a shuka.

And now the indispensable ceremony of sherbet—or rather honey and water—drinking began. Part of a huge coco de mer—called by Hammadi, 'a dhow' (canoe) because of its shape—was used in handing the drink round; and it was truly amazing to see how often it was drained.

The drinking business being over, tobacco must be given to each; and then the party sang right lustily in honour of the Dunga, in honour of Hammadi bin Said, and others.

This performance being over, a palaver was held with the Gallas, which was concluded by twilight, and the

party adjourned until the next day. As a result of this consultation, the missionaries were permitted to make arrangements for entering the Galla country ; and it was decided that two of the Gallas should precede the main body of the party, in order to prepare the people of the country for the reception of the strangers.

It was hoped that the travellers would have followed the advance guard in a few days, but just at this time an English vessel, called the 'Clutha Belle,' was wrecked outside Malindi on the Leopard Reefs. The help of the two Europeans was requested, and this detained them until the end of the year.

This long delay at Malindi was very vexatious, but as matters afterwards turned out, it proved to be a most fortunate circumstance.

On December 31 they made their final preparations and set out for Mambrui in the afternoon. The walk along the beach to the mouth of the Sabaki River was delightful, and on arriving at the entrance of the river the missionaries had to halt until the porters came up.

The Sabaki is literally alive with crocodiles and hippopotami, and though the stream is often forded at low tide, and at the mouth where the crocodiles congregate, very few accidents have happened.

Mambrui was reached in the darkness. Hammadi bin Said was from home, but had left instructions for the accommodation of the Europeans.

On the 1st of January, 1867, an entry was made into the Galla country. After waiting some time for a promised interpreter, the party followed the beach for about an hour, and then turned off into a path leading into a dense wood. This occupied them a full hour, after which they emerged into a very pretty piece of

country carpeted with short grass, green as emerald and sparsely covered with fan-palm. In a short time they were in sight of a settlement, and were surprised to find a large village, for, six months before, in passing this district there was not a hut to be seen, the only possessors of the country being, apparently, wild animals. The village was called Muando Mpia ('New Village').

The chief men of the place came out, respectfully presenting their salutations. There was a population of six or seven hundred souls. A house was given to the travellers where they might shelter for the night, and the evening was spent in making preparations for an early morning's march.

On Wednesday, the 2nd, they awoke an hour and a half before daylight; but good Tofiki, the cook, had been up before them, and a breakfast of fowl, rice, and steaming coffee was already prepared. This was a splendid commencement, but too good to last. They were about to enter a country where no food could be obtained, but they would be entirely dependent upon the few things which they carried with them, and upon what an occasional hunt might bring to the larder. But the sporting abilities of the two missionaries were of such a nature as to render this a most precarious trust. West of the route now taken was what appeared to be a fair country, covered with rich and varied vegetation. In this direction the Waswahili were beginning plantations. Here, again, the 'chichiri' (or 'honey guide') made its appearance; but its invitation was not responded to.

In a short time the travellers came upon a beautiful green and pathless lawn, where their attention was arrested by large herds of animals called 'tope.'

Here a man came running forward excitedly, calling, 'Water! Water!' Water was badly wanted by the party,

but where was it? 'There,' cried the man, pointing to the south-west corner of the lawn; and here undoubtedly was a splendid supply of water. But the source from which it was obtained was so curious that it deserves to be mentioned. An enormous baobab was growing in a very peculiar manner; lacking the usual trunk, it had, in some strange fashion, spread its branches abroad over the earth, twisting and turning and interlacing, until the whole affair formed a sort of fantastic knot, and in the centre of this was a depression, as if some huge fist had forced the trunk down and so formed a hollow roof, which collected the water, and poured it into the openings contained in the tree. Roughly measured, the trunk was found to contain water to about three feet in depth, and nearly six in width. In such a tank the water was splendidly preserved. No animal could get at it to consume or defile it, and as it was protected from the rays of the sun, no vegetation found existence there. At the same time it was deliciously cool, and supplied a pure and refreshing draught.

Having eaten a little food and filled their bottles, pots, jars, etc., with water, the march was resumed. Leaving the beautiful lawn, they entered upon plains of sand, and towards evening passed through a considerable forest of brushwood, with here and there some good specimens of timber. The passage through the wood was greatly hindered by huge thorns that hung across the path. Hands and faces suffered from scratches long and deep.

On emerging from the wood the travellers passed over a track of country thickly covered with tall grass, indicating an exceedingly rich soil. Night now had begun to fall, and a discussion took place as to the best place in which to camp. Buiya left the path, and pass-

ing through the thick grass, made for a dense mass of vegetation, as though he expected to find there his own house. He was followed by the whole of the party. The place reached was a loathsome one, and anything but inviting to the weary travellers. There were a few large trees, surrounded by a circle of smaller ones, thorn bushes and shrubs, with a clear open space in the centre. A carpet of rotting leaves lay upon the ground.

As may be imagined, there was great difficulty in making a fire. The cook had misplaced the matches, and they could not be found. But the Gallas came to the help of the party. Fortunately, they had their fire-making apparatus with them, a long round stick, like the shaft of an arrow, and a short flat piece, about an inch broad, and a span long. The short broad piece is laid upon the ground, and held firmly in place by being pressed at each end by the toes of the operator. The long stick is then taken, and the end of it placed in a small notch. It is then grasped at the top, between the two palms, and twisted backwards and forwards with great speed. At last a little smoke curls up from between the sticks, then a little red spark can be seen, and the tiny heap of powder is on fire, about which a few dry blades of grass, or other inflammable materials are placed, and the whole is quickly blown into a flame.

The march on the 3rd did not begin before 7 o'clock. The country now became much prettier, and consisted of a level plain, well covered with herbage, but more thickly wooded than that through which the travellers had previously passed. Wild fruits were procurable, which, under ordinary circumstances, would not have presented great attractions, but under present conditions were highly acceptable and palatable.

The space at our disposal renders it necessary that

we should pass over many incidents in connection with the journey, until we find the party on Sunday, the 6th of January, on the way to Weichu, to which place they had been invited by Hirebaya. Accordingly, they left the camping place early in the morning. The road was a good one, and the Gallas said it had been lately traversed by the Masai. Proofs of this were not wanting, for broken cooking-pots, drinking vessels, and other things, lay about on each side of the path, and were reported by the Gallas to be articles which the Masai must have thrown away whilst pursuing the Gallas.

Further on Masai shields were found, and there was no mistaking the meaning of all this. The path which was being followed was the one which the Masai had taken before them. Had our friends, then, not been delayed by the wreck of the 'Clutha Belle,' they would probably have fallen in with these Masai, and what the result would have been can easily be imagined. On the way a party of Gallas made their appearance. Some were strangers, others were well known, for they had been met when at Malindi. They had come on purpose to meet the advancing party, there being no one then living at Weichu, on account of the district having been forsaken on the coming of the Masai. The Gallas brought no news, but confirmed all the previous reports. The confidence of the people, it was said, was returning. The Masai had gone, and the people would soon be settled in their homes again.

The hut provided for the night being a good one, rest was ardently hoped for; but mosquitoes swarmed and played with their terrible hum, despite the smoke from the fires, and continuous beating about the hut with cloths. At last the vanquished travellers had to lie down exhausted, teased, pierced, and almost drained

of their blood by an enemy whom 'the breath of their nostrils ought to have carried far away.' As it was impossible to sleep within the hut, they went outside and tried to rest round the huge fires which the men had built to keep away these terrible plagues.

The hours dragged wearily on. By and by, the dark forms of several men could be seen excitedly talking, and inquiries were made in anxious undertones for Hirebaya.

Dozing again, the missionaries were awakened by the news that the Masai were reported to be at a village close by, and would soon be on the spot where the party were encamped. It was necessary that preparations should be made for instant flight. While deliberations were taking place as to what should be done, how they should go, and where, a Galla, named Aba Rufat, came shouting, 'Light up the fires! Load up the guns! the Masai are coming! Up; fly! Tie up your goods! Quick!!'

The missionaries protested against such speedy flight, but—'Quick! Quick!! Leave all talk alone! Fly! Fly!!' was the response.

Packing preparations at once began. The few arms in the possession of the company were placed in readiness, and the midnight flight began. Mosquitoes stormed them by millions, most malignantly biting and gorging themselves on the irritated skins of the wanderers. Wild beasts growled around. The fugitives splashed through water knee-deep, and at times were up to their necks. Under these circumstances everything had to be carried in uplifted hands and upon the heads of the party; and being thus unable to protect themselves, the mosquitoes had matters quite their own way. Night though it was, they clouded the eyes of the

travellers, filled their ears, plugged their nostrils, and buzzed as if in triumph at their helpless condition.

Emerging from this slough of despond, they at last stood upon dry ground, which proved to be a small island in the middle of the marsh. Here the Gallas announced the fact that they must wait until morning, because there was too much water ahead, and it would not be safe to travel without daylight. The position of the unfortunate company may possibly be imagined. There they were, on a small mound in the midst of a big morass, soaked to the skin and dripping from head to foot. It was impossible to make a fire, because the matches could not be found. The native apparatus was missing, and the idea had to be given up.

At last, however, some one contrived to create a spark with the aid of gunpowder, but the Gallas feared lest the smoke and glare of a fire might prove a guide to the enemy. As, however, the Masai are mortally afraid of deep water, there was in reality no great danger.

Monday, the 7th, dawned and found our little party about to leave their place of refuge. The march—or rather the wading—began almost at daybreak, and after an hour, proceeding in this way, they stood upon the bank of the Gala Maro, the 'Mto Tana' of the Waswahili. On the opposite side were a few huts, some Galla and Wapokomo men and women, and a number of cows. The party were quickly ferried across the river to the land of safety. They were now beyond the reach of the Masai, the latter people never having been known to cross a large river.

The Gallas then began to breathe freely ; but for the Europeans of the party the outlook was anything but pleasant. The country was deeply flooded, the travellers were standing in several feet of water, and

there seemed to be no dry ground anywhere. They were told, however, that of necessity they must stay there for several days. A hut being offered to them, it was gladly accepted, although a Galla hut is not one of the most desirable of residences. The frame is made of strong poles stuck into the ground and then bent over and bound together at the apex upon a central post. These poles are strengthened by hoops from top to bottom, the chief use of which is to support the thatch, which is composed of straw, perfectly air-tight and water-proof. Doors are made in a variety of ways, sometimes by tying bunches of straw together into the form of a mat, at others by rough wicker-work frames, and sometimes pieces of bark fastened together. The floor is raised above the level of the water, and is formed by planting fork uprights in the ground, and across these are laid as many joists as may be required, the joists being bound by a layer of rods or laths. When complete, the hut looks like a large beehive raised upon posts.

The country on the opposite side of the river was called Kalinde, and a little further north was a place called Ramo, where the Gallas retreated in times of war. Being completely surrounded by water, it is considered inaccessible to such foes as the Masai. The Gallas who had fled from Barareti were taking refuge there, so, as the object of the missionaries was to see as much of the Gallas as possible, they requested to be taken there. The guides, however, shook their heads, afraid, apparently, of the strangers learning too much. Mana Mvoko was to be the headquarters for the present; it belonged to the Wapokomo, and amongst these people they were to spend some days. Here, as before, night was one long horror through the attacks

of the mosquitoes. During the day it was possible to get a little rest and respite from these terrible plagues. Here the travellers were interviewed as to the number and the quality of the presents they had brought for the Galla chiefs. As usual, great difficulty was experienced in apportioning these presents ; it being the aim of each individual Galla to take as much as he possibly could for himself, and, if possible, to defraud his neighbour of his rightful share.

Hirebaya, upon whom the Europeans depended for guidance and advice as to the course they should take, had now joined the party ; but although he appeared to be doing his best, matters were not approaching very rapidly to a settlement. Extreme patience had to be exercised by the missionaries, and at times they almost despaired of coming to an understanding with these notable savages. Palaver after palaver took place, without any definite conclusion. At last permission was given them to set out for Ganda. This journey was supposed to be one involved in great difficulty and danger. All available weapons were carefully examined and put in order. Buiya, in particular, was very earnest in his preparations for self-defence. While cleaning his great spear and sharpening it to a nicety, he took a roll of butter from his mouth and spread a thick coat of it upon the blade, remarking that the mere blade was nothing, a man might get over a wound from that, but with that grease upon it it was certain death.

Having packed their small canoes with their goods and placed themselves upon them, the party were presently gliding through the waters of the Ashaka Babo.

This lake lies east and west ; palmyra groves adorn the shores, and were greatly admired ; water fowl were abundant ; pelican swept through the air by scores, and

wild ducks rose in flocks from every tree. The lowing of oxen by and by fell upon the ears of the travellers, and they intently looked at a small herd of fine animals which came into view ; but Aba Ganda said, ' Don't do that before the Gallas ; don't look much at their cattle, and don't praise them. The Gallas are very jealous of their cattle, and a stranger's admiration would be put down to a covetous heart. Take no notice ; but if you say anything about the cattle, let your remarks be of a depreciative character, rather than otherwise.'

On reaching the landing-place a man was sent to Ganda, to carry information of the approach of the visitors, and bring back permission to proceed. For a wonder he was not long away, and he brought back with him a Galla chief, who said all was right and that they might go on at once.

After passing through a wood of thorn bushes, the town of Ganda came directly into view ; but there was nothing of an imposing or attractive appearance about the place. Three or four little beehive huts was all that belonged to the city in search of which the travellers had come so far. They were shortly called to the abode of the chief of the Gallas, Mara Barowat, and were solemnly told that this was the residence of no less a personage than the chief himself. It was one of the most fragile of even Galla huts, light and open and airy, presenting the appearance of a kind of cage through which the assembled villagers could easily peep, in order to catch a view of the prodigies who had come to visit them from foreign shores.

Milk and water was provided as refreshment, but the visitors were not invited to stay in the place. So after remaining about two hours conversing with the people and distributing beads the travellers took their leave.

Ganda proper was the name of the home of the chief, but the name was applied in a general way to all the hamlets, villages, and towns in this country.

On being conducted to the margin of the lake, the travellers pressed for an answer to the question whether they would be received favourably in the country or not; and on the Galla side the chief question to be put before the strangers was, if they came would they assist the Gallas against their enemies the Masai? intimating that if they could do so they would be most welcome. Again had the old explanation to be made, and it was very evident that the people did not in the least comprehend the errand of the missionaries. At the same time they were given to understand that the Gallas would be pleased to see the strangers return, and they wished to know when that would be.

The whole reception had been of a very encouraging nature, but it was evident that even in the half-hearted invitation extended to the travellers the idea of having more goods and presents distributed was the point that turned the scale in the favour of the strangers. The last business done was the introduction to the chief himself. He was found sitting upon the ground waiting for the party. Nothing in his appearance, dress, or ornaments distinguished him from the common people. He was remarkable for a lack of muscular development, but the expression on his countenance was mild and serious, his features being decidedly of an Asiatic mould. The substance of his speech to the Europeans was that he was glad to see them, and would be pleased for them to return if they wished to do so. In a few months his term of office would expire, but he thought his successor would in all probability render them assistance. He offered an escort to enable the

travellers safely to leave the country. This was declined, and then the Galla chief and the Europeans bade each other 'farewell.'

On the morning of the 20th the encampment was left, with the intention of proceeding to Charra on the Tana. A float of six hours down the stream brought the travellers to this village, where an old friend, Abdallah by name, gave them a hearty welcome.

After a day spent at Charra, they pursued their course down the river to Kau, the place where the missionaries had formerly rested on their way from Lamu to Malindi. The old disturber of the peace, Simba, had again been giving trouble, and an army of about a thousand men under the direction of Said Sud had encamped before Witu.

On the night of the 25th Kau was left behind, and Kapini reached. From thence the next day the travellers voyaged by sea to Lamu, and remaining there for about a week, they set sail for Mombasa on February 6, and so, for the time being, ended their wanderings in the land of the Gallas.

Having now somewhat minutely related the story of the earnest attempts made by Messrs. New and Wakefield to carry out the intention of the Missionary Committee, namely, the establishment of a Galla Mission, we must of necessity hasten on with our narrative.

Mission work at Ribe was faithfully continued amongst the Wanyika, but the eyes and hearts of the workers were fixed on the regions beyond. Until the Galla Mission became a reality there could be no satisfaction in the progress made.

It was thought by the Foreign Missionary Committee

that, at this juncture, Mr. Wakefield should be invited to return to England for a well-earned rest, and also that, by the stimulus of his presence and addresses, the Churches at home would be aroused to greater enthusiasm on behalf of the missionary effort now being so faithfully carried out. Accordingly on Wednesday, June 17, 1868, Mr. Wakefield, accompanied by a little Galla boy, left Zanzibar in a barque of 400 tons register, bound for Hamburg. From an interesting and carefully written diary of the voyage we find that after a long but pleasant passage of 105 days, entirely free from accident of any kind, the 'Amanda and Elizabeth' put into Hamburg on Wednesday, September 30, and in a short time the happy missionary was at home once more in Old England.

CHAPTER VIII

HOME AND BACK AGAIN

‘It is consoling to reflect on the immense services which mission enterprises have rendered in Africa, to the world at large, and to Great Britain. When the history of the great African States comes to be written, the arrival of the first missionary will be the first historical event (as Julius Cæsar in Britain); he gave them their first idea of the printing press, steamboat and sawmill; he first navigated their rivers and lakes. Missionary enterprise has widely increased the bounds of our knowledge, and has conferred benefits on science.’—SIR H. H. JOHNSTONE.

MR. WAKEFIELD received an exceedingly warm welcome from the Home Churches, and his speeches and addresses from missionary platforms and pulpits created a great and abiding interest in the East African Mission. The presence of the little Galla boy, Dado, greatly attracted the young people, the prepossessing appearance of the little African winning all hearts.

Happily and usefully the months of furlough passed away, and ere the time for the return to Africa came round Mr. Wakefield had secured a help and companion in the person of Miss Rebecca Brewin, who became his wife on December 2, 1869. This young lady was eminently fitted for her position as the wife of a missionary, having been trained in a family noted for

piety and good works, being ardently attached to all Christian service herself, and having an intense interest in and love for the poor inhabitants of dark Africa. The mission party was to be further augmented by the presence of the Rev. William Yates, who had volunteered for service on the East Coast. Dado also formed one of the party.

Passages were taken for the little company in the brig 'Emily' (268 tons register), bound for Zanzibar. In his diary of the voyage, Mr. Wakefield says: 'For her *size* the arrangements for accommodation on board the "Emily" appear to be very good, but of course she lacks the conveniences of cabin and deck of a respectable passenger ship. There will not be much room for recreation above or below, and when grouped together at the dinner table I am pretty sure we shall present the appearance of a cluster of bees, with their heads close together. I am greatly mistaken if we don't get many a rough pitch and toss before we get out far.'

On February 24, 1870, Mr. Wakefield writes: 'We begin to move to-day, following our ship to Gravesend. Myself and wife, accompanied by her brother, the Rev. R. Brewin, left Woolwich Station at 9.40 this morning, and arrived at Gravesend at 10.40. A little while afterwards the following friends from London came to spend with us our last hours in England, and to speak words of comfort, and to say a kindly farewell. God bless them! The feelings and echoes their kindness awoke within us will long linger in our hearts and memories!

'Rev. A. and Mrs. Gilbert, Rev. J. S. Withington, Revs. T. Newton, J. Adcock, W. H. Beekin and Price; Mr. T. Cuthbertson, Misses E. and K. Cuthbertson, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Lindsay, Mr. S. New and his sister, Mrs. Oakshott, formed our escort. It was kindly suggested by the

friends that previously to taking leave of us we should retire to some private room where they might prayerfully commend us and our work to God. We assembled in one of the upper rooms of a dining-house, and Brother Gilbert engaged in prayer. Brothers Adcock, Cuthbertson, Withington, and Newton spoke very kindly and encouragingly, assuring us of the deep and tender sympathy of the friends. I shall long remember that little "valedictory service" held in the dining-room at Gravesend.'

At last the little company made for the ship, and Mr. Wakefield dreads the parting now to take place between brother and sister. He says: 'Long ago my wife and her brother had been left orphans, the only surviving members of a loving family. They had faced the world together, their sorrows, sympathies and sentiment had been one. They had "travelled" from circuit to circuit, gathering daily round the same hearth, and bending at the same altar. It seemed cruel thus to tear them asunder, but the time to part must come. A long, lingering embrace on the steps near the water's edge, and brother and sister were separated. My wife sobbed and wept on the way to the vessel, but whilst trying to comfort her she said, "I am not weeping on my own account, I am thinking of Robert; he will be so lonely." '

On Sunday, 27th, the vessel had not proceeded very far on her way, the shores of Old England were yet in sight, and the last link in the chain binding the travellers to the Home Land had not yet been broken. Morning service was held on board the 'Emily,' the afternoon was spent in pensive thought, and evening brought the last look at the fading shores. 'Friends beyond those chalk cliffs, we say to you, "Good night! good-

bye!" A long goodbye for one of that little company!

It is impossible for us to follow closely in the track of the tiny ship, but we know that the voyage was anything but a holiday trip. Storm and calm succeeded each other. At times the little craft would be pitching and tossing at the mercy of the winds and waves, at others she lay becalmed, 'A painted ship upon a painted ocean.' When lightnings flashed, then the passengers of the 'Emily' thought upon the cargo of gunpowder in her hold and shuddered, but through all the good little ship was guided safely, and the voyagers brought to their desired haven. On Thursday, June 2, after being ninety-seven days at sea, the south end of Zanzibar Island was sighted early in the morning, and the anchor cast about 1.30, before the powder magazine. After discharging her dangerous cargo the 'Emily' moved into the harbour, and our weary travellers went ashore.

To his mother, Mr. Wakefield writes on June 13: 'You will be delighted to know that we have safely reached the end of our long voyage, are in good health, and comfortably provided for in Zanzibar. We are in Bishop Tozer's house, and are very hospitably entertained. . . . You will be sorry to hear that cholera has been doing a dreadful work here; 70,000 have died on the island and the sea coast.'

Mr. Yates writes that Zanzibar has favourably impressed him, that he is well, and that during the long voyage he suffered no sickness. He gives an interesting account of his impressions of men and things in the new land.

The generous hospitality of Bishop Tozer was extended to the party for a month, during which time

every attempt to secure a passage to Mombasa failed, until at last a dhow which was to call at Mombasa offered an opportunity for leaving Zanzibar. But after arrangements had been made the boat at the last moment was filled with Arab soldiers in the service of the Sultan, and no room was left for our friends and their luggage. Accordingly Mr. Yates kindly offered to go alone, the rest of the party waiting for another chance of getting to Mombasa.

Meanwhile Mr. New writes to his colleague as follows :

‘CHEETHAM HILL,

‘ RIBE, *June 22, 1870.*

‘When you get this it will be time for me to shout a three times three Hip, hip, hurrah! Your letter from Zanzibar, Tofiki brought up on Monday evening. All the Mission crowded about me to hear the news. Having no caps, some of the people would have thrown up their heads (if they could have done so) into the air, when I told them that Bwana Wakifili was within a few days of his arrival here.’

In due time Mr. Wakefield secured a passage to Mombasa, leaving his wife for the present in the care of friends in Zanzibar. On his arrival at Ribe he found matters in a very satisfactory condition. A little Church had been gathered in from the wilds, and was composed of Wanyika and Gallas, many of the latter tribe having come to settle at Ribe.

When Mr. Wakefield was leaving for England he arranged with Mr. New for the removal of the mission station to Lamu; but as the Gallas began to arrive at Ribe on visits to the white men, and intimated their intentions to remain, Mr. New judged the wiser course might be to continue at Ribe, instructing the Gallas

as well as the Wanyika, and at the same time learning under favourable circumstances the language of the Gallas, so that when the time came for a settlement in Ugallani, the missionaries would be equipped with speech, and the Gallas themselves be prepared to assist in teaching their fellow-countrymen. Inspired and gladdened by the happy condition of the station, Mr. Wakefield says: 'A fire has been kindled in Eastern Africa, and shall it go out? Nay, rather let it be fanned to an intenser heat and a brighter flame, that it may flash its light amongst the surrounding races, and send out streams of living influence far and wide.'

On Sunday, July 31, 1870, the first baptism of converts took place, twenty-one persons, men, women and children, being received into membership, eight Gallas and thirteen Wanyika. This was a great and notable event in the history of the mission, and the hearts of the workers were cheered by the little harvest now being reaped after the years of earnest seed-sowing. Messrs. New, Wakefield, and Yates conducted the interesting service.

Life in Eastern Africa cannot correctly be called monotonous. The truth, that we can never tell what a day may bring forth, is certainly applicable to this part of the world. Just as matters were prospering on the station, political trouble arose. Mr. New relates an account of a quarrel between two chiefs of Takaungu, Raschid, the appointed Governor of the place, and Mbaruk or Mbaruku, a head man of the same clan, 'who aspires to higher things than Raschid and the Government are willing to allow.' A fight took place, in which the Government and Raschid were worsted, and although terms had been arranged, when Mbaruk was retiring with his men from Takaungu, he was

attacked by the Governor of Mombasa, who succeeded in making some of Mbaruk's people prisoners, and confined them in the fort at Mombasa. Mbaruk was very much incensed at the treatment he had received, and vowed vengeance.

In consequence of the disturbed state of the country the Governor of Mombasa deemed it his duty to call the missionaries down to that town for protection, as a rumour had arisen that Mbaruk intended to capture the white men of Rabai and Ribe, and the Sultan of Zanzibar, hearing of this, had sent to advise the missionaries to retire to Mombasa until he himself should come up and settle the dispute.

So, obeying the royal behest, Messrs. New and Yates for a while resided in Mombasa, taking with them, for purposes of instruction, the boys of the mission and also the Gallas, but leaving the Christian Wanyika in charge of John Mgomba and another.

On the death of Said Majid and the accession of Said Burghash matters quieted down, but of Mbaruk we shall hear again later.

In October, 1870, a little daughter was given to Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, and as soon as possible after the birth of 'Nellie' her parents settled permanently at Ribe, and thus Mr. New was now able to gratify a long-cherished wish to visit Chaga, the region about the snow mountain Kilimanjaro. Accordingly he started in July, 1871, and the journey then made established his fame as a geographer and explorer, for he succeeded in reaching the snows of the great White Mountain, and brought back information of a country at that time little known. On his return to the coast in October he found an invitation awaiting him to



1. JOHN MGOMBA.

2. KIRENGI.

3, 4. GALLA WOMAN AND MAN.

return to England on furlough, and at once made preparations for his departure.

On reaching Zanzibar a new sphere opened out before him. He was offered a position in connection with the Livingstone Relief Expedition, and for the time being gave up the idea of seeing home and friends.

The story of the collapse of the expedition is so well known that it will be sufficient here to say that upon the release of Mr. New from his engagement he took passage for home, and arrived safely, to the joy of himself and friends, in July, 1872.

Returning to Ribe, we find that the work is progressing as rapidly as possible under the small band of labourers. Mr. Yates having been invalided home, Mr. Wakefield has the whole charge of the work.

He reports himself at this time busy with teaching, translating, composing hymns in the vernacular, digging, making roads and arranging a tank for a supply of water when the rains should come.

Some time previously to this period Mr. Wakefield, in the intervals of his missionary labours, and as a mental relaxation, had prepared a Map and Notes of Native Routes from the East Coast to the interior, which had found favour with the Royal Geographical Society, and the information was published in their Journal for 1870. These *Routes* attracted considerable attention, and the term applied to the information was that of 'The New Geography.' Sir Richard Burton devoted an appendix to the subject in his *Zanzibar, City, Island, and Coast*, and geographers generally acknowledged that this mode of obtaining information from native sources was unique, and the knowledge thus obtained surprisingly correct. Encouraged by the success of this effort on behalf of geographical science, Mr. Wakefield

lost no opportunity of obtaining and recording items of interest in connection with many branches of science, of which mention will be made later on.

In the spring of 1873, the mission station was visited by Sir Bartle Frere and his suite, in the course of their memorable mission to enquire into the slave trade on the East Coast. Sir Bartle in his report says :

We were well supplied with porters and a guard of the Sultan's soldiers by the Governor of the town (Mombasa), and after landing some distance up the creek behind Mombasa, proceeded through a well-wooded undulating country to Ribe, the home of Mr. Wakefield, of the United Methodist Free Churches Mission.

'The country was but little cultivated, though it supports a considerable number of inhabitants, Wanyika and Wakamba, who rushed out to greet us in full war attire, and in a manner which might have been alarming, had not the friendly salutation "Yambo" mingled with the yells of the warriors as they passed brandishing their spears and bow and arrows.

'The mission-house at Ribe is well and healthily situated on a hill commanding a view of a wide tract of country stretching to Mombasa and the sea, from which it is some fifteen miles distant.

'Mr. Wakefield gives the natives a good character for friendliness. We saw at the Sunday schools and services about forty Wanyika and Galla converts, the latter drawn to the mission by having made the acquaintance of Messrs. Wakefield and New during their journeys in the Galla country, of which accounts have been published by the Royal Geographical Society.'

Sir Bartle's further remarks are of a very interesting and practical nature. He strongly advocates the in-

troduction of the industrial element into the work of the mission :—

‘The people around are willing enough to come and listen, and approve of the truths they hear. But if, when they ask what they shall do, the missionary declines to follow St. Paul’s or St. John the Baptist’s example, and simply exhorts them to believe, they are too often inclined to defer compliance to some more convenient season, and to conclude that Christianity is compatible with no worldly status but that of the ascetic, or the salaried teacher of a foreign dogma.’

Further, he says: ‘I gather that the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, the only Europeans whom we found at Ribe, was in accordance with my own observations, and that they were quite willing to carry out any plan which might be approved by the Directors of their Society at home for organising their converts into a civilised industrial community. Meantime, until the number of European missionaries is increased, only a very few liberated slaves can be made over to their care; but the position is quite one of the best which could be selected for a free settlement in the neighbourhood of an important seaport, and of established lines of communication along the coast as well as into the interior.’

Mrs. Wakefield thus tells the story of the visit :—

‘One Thursday a soldier came to our door carrying a letter from Sir Bartle’s secretary, written at Mombasa, and which stated that his excellency and suite had just arrived at Mombasa, and intended coming in to see us at Ribe the next morning. I cannot tell you how surprised and delighted we were, that we, in our lonely wilderness home, were so soon to be gladdened with the sight of pleasant faces from dear old England, and

especially that we were to be honoured with such distinguished visitors ; and we set to work at once to make the best preparations we could for their reception.

‘The next day we had just finished our preparations, and had hoisted our little English flag on the station, when our visitors made their appearance. Sir Bartle was the first to arrive, and we soon found that he was indeed a most charming, kind, and genial gentleman. He spoke to me very kindly, and said, “We shall soon be old friends.” The Secretary of Legation came next, then Captain Fairfax, commander of the “Enchantress,” and then by degrees stepped forward more tall, officer-like gentlemen—majors, lieutenants, colonels, captains, etc., whose names I need not mention. Altogether the party consisted of thirteen English gentlemen and five servants, besides more than fifty soldiers, sent by the Governor of Mombasa as an escort. This was a large increase to the population of Ribe all at once, and made no small stir and excitement at the mission station, I assure you. The English gentlemen had brought all their own provisions with them, which were cooked and prepared by their own servants ; while I looked after the fifty soldiers by selecting goats and sheep to be slaughtered, and by dealing out rice without measure to be cooked for them, so that I was kept pretty busy for the time.

‘On Sunday, Sir Bartle attended the Sunday school and preaching service in our humble schoolroom ; and himself gave a nice address to the people, which my husband translated to them, and which pleased them very much.’

CHAPTER IX

ALONE ONCE MORE

‘How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?
I will go in the strength of the Lord God.
He has said, “Certainly I will be with thee.”
He will be with thee; fear not, neither be dismayed.’

AND now we must stand again within the shadows, for over the happy little home in the wilds of Africa there is stealing a heavy cloud, and for one of that loving band a fiery trial is in store. The opening months of 1873 have passed much as usual, the days have been full of faithful work and patient endeavour, and bright hope has not been absent. But the task of the loving wife and mother is nearly ended. For her is being prepared the rest eternal where the sun shall not smite her, and where there shall be no more pain and weariness. Faithfully has she done her work, and soon will she hear the Master’s verdict, ‘It is enough, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

On June 8, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, and for a day or two all went well, but the mother did not regain her strength, and ere long abscesses of a very painful nature made their appearance. An educated African woman named Polly who had been

trained in India, now very kindly came from Rabai to attend to Mrs. Wakefield, and by her offices greatly relieved the anxious husband. Day after day passed, sometimes brightened by hope, at other times clouded by fear, until on the morning of July 12, the dear little 'Bertie' passed away to the care of One whose arms, when He was here, were ever open to the children. Four days afterwards the mother rejoined the babe where—

' Rest remains when all is done.
Work and vigil, prayer and fast,
All fulfilled from first to last,
All the length of time gone past,
And eternity begun.'

' Where palms are green and robes are white,
And all things lovely.'

We have refrained from dwelling minutely on this sad story, for all is so beautifully told by the Rev. R. Brewin in his *Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield* that no other hand should touch the sacredness of the record. But the loneliness and sadness of the bereaved husband and father can be realised to some extent. After three short years of happiness the cup of joy is dashed from his lips, and once more the rough and thorny pathway must be faced alone. 'Nellie' was now a heavy responsibility, but at the same time his most beloved companion. Wherever duty called the father, the little daughter must also go.

And often the journeys meant no little pain to the travellers, not to speak of the inconvenience attaching to such a mode of life for a little child. As may be imagined, Nellie's health suffered considerably, and the loving father saw that if the life of the little one was to be preserved she must be removed to a bracing and

healthy climate. He therefore arranged with the Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Chancellor, of the Church Missionary Society, who were returning to England, to place Nellie under their care. Dado accompanied the party to this country for purposes of education.

‘On September 8 (says Mr. Wakefield) my darling little Nellie left Mombasa in H. H. steamer “The Sultana” with Mr. and Mrs. Chancellor, for Zanzibar, there to catch the mail steamer “Euphrates,” leaving for Aden on the 24th.

‘May God preserve and prolong Nellie’s life, and accept the consecration of it to Himself and His service which was made in the little room at Zanzibar in which she was born !

‘September 24. It is now 10.30 at night. I have just come in from pacing up and down the verandah. Many a time to-day have I had the binocular glass to my eye, eagerly sweeping the long blue strip of sea line in the distance, but I have seen no ship, and conclude that the “Euphrates” did not call at Mombasa. In thinking about Nellie tossing on the ocean I realised a sweet and comforting consolation from the assurance that the great sea before me was in the “hollow of God’s hand!” Could anything have been more assuring? The dear little child was in the safest place possible to be found in the whole universe, for the very sea itself was lying in the “hollow of His hand.”

Christmas Day, 1874.

‘This has been a strange day to me! I wandered about like one lost and excessively lonely. Even my little darling Nellie gone this time! But, oh! how thankful I feel to be able to think that the precious little one is, all being well, enjoying a much better Christmas in dear England, than ever she had here, and that she

has escaped the terrible dangers and consuming fevers of this trying and weary land! God be praised for His great goodness. It is her father's prayer and desire that she may be a "burning and a shining light," that she may shine even amongst the most devoted hand-maidens of the Lord.'

Mr. Wakefield had frequently been requested by the natives of the Duruma district to visit them, and one of the journeys taken in company with his little child was to these people. To his great joy he was favourably and even enthusiastically received, the result being that arrangements were made for the establishment of a mission among these warm-hearted natives, in September, 1873.

Just at this time Dr. Krapf writes to his former companion and fellow-worker a letter full of sympathy and helpful advice, proving that his heart was ever constant to the ruling passion of his life :—

'KORNTHAL, NEAR STUTTGART,

'WURTEMBERG,

'*January 14, 1874.*

'MY DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—Most cordially do I thank you for the letter which you have written me on the 5th of November, 1873, at Mombasa.

'Your letter has given me much cause for joy, but also for grief and sympathy with your great loss of your dear wife and babe. The description of your family affliction has recalled to my mind the remembrance of a similar trial with which our Heavenly Father found fit to visit me in 1844. At first my grief was overwhelming, but the grace of God and His Word strengthened me so powerfully, that I could praise the Lord amidst tears—and I felt afterwards as if more had been given to me

than had been taken away: the creature vanished, whereas the Lord approached. No doubt you have had the same experience. It is a wonderful dealing of the Lord. While we go out to evangelise and teach the heathen, the Lord teaches and educates ourselves by tender and severe means, as His wisdom and love finds it good and necessary, lest we preach to others and suffer damage in our own souls. May the Lord mightily console and strengthen you in your lonely position and prosper your work abundantly, so that the conversion of many souls may gladden your heart and be an ample substitute for all you have lost personally. If Christ and His cause becomes triumphant in many souls, what do we, being soldiers of Christ, care for earthly losses? If but the strongholds of Satan are taken for Christ in East Africa, what is death and other loss to us and to those who are connected with us to fight the battles of the Lord?

‘I was highly pleased to learn from your letter that you intend to extend your mission, and to establish a station in the Duruma tribe. This will be an important step towards making progress in the interior, on Mount Kadhiaro or in the territory of Chagga and the Kilimanjaro. You know my old plan about the equatorial mission chain throughout Africa from east to west. From year to year I am confirmed in the practicability of the plan. Egypt has now, through Samuel Baker and his little army, taken possession of the whole length of the White Nile region as far south as to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and Egypt intends to put a steamer on the lake for commercial purposes. How easy will it be in course of time to come down from Egypt on the Nile as far as to Gondokoro (four degrees north from the Equator), thence to make a short

journey by land, and finally on the steamer to proceed to the east, south and west of the lake! How easy will it be to bring help to the stations located between Mombasa and the eastern shores of the lake, and likewise to the missionary stations established between Western Africa and the western coast of the Nyanza, or of the Albert Lake! Who does not clearly see that the Lord has so wonderfully shaped the African continent, that its evangelisation is not so difficult as people formerly used to think? Having a strong basis on the coast, and using the converts obtained there as missionaries for the interior, how soon will you be able to establish stations in Chagga, Ukambani, and among the tribes residing in the vicinity of the Nyanza! Perhaps also the River Tana may be used for a certain distance, and thus the communication with the great lake may be facilitated.

‘I have received a copy of Mr. New’s book from himself, and I shall endeavour to read it as soon as possible. I hope it will promote the interest of Christian friends on behalf of Eastern Africa and of the accomplishment of the equatorial mission chain.

‘And now, my dear brother, farewell, the God of all grace and mercy be with you and your work, and also with your old colleague L. Krapf, who greets you most heartily, together with my dear wife. At Kornthal nothing has been altered, but that we have lost our former privileges in consequence of the German empire, which is a great loss.’

The account of the visit to the Duruma district shall be given in Mr. Wakefield’s own words:—

‘I had been staying at Mombasa for three weeks, and was so ill with boils and ulcers that I was entirely confined to the house, and could not put my foot to the

ground. It was on a Friday afternoon that I first walked feebly out of the house to call upon the Church missionaries in the town, and on Saturday morning I was on my way to Duruma. The Rev. T. H. Sparshott kindly offered to lend me his boat to take me up the river as far as the Duruma landing-place, and he accompanied me on the way, and John Mgomba, the native missionary to Duruma, was our pilot and guide. The other natives who accompanied me followed in a canoe. The trip on the water was exceedingly delicious. Our little boat danced gaily over the huge waves caused by the strong breeze; and as we had to sail, as sailors say, "very near the wind," the edge of the boat on one side was quite level with the water. We did not, however, "ship many seas," and what did come did so in a very quiet and proper manner, not with a rude dash and a pile of spray, but softly gliding over, as though the sea were a little too full, and politely asked us to take a few bucketsful.

'The Duruma river or arm of the sea is six hundred yards wide, gradually narrowing as it proceeds inland. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, after a most refreshing sail, we reached the thick mangrove jungle that borders the river near the landing-place, and after losing our way among the thick bushes, we found the right spot at which to land, at the foot of the Duruma hills. Mr. Sparshott went ashore with me, and we sat for a while under the shade of some palm trees, till he wished me goodbye and returned to Mombasa.

'While I was seated under the spreading branches of a low tree near the river side, waiting the arrival of the canoe and two men who were bringing my donkey overland, Mgomba was sitting by me, and we were conversing about Duruma, when all at once he said, as he

lifted up his eyes to the branch over my head, "Master, get up, there is a snake just above you!" I did get up, and was astonished to see a long snake lying quietly on a branch exactly above my head, so that if he had dropped, ugh! "Why, Mgomba," I said, "he's asleep." "Yes," said he, "he is." Half his length was firmly entwined around the branch on which he was lying, and the rest of his body was doubled back upon himself, his tail quietly resting on his head, and under the thick foliage above him he was taking a quiet midday nap, screened from the rays of the hot sun.

'I decided that it should be his last nap, and that he should soon wake up to die. Two or three Duruma natives soon came up to the spot, from whom Mgomba borrowed a bow and arrows. He took a cool, sure aim, and shot the sleeping enemy through the body. Off he sprang, and wriggling the arrow out of his body climbed up into the tall trees, and away he shot from one tree to another, impelled on and on away from his pursuers. Crash, crash, crash went heavy sticks amongst the boughs where he was hiding, but away sped the slimy victim, now out of sight, and now brought almost to the ground by a blow from one of the missiles thrown at him, and then away he sped again. It was very exciting. At last his strength failed, and he fell to the ground, and in a few moments he breathed no more. I measured him, and found his body twice the length of my walking-stick.

'I soon became weary of waiting for "Jim," my donkey, and, though I was exceeding weak and lame, I determined to set off and walk the remaining distance of four miles. "Jim" has some good qualities, but he has others which, I am sorry to say, are not praiseworthy. He is excessively slow in what some persons

would call his "peripatetic action," which diminishes his value as a mission donkey in connection with the go-ahead policy of Free Methodism. He has a good deal of "latent" energy. If the truth must be plainly told, he is young, large, and strong, but LAZY. He possesses a gravity far beyond his years, and often manifests a sublime indifference to every effort made to betray him into the frivolity of a canter or a trot. He can, however, when free from the saddle, display such wonderful resources of strength and even activity as would astonish any one who had only seen him on a missionary tour. Such, then, is Jim, the mission donkey.

'We reached the settlement at about seven o'clock on that Saturday evening. It was a clear, beautiful moonlight night. On catching sight of the little mission-house, or hut, I said, "Oh, that it may be the beginning of a great blessing yet to come down upon the tribe and people, and which shall ultimately spread through the whole land."

'My supper, which was a very simple one, consisted of a wooden bowl full of Indian corn porridge, with a little prawn sauce by way of relish. I had neither spoon nor knife, as the man who was carrying them had not yet arrived. Consequently I had, in the native fashion, to plunge my fingers into the hot porridge, dip out a piece, make it into a ball in my hands, dip it into the sauce or gravy, and cause it to disappear into a recess opened for the purpose. I got on very well till I got towards the centre of the bowl, when the hot porridge burnt my fingers. After my strange supper of the porridge and prawn gravy, I sat outside in the bright moonlight enjoying the cool evening air, and then I turned into the hut and went to bed. I had not lain down long when something fell from the rafters above on to my

pillow, only just missing my face. I knew it to be an animal of some kind, and so I called Mgomba to bring a light. He seized a flaming brand from the fire which was burning on the floor of the next compartment of the hut, and by its light I discovered a millipede just in the act of disappearing underneath my pillow. As I objected to-night to two in bed, I poked him out on to the floor, and, after a time, went to sleep.

‘I was soon awoke by a heavy shower of rain, accompanied by thunder, and as the roof of the hut leaked almost everywhere, “drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop,” thick and fast came the rain down on to my bed and pillow. I bore the annoyance for a little while, hoping the rain would cease; but the storm continued, and thicker and faster came the water pouring through on to my bed. I considered that it was “time to get up,” and did so. Calling Mgomba to take hold of one end of the bedstead, and taking hold of the other myself, we tried to move it to a drier part of the hut. Mgomba replied, “It can’t be shifted, master; it’s a fixture.” I soon found it *was* a fixture, every one of the six posts being firmly driven into the ground. I was now in a difficulty, and, as I could not move the bedstead, I found the only way out of it was to “take up my bed and walk.” I rolled up my mat and rugs, and, carrying them to what I thought was a dry place, spread them on the floor and lay down again. The result was very unsatisfactory. I then got up, and went and sat by the fire; but the drops fell thick and fast upon my head and face and back. I then got up and went out to the hut where Mgomba was sleeping, and which was not quite so watery, and here, with my feet near to a bright wood fire, I soon fell off comfortably to sleep.

‘Early on Sunday morning the people began to come



1. A DURUMA VILLAGE.

2. VILLAGE WHERE CONFERENCE WITH GALLAS WAS HELD.

in to see me. I told them to make it widely known that I had come to Duruma, as I wished to see a very large number of the people at the palaver or conference the next day. Five or six heathen attended our morning prayers. They kneeled down and closed their eyes very reverently. I was much pleased, and explained to them the reasons for praise and prayer. At the noon-day service seven or eight heathen were present. I preached from John iii. 3: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Three of the people repeated the text aloud several times. I told them to tell it to others, as I wanted all the Durumas to know about that great truth. An old man who was present interrupted the service by making funny remarks; but I did not mind this. It is common in Africa. He also asked me about Nellie, who was with me on my last visit. Nellie at that time had cut her thumb, and I had bound it up for her, and the old man referred to this little incident. After the sermon a young man said, "I want to be instructed in religion, but I have two wives, and I cannot give either of them up." I told him, if he could not comply with the conditions of discipleship he must take the consequences. In the afternoon Mgomba and others were engaged in teaching the alphabet to some young people. Munga, a Duruma youth, repeated the alphabet very correctly to me. He has joined himself to us, and wishes to be a Christian.

'On Monday morning my old friend who had conducted the assembly of Duruma elders on my last visit came early to see me. He had on a black monkey-skin tied over his head, the tail hanging down his back. He carried a peculiar-shaped spear, the staff of which, from top to bottom, was encoiled with brass wire, and seemed

to be a symbol of office. The old man, whose name is Mwandiani, immediately sat down on a little stool, which he had brought with him, and began to suck up palm wine through a reed, a group of young men sitting around him. He then began to talk to the young men about the unlimited power and greatness of the white men. He said, "The fort at Mombasa is theirs; the sea coast is theirs; the Nyika country is theirs. Who can withstand them?" "None! none!" was the unanimous reply.

'The other elders of Duruma began to come in about seven o'clock a.m., and at eleven o'clock I was told that the assembly was quite ready for the palaver or conference, and when I went out I found the people assembled under the shade of a large tree behind the mission-house, and the same old man as before conducted the business. He is a free, genial old fellow, who can laugh anywhere during his speech, and always for rhetorical effect. The laugh, when it comes, comes suddenly and takes you quite by surprise; it goes off with a sudden crack, while his old black face wrinkles and furrows in a thousand directions and fairly shines with mirth and humour. When I had made my speech, the old man rose, and, planting his official spear in the ground, called one of the elders, to whom he publicly and with a loud voice stated the business of the meeting, while the other replied to and confirmed every sentence of his address. The following is a report of the conversation, held in a loud voice, by these two men:

'First Elder: "Mkoko." Second Elder: "Mwandiani." First Elder: "The country is the white man's." Answer: "It is the white man's, that it is." First Elder: "Mkoko, the white man is our brother." Answer: "Mwandiani, he *is* our brother, that's true; he is really

and truly our brother." First Elder : " He is our father : the white man is truly our father." Answer : " He's our father, that's quite true." First Elder : " Mkoko." Answer : " Mwandiani." First Elder : " The white man has come." Answer : " He has come ; yes, the white man has come." First Elder : " And the book of God has come to Duruma." Answer : " Yes, it has come, that it has." The old man then, turning to address the company, exclaimed, " Do you hear ? The white man has come ! " " Ee ! ee ! " (Yes, yes) was the general response. The whole of the previous information was again repeated to the people, every separate sentence receiving a loud response of assent. The old man then turned to me, and said, " Young white man, you are our brother ; you are my father ; you are welcome ; the country is yours, all of it." Another old man made a speech, dismissing the assembly, and then turning to me said, " Duruma is yours ; Ribe is yours ; Rabai, Giryama, Kauma, Chonyi, Jibana, Kambe, and the whole region of Digo—all are yours. The whole country is yours from beginning to end." He was liberal far beyond his means.

' In harmony with custom, I gave the elders a trifling present in calico, which was divided among them, and the assembly broke up. One of the elders said, " You need not buy any land for the mission ; we do not sell land, like the Ribe people, for the ground is God's."

' The mission at Duruma having now been formally and finally established, I resolved that it should be called " Mawsonville," after our esteemed treasurer, H. T. Mawson, Esq.'

Once more Mr. New comes to bring cheer to the heart of his colleague, having, after a busy and useful furlough in England, returned to Africa in June, 1874.

The companionship was not of long continuance, for being desirous of revisiting Chaga, Mr. New left Mombasa on December 3, never to return. Fever, dysentery, and trouble with Mandara, Chief of Chaga, completely broke him down; and on his return march he died, with only his native friends and porters about him.

Before the writer lies the last pathetic note of poor Mr. New to his friend at Ribe. It is written on half a sheet of blue paper, and is dated—

'Saturday, February 14.

'MY DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—I am at a place called Lubueni, nearer to Rabai than Ribe or Mombasa, so shall go to Mr. Price if I can reach him. I am nearly dead. If you are able, come over and see me on Monday, if I am living.

'CHARLES NEW.'

While Mr. Wakefield was making hurried preparations to go to his dying comrade, a note was brought to him from Rabai:—

'DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—I am grieved to say poor Mr. New has just been brought here dead. We are having the coffin made here. Please let us know at once if you wish him buried at Ribe or here. In great haste.

'Believe me, yours truly,

'D. S. REMINGTON.'

Mr. Wakefield at once proceeded to Rabai, accompanied by several of the native Christians, to bring the body of the dead missionary to Ribe. For nine miles through the wilderness the coffin containing the remains of the brave and earnest pioneer was carried, and

at nine o'clock, 'by lamplight and moonlight, the solemn ceremony was performed, and amidst the tears of all, the dust of Charles New was committed to earth in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life.'

For some time after this severe trial Mr. Wakefield was unwell. An attack of dysentery weakened him exceedingly, but after a while he was able again to take up his work, and in the strength of God, though 'faint,' he still 'pursued.'

In April, 1875, another visit was paid to Duruma, and the station was named Mawsonville, after H. T. Mawson, Esq., who was then the Missionary Treasurer.

While at this place Mr. Wakefield visited the spot where Mr. New died, and then passed on to C.M.S. station at Rabai. Here he was to be witness of another sad event.

Mr. Wakefield says: 'I was very heartily welcomed by my friends, Remington and Last. I intended to leave for Ribe on Thursday morning, but my friends wouldn't have it, so I remained for the Thursday. Poor Remington was taken ill on Thursday forenoon, and in the evening an attack of fever came on; I gave him medicine, and trusted he would soon be all right, but the next morning when I went to see him he was suffering from a severe attack of jaundice. I administered the usual remedies at once, and also afterwards. He was ill all Friday and Friday night, and at nine a.m. Saturday he died. He thanked me many times for my "kindness" to him, said goodbye to us and to the Christian natives present, and said, "Tell all the dear ones at home I died happy in the Lord."

'Mr. Price and Mr. Sparshott came up on Saturday evening and buried him in the grave he (Remington) and Last had prepared for poor New!'

CHAPTER X

THE CLOUDS BREAK

‘Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e’en as thy thought
So are the things that thou seest; e’en as thy hope and
belief.—

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct
thee,

Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth,
Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the holding,
the having,

But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

A. H. CLOUGH.

ALTHOUGH a solitary worker at this time, many things combined to cheer the heart of the missionary, and not the least of these was the sympathy accorded to him on all hands, not only by actual deeds, but also by messages conveyed.

One of these may be here quoted, coming as it does from a man of noble spirit and dauntless courage in another sphere of the spiritual battlefield.

‘GERARD STREET, DERBY,

‘June 6, 1875.

‘MY DEAR BROTHER WAKEFIELD,—I have this morning shaken hands with him who is to be your

colleague, and who is Charles New's successor. He has kindly engaged to take a note for me to you. But what can I say to you, my brother? I feel that writing to a missionary in such a region as Eastern or Western Africa is like a landsman who never touches salt water writing to counsel and keep up the courage of an old tar who has walked the deck or gone aloft when the night has been pitch dark, and the vessel rolling and pitching among troughs, and waves of the sea "running mountains high." I would rather sit at your feet and learn of you lessons of faith, devotedness, of toil, constancy, and Christian daring. My prayer is that God may bless you in Eastern Africa for many years to come. . . .

'We often say among ourselves at home how much you need Divine support and solace—alone among the heathen, cut off, not only from the civilisation, but still more from the Christian fellowship of Britain. But God is with you. Christ, the ever-living Head of the Church, stands by you as He did by the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The Holy Spirit abides with you always. Your reward is with you, and your work before you. As Paul says, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

'I am affectionately yours,

'W. GRIFFITH.'

The colleague referred to by Mr. Griffith was Mr. J. B. Brown, to whose arrival Mr. Wakefield looked forward with intense delight. On August 5, 1875, he reached Mombasa, and was enthusiastically welcomed by Mr. Wakefield and his people.

The relationship existing between the members of the Church Missionary Society and the Methodist Mission had always been of an extremely friendly and affectionate character, as may be gathered from the references made from time to time through the course of this narrative, and as years went on this brotherly feeling increased. Never, during Mr. Wakefield's long sojourn in Africa, was this happy condition of affairs altered, and to his life's end Mr. Wakefield cherished a deep and intense love for, and interest in, the members of the Church Missionary Society. When times were prosperous and cheery, then the comrades rejoiced together. Did sorrow or sickness visit either community, then at once through the flood, or under blazing skies, the brothers in Christ hastened to take comfort and help where it was needed, and be to one another in their isolated positions joy and support.

In 1875, a doctor was added to the staff of the C.M.S. in East Africa, and soon after his arrival Mr. Wakefield was seized with an illness of a somewhat serious nature. Dr. Forster's kind attention to him and treatment of his case resulted, under the blessing of God, in a complete restoration of the patient's health. It may not be out of place here to give the good Doctor's impression of Ribe, its missionary and his work.

'My first visit to Ribe occurred soon after my arrival in Mombasa. On this occasion I found Mr. Wakefield standing greatly in need of help in the shape of remedial agents; his health broken, his bodily exhaustion great, and his whole nervous system jaded, with the overcharge of an important mission station. However, he was persuaded to visit Mombasa

until such time as it might please God to reinstate his health.

‘This passing glimpse gave me a desire to again visit a spot connected with the names of Krapf and Wakefield; the Transactions, too, of the Royal Geographical Society, and the works of Captain Burton, have given Mr. Wakefield and his station a name beyond the pale of the Church. These men have been the pioneers of East African missions, and their intrepid journeys into the interior, and acquaintance with the vernacular, have been, and are now being, of great use to all Christian enterprise in Africa. Well may the mission rejoice that possesses so valuable a servant of Christ as Mr. Wakefield; one, too, who, putting aside his “self,” tries only to live to the glory of God.

‘The first glimpse of the station is obtained from a hill about one mile distant from the mission hill, from which it is divided by a deep ravine. Having crossed this latter, we continue the ascent until the mission-house is approached, which at once attracts attention by its ample verandah, or baraza, as it is termed in Kiswahili. At present, I suppose, this baraza is the finest in East Africa. Here it is used as the home; under its grateful shade is conducted business, the “maneno,” and the reception of guests or visitors; from its platform also hungering souls are directed to the Tree of Life. From this eminence is obtained an admirable view of the fertile but jungly plain, spreading from the base of the Ribe hills to the far-off sea, interrupted, however, semi-distantly by three remarkable mound-shaped hills. These three hills rise abruptly from the surrounding plains, and stand at the end of a remarkable ravine. They are so conspicuous as to form a well-known landmark out at sea. At the

base of the hills, on one of which sits the mission establishment of the United Methodist Free Church, runs a burn, which is in the rainy season swollen to a mighty downpour. Over this unstable rivulet Mr. Wakefield has just completed a bridge (I believe the second in East Africa).

‘I wish at this time more especially to draw attention to the Gospel work being done at Ribe. However useful philanthropic and humanitarian labours may be in the world, however applauded the works of merely religious emotion, or the offspring of popular pietism, yet we, as imitators of Christ, must never forget that the only thing to regenerate an individual, as also the world, is a new heart—the only foundation worth laying, upon which a truly regenerate and spiritual building may be reared, is Christ Jesus. Those—alas, too many!—who advocate education, civilisation, abolition of slavery, and “contact with Europeans,” as means of bringing about a better state of things in the heathen world, forget that these agencies only touch the outside, whereas Jesus teaches to cleanse first that which is within, that the outside may be clean also. Good fruit can only be obtained on the condition that the heart of the tree is good; it is useless to prune the outside of the tree whose heart is diseased. No man expects to obtain a stream of sweet water unless the fountain-head is sweet. Faith in Jesus purifies the heart of man, naturally vicious, and unites us to the root of holiness.

‘I rejoice to say that at Ribe I found no subtle device to blind man to his spiritual condition. Our brother sets before the attentive Gallas repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and as a consequence practical godliness; this, likewise, to the low-brained Wanyika and the sensual Waswahili.

'I consider this mission at the present time to be the most important one in East Africa. Here the simple plan of our great Teacher is adopted to preach and expound the Word, not giving artificial support to any, but assisting where necessary. Thus there has been gathered a congregation of God-fearing Gallas and Wanyika. Great was my pleasure in hearing them sing in their native languages hymns translated by Mr. Wakefield. This mission, like the Master, does not boast of influential worldly support, no large resources, nor the assistance of the civil power, nor the too often inaccurate testimony of a world-pleasing report. But it can glory in that souls are saved, and here, at Ribe, are numerous converts, a spiritual community, and peace.

'Let me not forget to mention that at Ribe I saw Mwidani, the first Mohammedan convert in East Africa. He is engaged with Mr. Wakefield in translating the Scriptures, his knowledge of the Arabic being highly advantageous.

'I may mention that from the careful and laborious manner in which Mr. Wakefield is pursuing his delightful work, studiously searching the translations of modern scholars as derived from the Greek, the Vulgate, and the French, combined with his intimate knowledge of the idioms of the Kiswahili, his translation promises to be a valuable production.

'It is thus by preaching and expounding the Word, and by getting a classical edition of the Scriptures understood by the people, that poor Africa may be regenerated, and her children brought from that worse slavery of the soul to the liberty of Christ.'

Mr. Brown's term of service was very short. His

health almost immediately broke down, and on January 1, 1876, this entry appears in Mr. Wakefield's diary :

‘ Mr. Brown left by the Cape mail. As the time drew near for my friend to leave, my mind was much oppressed by a multitude of thoughts and impressions. I could not at all understand this event of Providence. Our mission had long been waiting for reinforcements, and greatly needed labourers. At last Mr. Brown comes out, and enters upon his work with spirit. But scarcely has he settled down when he is disabled, and barely escapes with his life, and then is compelled to return home. The mission is again crippled, and I am left to carry on the work alone. We do not understand God's doings ; how can we ? Only a little while ago I grasped his hand on the boat which brought him to Mombasa, and welcomed him to East Africa ; and now I grasp his hand again and say goodbye, and he goes to England. The explanation will come some day, and in the meantime we can only say, “ Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight ! ” ’ And once again, in loneliness, but not in despair, the missionary returns to his station on the hill, to realise, as Carlyle says, ‘ That the eternal stars shine out again, as soon as it is dark enough.’

To Mr. Wakefield's great sorrow, his kind friend and neighbour, Dr. Forster, now falls under the bann of the climate, and after suffering severely from fever and dysentery, feels that it is his duty to return home.

Once more a comrade essays to stand by the side of Mr. Wakefield at Ribe, and in April, 1876, Mr. Seden arrives from England, bringing with him a plough, so that agricultural operations may be set on foot. Writing at the same time, Mr. Seden says :

‘ I was very much struck with Mr. Wakefield's appearance ; he looked so thin and ill. . . . Like myself,

he is a little man in body, but no one will doubt for a moment his greatness of soul. I felt at home with him at once, and this feeling has not passed off, and I think the day will never come when I shall cease to love him as a brother, esteem him as a true friend, and feel it a pleasure to labour with him in the Gospel harvest field.'

Mr. Seden further says:—'A few days after my arrival at Ribe, I put the plough together. As soon as I began I had a lot of very curious eyes looking on, wondering whatever I was making of those pieces of iron. We did not leave them to wonder long, for Mr. Wakefield told them it was a big hoe, to hoe the ground up with. Then they wanted to see how we could hoe the ground with that. So we promised to show them if they would help us. This they were ready to do. So getting a strong rope we attached it to the plough, and told them to pull. Such pulling, grunting, and shouting and shifting about you never saw! They could not get it to go. So we told some more men to pull, and then when we had got a dozen men pulling, away went the plough and over went the first sod, and soon was formed the first furrow that had ever been made by an English plough in East Africa.'

Returning to Mr. Wakefield's diary, we find this record:

'Mombasa, April 26.—Mr. Seden and I have come down here to await the arrival of Mr. Randall, another helper, and also to see my friend Dr. Forster off for England. I shall be very sorry to lose him.

'I am now in very good health, and they tell me I am looking fresh and well. I am up at 5.30 every morning, and work at my translations until night, besides other business, and do not feel exhausted. I am wonderfully

well, taking all things into consideration. Mr. Seden's coming has already done me a lot of good. I have just completed Matthew's Gospel in Kiswahili. John is also ready, and other portions are progressing. The printing office is now having the roof put on. The press and types are here, at Mombasa, but I hope to take them up to Ribe as soon as Mr. Randall arrives, and I shall begin printing as soon as possible. The slave trade in East Africa was abolished by formal proclamation of the Sultan on the 18th of this month.

'Mombasa, July 17, 1876.—I am very sorry to say that Mr. Randall is very ill indeed. He was seized with severe illness at the station, and had to be carried down to Mombasa for a change, Mr. Seden and myself accompanying him. I intended returning to Ribe after two days, leaving Mr. Seden here to take care of him. However, I remained a few days longer, and he had then so far recovered as to be able to accompany me to the beach, and see me off to Ribe.

'Mr. Seden remained with Mr. Randall for a time, and then came up to Ribe alone, having persuaded Mr. Randall to wait until he was a little stronger before undertaking the journey to Ribe. When the time came for his return he suddenly had a relapse and became exceedingly ill. Mr. Handford wrote me a hurried note, and I came down at once. I found his case to be one of great danger. He was so weak that he was unable to stand, and for a day or two his recovery seemed doubtful. However, through the goodness of God, he has been out of doors for the first time this morning, walking with the assistance of my arm. Mr. Price has been very kind in visiting Mr. Randall, and helping with medicines and advice. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, too, were exceedingly kind to Randall in his illness. He is much

liked here, and, if spared, will be of great service to our mission.

‘Two Gallas, fine-looking fellows, one about twenty, the other about fifty years old, have at last come to me from the Galla country on the subject of my establishing a mission amongst them. The old man is one of the most influential men of the tribe. They are both in the house now, and will go up to Ribe with me in a few days. The elder man is named Gono, and the younger is named Barisa. I had a long conversation with Gono yesterday about the Gospel, and read to him most of John iii., and expounded it. He is very desirous of our going to his country. He said, “You sent Aba Shora twice to the Galla country, and he told us various things. Now I am come to hear for myself, and to see if you really did send him with a message. On my return to the Galla country,” he continued, “we must allow the month following the present one to pass, and on the third month let Aba Shora come to us again to receive the final answer of the Gallas. If that be favourable, he will return to Ribe to bring you to the Galla country to establish the mission.”

‘The delay requested was explained in this way. “The Gallas,” said he, “have had to cultivate the ground; our corn is now growing, but it will not be ripe for nearly three months. When that is ripe let Aba Shora come.” So I may ere long have to pay another visit to the Galla country, and, I trust, set on foot a Christian mission there. Oh, that God may see fit to bring such a desire and object to pass!

‘Ribe, August 4, 1876.—A glorious box from England was brought into the house on Monday last, July 31, slung on a pole, and carried by two men. My eyes did sparkle when I unexpectedly caught sight of that most

welcome arrival from my native land. Its contents!! Ah! that's something for me to plunge into after a while. Of course I overturned everything in it on its arrival, and I'm all excitement yet about the coming pleasure of getting over-head-and-ears into it all. This is to be a long pleasure, and I'm out of my senses almost at the prospect.

'The mail put into Mombasa last Monday, on her way to Aden, and took away Mr. and Mrs. Price, en route for England. I am revising for the press my translation of Matthew's Gospel, and I hope to have it complete this week.

'Mr. Randall remained at Mombasa for a few days after I left him, and appeared to be making progress toward recovery. One day, however, I was alarmed by receiving the following note from Mr. Handford:

"MY DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—Dear Randall is very ill. You must please to come down at once, as his case is serious.—Yours in haste, J. W. HANDFORD."

'When I reached Mombasa I found Mr. Randall in a very weak state. Nobody but myself knows with what earnestness I agonised in prayer with God for his recovery, and what anxiety I felt in reference to his case. However, God was gracious in hearing our prayers, and Mr. Randall gradually, but very slowly, got better.

'Before I left Mombasa, as he and I were quietly getting our dinner before dusk, Tofiki rushed into the room, almost out of breath, and said, "Master, the Masai are at Ribe; one of the carpenters' wives has just arrived with the news. Something must be done." I instantly arose from the table, leaving my dinner unfinished, and many were the thoughts that flashed across my mind. I

thought, "Perhaps Mr. Seden has been killed or captured by these wicked robbers. Some of our people have been speared, and others carried into slavery, and the mission house has been plundered," etc. I felt that I must go to Ribe at once; and yet here was poor Mr. Randall still very ill, and how could I leave him? At length, with a "goodbye" to my sick friend and a hearty squeeze of his hand, and promising to return the next day if possible, I reluctantly left him, and, accompanied by Tofiki, Aba Shora, Barisa, and a Mnika, we went out into the darkness.

'In single file we quietly stole through the town, which of course is not lighted up, as there are neither lamps nor lamp-lighters in East Africa. A quarter of an hour's brisk walking brought us to the ferry where we cross over from the island of Mombasa to the mainland of Africa. Here we were in difficulties, as the ferry-boat was on the other side of the creek, and the ferryman probably long since gone to sleep. However, East Africans have powerful lungs, and at length with repeated shouting, my companions succeeded in rousing him up, and he came slowly across to fetch us. The play of the echoes on the quiet, sleeping water and calm atmosphere was very remarkable. As the shouts went across the water, "A European is here!e!e! The European of Ribe!e! The European wants to cross!e!e! He want's a boat!e!e!e!e!" The sounds seemed to roll far up the valley, striking and rebounding, then rolling on and on, and farther on, as though for miles, and then, suddenly breaking up into fragments of sound, gently died away. Soon a little lob-sided dug-out canoe waddled us clumsily but safely across to the other side. Calling at Captain Russell's, I wrote a few lines to Mr. Handford, of the English

Church Mission, asking him to look in on Mr. Randall now and then till my return, and then we entered upon a long night march.

'We had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards through the bush when we were met by a party of Wanyika and Waswahili coming to Mombasa. They said, "The Masai have crossed the country to-day, and we are fleeing to the coast for safety." This seemed to confirm the evil tidings, and we pushed on at a good pace. The night was dark and gloomy, and the path could only be felt, not seen. The grass on either hand was tall and rank, and wet with tropical dew, and for eight or nine miles of the way the path lay across soft swamps and muddy plains. About an hour after leaving Mombasa our way was through great pools of water. Tofiki carried me over the first on his back, but to have done this every time would have considerably delayed us, so I splashed through the rest, getting my shoes full of mud and water at nearly every step. It was a strange march, as we staggered along in disorder, each one about fifty yards from the rest, picking his way across the swamp as best he could. For miles not a word escaped from any of us, but we stole along as quiet as the grave, and cautious as a band of thieves bent on a midnight foray.

'Many of the large bushes presented a strange appearance, being completely lighted up by swarms of fireflies and phosphorescent worms; and, being in constant motion, the bright twinkling produced a wonderful effect. It almost seemed as though millions of small fairies were having a grand party, and had brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, "regardless of expense."

'Leaving the plain occasionally we had to climb the

slope of higher ground. Here the path was unspeakably bad, while the sides were steep and slippery. I had many a tumble while hauling myself along by the help of roots of grass and branches, or stumps of trees, and, as the sides of the path were so slippery, I had to walk in the gutter, and this made my travelling slow and inconvenient. By this time the tall grass, which waved high above our heads on either side, was thoroughly saturated with dew, and brushed us from head to foot at every step. To make matters worse, the nasty biting black ants were abroad, and attacked me several times. I felt their sharp mandibles in my arms and on my head, neck and throat, and elsewhere.

‘When we neared the hamlet of Makerungi, Tofiki asked me if we should make inquiry there about the Masai. I said, “Yes,” and until he returned with the news I threw myself down on the ground to take a short rest. All the people of the village were fast asleep, but at length Tofiki succeeded in arousing an old man, who said to him, “Yes, we have heard that the Masai passed through Rabai to-day. They took no cattle, made no attack on the people there, but they killed a woman and her child whom they found in one of the fields, hacking the woman to pieces. They then came into Ribe, passing through your plantation, and then went away easterly, but whither I do not know.” After hearing this news we continued our journey on through the muddy roads, wet grass, and darkness, and reached our home, Cheetham Hill, at two o’clock in the morning. Mr. Seden met me in the verandah, and was very sorry that the alarm about the Masai had been carried to Mombasa without his knowledge, causing me such a wearisome night tramp through the jungle. After a cup of tea and a little chat I was glad to creep

under the mosquito curtain of my bed and sleep my weariness away.

‘On the next day, as Mr. Seden and I were sitting at our noonday meal, we heard a sudden and repeated shout of “The Masai! The Masai are coming!” People were running about in wild excitement, and women were shrieking terribly. The Masai might really have been sweeping down Cheetham Hill on to us. We were besieged by a dozen of our men at once, crying out, “Give me caps!” “Give me bullets!” “The Masai!” “Give me powder!” “The Masai!” “The Masai!” I said, “Now just be quiet, and conduct yourselves in an orderly manner.” We then got all the guns ready, and prepared to defend ourselves, if the much-dreaded Masai should attack us. I called the women and the children to take shelter in the iron house, and every moment we expected our bloodthirsty enemies would be showing their spears over the top of the hill. One of our carpenters fled, but trembled to such an extent with fright that his wife had to take hold of his hand and lead him to a place of refuge. She was certainly his “better half.” Our other men behaved better. Some armed with guns, others with bows and arrows, and the Gallas with spears, clubs, and knives, stood ready for the event, waiting the attack. I placed sentinels at three points, and then sent out “scouts” to ascertain where the enemy was to be seen. They returned with the gratifying news that they were nowhere to be found, and they had gone in the direction of Giriya. We consequently disbanded our little army; the masons, carpenters, and labourers returned to their work, and we returned to the table to finish our meal. The next day I went down to Mombasa, and on the following day Mr. Randall and I returned together to Ribe.

We had another false alarm of the same kind a few days afterwards, and the people began to rush off towards the forest for refuge, but we refused to be disturbed this time, and kept our seats at the table.

CHAPTER XI

IN LABOURS ABUNDANT

‘We need men who will first of all teach us how to live. Living quite invariably precedes dying. This also is true, that when we once know how to live, and live in accordance with what we know, then the dying, as we term it, in a wonderfully beautiful manner, will take care of itself.’—R. W. TRINE.

‘Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.’—DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

AMONG the many friends who were attracted to Mr. Wakefield and his work in East Africa, special mention should be made of Sir John Kirk, then Consul-General at Zanzibar, a man of great power and usefulness, and one who was ever a friend of, and sympathiser with, missions in his sphere of administration. For many years Mr. Wakefield enjoyed his friendship, and in times of difficulty and political disquiet in the country, Sir John’s advice was always given freely, and gratefully received by the missionaries.

Himself an ardent botanist, sportsman, and explorer, Sir John Kirk was much interested in Mr. Wakefield’s efforts to collect information bearing on the different subjects connected with the study of Africa, and encouraged him to prosecute his inquiries and to place the information thus gained where it would be appreciated.

This led to an acquaintanceship with Colonel Grant (the companion of Burton and Speke in the early exploration of Central Africa), who ever proved himself to be a true and interested adviser and a constant correspondent for many years. In response to Colonel Grant's requests Mr. Wakefield collected and forwarded to England plants of different kinds—the most coveted being, of course, orchids. The plants met with divers fates, sometimes arriving in fair condition, at others being worthless through the action of the long voyage upon them, but the enthusiastic ardour of the botanist knows no defeat, and so from time to time consignments of plants were sent over, and delighted acknowledgments received from the recipient. In 1875, Colonel Grant writes to ask Mr. Wakefield to look out for a remarkable orchid growing upon trees in deep moist dells, or on trees growing on the steep banks of running streams.

He says:—‘I am so keen to get this orchid that I have sent a description of it to Colonel Gordon, who succeeded Sir Samuel Baker, and is getting on splendidly.’

Writing on March 17, 1876, Colonel Grant says:—‘There is a great move going on at present regarding East African missions and slavery.

‘The Baroness Burdett Coutts is to allow a meeting at her house to-day, and I have no doubt additional funds will be forthcoming. You will be glad to see the party who are destined for Karagweh and Uganda, where the chiefs are desirous of welcoming the strangers of the West. I shall look out anxiously for the result, and if the men have been happily selected, it will no doubt be a great success.

‘The route chosen is, I understand, the ordinary one

from Bagamoyo to Kazeh, but I am strongly in favour of a direct line from Mombasa to the Lake at Kavirondo, as I hear that traders find it not at all troublesome. But we want much more than this; we should, by establishing posts from the sea to the Lake, make the journey a certainty, and if the Zanzibar Sultan had some push in him there would not be much difficulty in accomplishing this object, which would keep the rear of an expedition placed at Karagweh or Uganda open to the coast. I hope to live to see this done, but I see great difficulty in getting the men suited for such establishment of government or authority. . . . We want you to give us more information about this, and if you would communicate a trade route it would receive careful attention, I assure you. So please let us have every information on this subject, as our people are really alive now to the great importance of opening up the interior of Africa. I have no particular news to tell you, but hope to continue to receive cheering news of all the doings in Eastern Africa. One thing has given me cause for regret on the Egyptian side, and that is the retirement, this summer, of Colonel Gordon, C.B., from his position as successor to Sir Samuel Baker.'

Writing in May 1876, the Colonel refers to the return of Lieutenant Cameron from Africa, after his memorable walk across the Continent from East to West. 'The best news of to-day is that the fifty-two men who crossed Africa with Cameron have arrived in Zanzibar, after a voyage round the Cape from Loanda, in a small sailing vessel, commanded, it is said, by an old slaving captain. Among them was Bombay, the factotum of Speke, rather fond of drink, but a man born of honour and truth. He had travelled four different times in Africa, with Burton and Speke, Speke and myself,

with Mr. Stanley, and, lastly, Lieutenant Cameron. In consequence of the assistance he has thus rendered to travellers, the Royal Geographical Society have done honour to themselves and to Africans, by granting him a life pension of fifteen pounds a year, to be paid monthly by our Consul at Zanzibar.

‘I have seen Smith, Mackay, Robertson and others of the Church Missionary Society who have gone out to Mombasa, and think they all seemed eager to begin work, but they would be the better for having among them some one who knows something of African travel.’

In 1877 he writes: ‘I see you are off to establish a new station in the Galla country, and am glad to hear it. The Royal Geographical Society have organised an African Exploration Fund under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and are about to ask the public for annual subscriptions towards it. They talk of seven desirable routes :—

1. Gold Fields at $17\frac{1}{2}$ S. lat. to Unyanyembe.
2. Coast range from the Zambezi to the equator.
3. Sadaani to S. end of Victoria Nyanza and on to N. end of Tanganyika.
4. Coast to N. end of Nyasa.
5. W. end Nyasa to S. end Tanganyika.
6. Zanzibar coast to E. side of Victoria Lake.
7. Formosa Bay to N.E. end of Victoria Lake.

‘Would *you* undertake one or two of them? I am certain that all the Council would feel thoroughly confident in you as their traveller, if you could but undertake some of these routes. Please think of this; your duties might go on with such exploration.’

In this letter Colonel Grant is also exceedingly anxious that a line of telegraph should be laid down from the Cape to Egypt, and enters fully into the best

means of bringing this about, and later on says that three probable routes have been advised: one from the Transvaal, Victoria Falls, Ujiji, Uganda and Unyoro to Egypt; another from the Transvaal, Tete, Livingstonia, Nyasa, Unyanyembe, Uganda to Egypt; and a third along the coast, Zambezi, Lindi, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Somaliland to Aden.

With regard to the invitation to undertake the work of exploration, we find that the Missionary Committee reluctantly declined to set Mr. Wakefield's services at the disposal of the Royal Geographical Society, feeling that the mission could not safely be left, even for a short time, without the oversight of an experienced European. With this decision Mr. Wakefield himself concurred.

In writing to the committee he said, 'When the application came, worded in such flattering terms, I could not make up my mind whether it was primarily from God or man, especially as the chief object of such an expedition was said to be philanthropy, so I laid the matter honestly in God's hands, and besought Him to frustrate my going, should it not be His will. After my experience of an enlargement of the spleen and liver, for the second time, induced chiefly by a long stay in the swamps during my recent journey, I decided in my own mind that it would be unwise of me to undertake a long journey into the interior, and that my first duty was to our mission and the Missionary Committee, and that I ought to remain here where I am as long as my present impaired health will permit me, to advance as much as I am able the pressing interests of our cause.'

Referring to this decision, Colonel Grant wrote: 'I deeply regret that your home authorities do not agree to your going on a journey for the Royal Geographical Society, and considering that the gain of information to

them which would result from your journey, I think they might yield the point. If you should still see a way of accomplishing either of the routes, I should be glad to bring the question again before the Society and your friends at Sheffield.'

Having set aside the proffered honour from a deep sense of duty to his mission, Mr. Wakefield again enters the Galla country, his object still being to establish on a firm basis a Christian settlement in the midst of this fine tribe. Accordingly, on August 23, 1877, he set out once more, and now we give a condensed account of the journey in the missionary's own words.

'The outward journey was performed overland, through the Nyika country. I then continued my journey through Giriama and the districts beyond. Nothing very particular occurred on the road, but some days afterwards the very districts through which we passed suffered from a very severe visitation of the terrible Masai. The seventh day brought us to Malindi. I visited the Governor, an Arab of about forty years of age, of the name of Salim Khalfan. As usual with Arabs in good position, he was gentle and agreeable in demeanour. He inquired about Mr. New, and expressed surprise and sorrow when I told him of his death. Salim returned my visit, coming to my tent with several of his retainers, much better attired than I, in gold-embroidered robes, coloured turban, and wearing a gold-hilted sword. He spoke a good deal of the hardships of African travel, and expressed wonder at the powers of endurance manifested by European explorers. He said that Arabs were totally incapable of enduring the fatigue incidental to such trying work. He kindly proffered every assistance in his power to further the

designs of my journey, and gave me assurances of the peaceful relations then existing between the people of Malindi and the Gallas. But the man who assisted most, and with great cordiality, was Ali Dina, a Hindi, and the custom-master of the town, to whose kind offices and attention, voluntarily tendered, I owe much. Having engaged to meet a deputation of Gallas at a place called Sigirso, I struck inland from Malindi to the west, and in a little more than two hours' riding we were at a large Swahili settlement, a place which, but for the gracious and special providence of God, would have proved my last earthly stage and a resting-place for my bones. Bakari, a tall, fine looking-man about fifty years of age—a settler from one of the northern provinces, namely Lamu—entreated me to remain in the village, of which he is the head, or patriarch, and there await the arrival of the Gallas, the settlement being situated in Sigirso, where I was to meet the Gallas. I resisted his importunities for some time, but at last yielded; as he appeared so hospitable and kindly disposed; so I pitched my tent in an open space of the settlement, right opposite his dwelling. One day Bakari brought me a very large rice cake, such as is made by Swahilis, and asked me if I could eat such a cake. I thanked him for it, and said it was very acceptable. I ate nearly the whole of it. By-and-by a slave woman came to my headman secretly and said, "You take care of your Mzungu (white man), and let him by no means eat anything that is prepared in this village, for a European came here once, and had poisoned food given to him and he died. Take care of your Mzungu." My man called me aside and told me this alarming intelligence, but it was almost too late, for I had eaten some of the cake, and that or something else had made

me very ill. "Poison," I thought, and immediately took an emetic and what antidotes I could find in my little box of medicines. The next day I was somewhat better, but for many days afterwards I suffered from severe pain in my stomach, in my back, between the shoulders, and in my lungs and throat. Thank God, I am still alive, and in comparatively good health.

'This part of the country being totally strange to me, and a good deal of it already taken up by the Arabs and Waswahili, I was some time before I could decide upon a site, but at last discovered one which appears to be suitable in every respect, being situated on the summit of a hill-range, breezy, with a good extension of plain country at the base open to the sea, and the Sabaki river flowing in a winding course to the base. It is a highway from the Galla country to Malindi and other places on the coast, and is regularly traversed by Gallas, who pass the site every day. We cleared a good space in the forest, and I left two Gallas to go on with the work, and Aba Shora, a Christian Galla, leaves here (Ribe) and returns to the place in a few days from now, to superintend the work, sow Indian corn, etc., and hold Sabbath services. His wife will also join him at this new station after a little while.

'Two stations besides the one just started are waiting for occupation, one amongst the Gallas themselves, and one amongst their vassals the Wapokomo.

'Our former explorations, made at very great hazard of life, also our former expenses necessarily incurred in doing pioneer work, should now begin to yield us fruit, and the fruit I believe now to be within our reach. Do not let us see "the fields white unto harvest" and neglect reaping. The return journey was performed by

sea. Leaving Malindi by boat, we put into the Kilifi river on the way, remaining all night, and the following day, December 24, reached Mombasa, after an absence of four months. I was glad to find Brother Seden at Mombasa, and we went up to the station together on the following day, arriving at Cheetham Hill (Ribe) at night. Here I was pleased to find the newly-arrived brethren Martin and Ramshaw, and also Dado. I am glad to say the new missionaries are well, and this is rather surprising, as there is a great deal of sickness all over the country, owing probably to the extraordinary and continuous wet weather which has now for some time prevailed, and which has carried off many of the people.'

Mr. Randall's health about this time completely gave way, and to his own regret and the sorrow of Mr. Wakefield he was compelled to return to England.

Writing on February 22, 1878, Mr. Wakefield speaks of the first missionary meeting held in connection with the mission, which was also 'valedictory.' Aba Shora was set apart for the work at Sigirso among his own countrymen, and the speeches and prayers on behalf of this good man and his mission aroused a deep interest in the hearts and minds of the people. The collection amounted to \$3, or about 12s., a small beginning, but proportionately a good collection. On the following day Aba Shora and his wife, with their infant daughter, took leave of their friends and prepared to go forth on their good errand. Their son Arthur Huko, a boy about twelve years of age, was left behind that he might go to school and be taught a trade. The mother was deeply moved; she wept over her boy, and told Mr. Wakefield that she would never have parted from the

lad but for the cause of God, and she gave strict injunctions that he was to be well looked after.

And so this little missionary party sallied forth, feeling their own weakness, knowing the risks attendant upon their mission, but trusting that God whom they had so lately learned to know and love; and offering themselves as His servants, they went forward to do, according to the best of their ability, His will.

The work of translation progressed. With Mwidani's help the Book of Daniel was translated, and the Gospel of Mark commenced. A stone house was built, and an iron house erected for Messrs. Ramshaw and Martin, the later undertaking the building, Mr. Ramshaw being busy in the printing department, and Mr. Seden superintending the school and the workmen and the management of the agricultural branch. All were busy, each one working with a will, and each day showed some gratifying progress.

Just about this time Mr. Robert Arthington, the missionary enthusiast and generous supporter of work among heathen tribes in Africa, offered the Missionary Committee of the Free Churches £1,000 if they would commence operations in an inland territory.

The offer was, however, hedged round with so many conditions that the Missionary Committee could not see their way to the acceptance of the gift, and moreover, the opening up of a new mission in the interior while that near the coast was still young and would require much assistance for many years to come, was a task that all felt it would be unwise to undertake. Much gratitude was nevertheless felt and expressed for Mr. Arthington's generous offer.

In addition to the new mission in the Galla country, an opening offered for the establishment of a mission to

Mohammedans, at Jomvu, a village situated about nine or ten miles from Ribe, on the creek leading inland from Mombasa. Mwidani-bin-Mwidadi, who had been the assistant of Mr. Wakefield on his journeys and also in his work of translation, was a resident in this place, and his influence was brought to bear upon the people of Jomvu, so that they invited the missionary to take up a position in their midst. A site was chosen a short distance from the Mohammedan town for sanitary reasons, and a chapel erected with a temporary teacher's house.

Jomvu contained a population of about seven or eight hundred souls, and was an interesting settlement, seeing that all its inhabitants were Mohammedans. Mwidani, who was instrumental in bringing about the invitation, was a man of great emotion, and at times when reading with Mr. Wakefield the Arabic Bible he would be quite overcome. On one occasion he took the Bible into the Mosque and read it there to his friends. When he came to the passage where our Saviour says, 'If a man smite thee on one cheek,' &c., the tears rolled down his cheeks and those of his hearers as Mwidani cried, 'Where can you find anything in Mohammed like that? He (Mohammed) said, "If a man strike you once, strike him back ten times," that was *man*-like; but Jesus said "Turn to him the other also," that was grand and noble.'

When the mission was being established the Sultan of Zanzibar made a present of the land to the Society, and the Governor of Mombasa undertook a special journey to Jomvu, to enjoin upon the people respectful treatment of the missionaries.

Events moved rapidly now, the mission staff numbered four men, all apparently well fitted for their posi-

tions, and all deeply concerned for the prosperity of the mission and the uplifting of the people around them.

Mr. Seden being considered acclimatized, the Missionary Committee gave their consent to the departure for Africa of the young lady to whom he was engaged, and accordingly Miss Jackson sailed for, and safely arrived at, Zanzibar at the close of 1878. Mr. Wakefield accompanied Mr. Seden to the East African metropolis to perform the marriage ceremony, after which the happy party returned to Ribe, where Mrs. Seden enthusiastically and lovingly took up her work among the women and children of the district, and by her gentleness and goodness won the hearts of the people.

The affairs of the mission being now apparently in a flourishing condition, the Missionary Committee deemed it advisable to call Mr. Wakefield home again for another period of much-needed rest and recuperation. This invitation he gladly accepted, feeling that the air of the Home-land would speedily cause him to improve in health, and that intercourse with his friends would result in inspiration for another term of service. Before leaving for England Mr. Wakefield had the pleasure of meeting in Zanzibar the noted young geographer, Mr. Keith Johnston, in whose projected expedition great interest was felt. That Mr. Wakefield was able to be of some service to Mr. Johnston may be gathered from the following letter :—

‘OLD CONSULATE, ZANZIBAR.

‘DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—I am expecting a visit this morning, about ten o’clock, from an Arab merchant who has been over part of the route that we shall have to traverse. As you are so very skilled in extracting in-

formation from these people, would you mind helping me, if you have nothing better to do?

‘Very truly yours,
‘K. JOHNSTON.’

In company with Mr. Joseph Thomson, who was afterwards to make for himself an undying name as an explorer, Mr. Keith Johnston left Zanzibar in May, 1879, to carry out his work of exploration in the region between Dar-es-Salaam and Lake Nyassa; but, alas, before many weeks had passed away the young life was ended, and Keith Johnston was lying under the soil of Africa, his lonely grave being at the foot of a huge tree just within a belt of iungle near the village of Behobeho.

CHAPTER XII

SECOND FURLOUGH

'Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach ;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would'st reach ;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.'

H. BONAR.

IN the spring of 1879 Mr. Wakefield once more left, for a season, his loved work in Africa, to gain strength for further service, and in this he was not disappointed.

In order to gain the greatest measure of benefit from the homeward voyage, the Cape route was chosen, and immediately after leaving Zanzibar the reviving influences of cooler latitudes began to be felt. South Africa was at this time in the midst of the excitement of the Zulu war, and at each port of call news of the progress of affairs was eagerly sought and received.

On the arrival of the vessel at Cape Town the following letter from Lady Frere was received by Mr. Wakefield.

‘GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN,
‘Tuesday, March 4, 1879.

‘DEAR MR. WAKEFIELD,—Sir Bartle telegraphed and told me you were coming down here, but I could not see your name in any of the passenger lists, and have only this moment heard from a friend whom I asked to enquire, who says that you have come by the “Nyanza,” and are going home to England by her. I should be so sorry to entirely miss the pleasure of seeing you that I send this line to say I ‘hope you can come up to see me. Can you come and lunch with us at two o’clock?

‘I have told the servant to follow you with this note, in case you can come up in his cab, even if only for a few minutes. I shall be very interested to hear all you have been doing.

‘Believe me, yours very sincerely,
‘C. FRERE.’

Happily Mr. Wakefield was able to avail himself of this kind invitation, and had the great pleasure of an interesting interview with Lady Frere.

On his arrival in England, the reunion of father and daughter had in it the deepest elements of joy, and heartfelt and intense were the thanksgivings offered up for the many mercies and wondrous protection afforded to one who held not his life dear unto him, so that he might win men to Christ.

The reception accorded Mr. Wakefield on this, his second visit to his native land, was of a very enthusiastic nature. His appearance at Exeter Hall, on the occasion

of the annual Missionary Meeting of the Methodist Free Churches, was the signal for an outburst of feeling on the part of the audience which was almost overpowering to the missionary. When the excitement and cheering had subsided, Mr. Wakefield expressed his appreciation of the kindly and enthusiastic welcome given to him, and briefly sketched the progress of the mission up to that time, giving particulars of work accomplished in connection with the dissemination of the Word of God amongst the tribes of East Africa, the translations being in three different tongues—namely, Galla, Kiswahili and Kinyika.

Mr. Wakefield, during his furlough at home, resided with his brother-in-law, the Rev. R. Brewin, at Sheffield, enjoying, in the intervals of deputation work, the society of his little daughter Nellie, now grown quite tall and healthy. From the time of her arrival in England she had been under the kind care of her uncle, who took the greatest delight in training the little daughter of his beloved sister.

While resting and working in England the missionary was much in touch with many interests. He appeared before the British Association, and was in constant communication with the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. Arthington frequently corresponded with Mr. Wakefield upon the subject which was supreme with him, namely, pioneer missions, and Dr. Means, of the American Board of Missions, had an interview with him respecting the establishment of an American mission in East Central Africa.

Thus busily and happily the weeks passed by. News from the station was anxiously desired, which when it came was of a disquieting nature.

Mr. Seden writes, under date May 2, 1879, from

H.M.S. 'London,' then in the harbour of Zanzibar, that to his deep regret and disappointment he must leave at once for England. Through dysentery and inflammation of the liver he had been brought so low that only the promptest medical attention sufficed to save his life. He *must* come home. Mrs. Seden had been left at Mombasa, and now her coming to Zanzibar en route for home was a necessity.

To Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Martin writes, in April, that he has been at Ribe, assisting Mrs. Seden in her arrangements for leaving, and that he is to tell Mr. Bushell (then Missionary Secretary) that he is not to be alarmed about the mission.

'Nothing shall stand still while we have health. Say die? Never! We would rather work night and day.'

In his cheery letter Martin gives several items of news. One, that a Bishop is to be appointed for the C.M.S. in East Africa; another, that 'Stanley is at Zanzibar, and is said to have £10,000,000 of money. Nobody knows what he is going to do.'

On June 10 Mr. Martin wrote to his friend the Rev. J. Jones, then in Cornwall, saying, 'I am thankful to say that I am enjoying good health, though last month I was somewhat shaky. The season was so wet—and when it rains it *does* rain here—and I think the continuous wet affected me, but I am now well. Mission affairs, on the whole, are satisfactory; in fact, we have nothing to complain of. Of course it cannot be expected that we two can do the work of *five*; nevertheless we are determined, by the help of God, that nothing shall fall to the ground, and none shall blame us for indifference or idleness. Mr. Bushell has written to us that we are to hold on, and not give up an inch of ground. So we shall hold on with our teeth, toes,

and hands, for there is room here for a thousand missionaries.'

On June 14, four days after writing the above, John Martin was called away from his earthly labours to join that number in the Father's House who had already gone from East Africa, promoted to higher service.

His friend and comrade Mr. R. C. Ramshaw, writes:—

‘RIBE, *Saturday, June 14, 1879.*

‘DEAR MR. BUSHELL,—The mail leaves Mombasa to-morrow morning. It is now 6.30 p.m., and I don't know how to break the news I have to tell. At 5.30 this afternoon my dear brother Martin died, after an illness of three days only. He was taken ill on Thursday morning. I was at Jomvu. He sent me, by a messenger, his urgent desire that I should go over, as he was very ill. I went over immediately, and got to Ribe two hours after dark. I have sat up with him day and night until this evening. I sent a man to Freretown (the Church Missionary Society's station), and he brought back the medicine, which I gave as recommended in the Doctor's recipe. It had the desired effect, and this morning he told me he was better. . . . At three o'clock this afternoon I gave him a cup of Liebig's extract of meat, and he drank it all, to my surprise, as up to that time he had refused all food. At 4.30 he got up in bed and said to me, "I'll shift to the other side," but immediately sank back in a faint from which he never recovered. He was apparently free from pain. I gave him small doses of opium, as recommended, to induce sleep, but he never slept above five minutes all the time I have been here. Dado has been with me all the time, and has been extremely useful, never leaving us from the first.

‘I cannot write more. I feel very very sorrowful. All the natives are sitting round me with solemn upturned faces, and Martin’s body lies on the little native bed opposite.’

The consternation caused at home by these sad intelligences may be imagined. The mission is again in extreme peril ; once more a solitary worker is all that is left of the happy little band, and in their perplexity and sorrow the Missionary Committee determine to send Mr. and Mrs. During, natives of West Africa, to the assistance of Mr. Ramshaw. Although only now carried into effect, this departure had long been in the minds of the Committee, namely, to supply the East African Mission from other stations with brethren who by constitution and colour would be suited to the climate.

In October Mr. and Mrs. During left Waterloo Church, Sierra Leone, and reached Mombasa January 11, 1880. They were welcomed by Mr. Ramshaw, and began their work in earnest. Unfortunately, about this time trouble was experienced on the mission stations from the Arabs and Waswahili, who resented the harbouring of run-away slaves at these places. The poor creatures came seeking places of refuge, and it was not in the hearts of the missionaries to refuse them shelter. This brought down the anger of the Moham-medans, and for a time matters presented a serious appearance. By the good offices of Sir John Kirk peace was restored, if not entire confidence ; but from time to time critical complications necessarily arose from the close proximity of a slave-keeping people to those who believe that every man, be he black or white, has a perfect right to his freedom. But nevertheless the work progressed, especially at Jomvu, where Mr. Ramshaw was exerting himself to the utmost in

laying a good foundation for the young mission. The chapel built by Mr. Martin had been blown down by a hurricane, but another had been erected in its place. Services were regularly held, the missionary now being able to speak to the people in their own tongue ; and not the least promising feature was that Mohammedans attended and listened attentively.

At home a change took place in the secretariat of the Foreign Missionary Committee. The Rev. Robert Bushell, who had so ably conducted the business of the Committee for nine years, retired with impaired health, and the Rev. John Adcock, one of the best-beloved ministers of the Connexion, was called to take the vacant place.

To the deep sorrow of the Connexion, Mr. Bushell was called away from earthly service on November 22, 1881, and possibly no one outside the circle of personal relatives felt the death of this good and true man more than Mr. Wakefield, to whom the Missionary Secretary had been friend and counsellor for a period of ten years.

Mr. Wakefield's health being somewhat restored, he began to arrange for the return to the land of his adoption ; he did not, however, wish to go alone ; in his journeyings throughout the Connexion this thought was much before his mind.

He wished to find a companion ; but who would venture to such an unfriendly clime ? The story of the life and premature death of Mrs. Rebecca Wakefield had made a deep impression on the minds of their friends at home, and some of the officials of the Connexion felt it was unwise for a woman, more especially a wife, to expose herself to conditions which had proved so fatal even to strong men.

But in the good providence of God a helpmeet was found for the missionary. Mr. William Butler, of Clifton, Bristol, introduced him to one who from a child had been intensely interested in mission work, no literature being more absorbing to her than the chronicles of missionary endeavour. The land of Livingstone and Moffatt exercised the deepest fascination, and so it came to pass that the writer of this memorial, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sommers, was married to Mr. Wakefield on December 27, 1881, at Redland Grove Methodist Free Church, Bristol, the minister, the Rev. Thomas Hammond, officiating.

In the autumn of 1881 the news of the decease of Dr. Krapf reached England. Another link with the past was thus broken, and one of the most ardent lovers of Africa and the Africans was called home, like Livingstone, while on his knees in prayer. Only as late as August had he written to his former companion and pupil, 'I feel more and more the weakness of old age (now 71), and I have the impression that I shall soon depart from this world. How much I would be rejoiced if I should hear in this or in the other world that your Society is taking up one station after the other among the Wapokomo and Galla, on the Tana River.'



BORASSUS PALM,

CHAPTER XIII

RETURN TO AFRICA

‘Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.’

A. H. CLOUGH.

THE opening weeks of 1882 were fully occupied with preparations for departure from England and farewell visits to friends. In the midst of these engagements a great trouble befell Mr. Wakefield in the sudden death, by accident, of his brother, Mr. Richard Wakefield, of Camelford, Cornwall.

Mr. R. Wakefield was returning from a preaching appointment on Sunday evening, February 5, when the conveyance in which he and a companion were travelling was upset; the occupants were thrown out, Mr. Wakefield being so seriously injured that he died at once. This sad event threw a deep shadow over the last few days yet remaining to the brother in England, but bracing himself in the face of this bereavement by the thought that ‘our times are in His hand,’ he steadfastly set himself to work while it was still day.

On Tuesday, February 14, a farewell service was held in Bath Street Chapel, Poplar, Mr. R. B. Salisbury occupying the chair.

The Rev. C. Worboys offered prayer, and addresses were given by the Revs. M. T. Myers, Ira Miller, A. Crombie and Mr. David Annan. On Mr. Wakefield presenting himself before the desk the audience rose and sang the Doxology. For an hour the missionary spoke, expressing his confidence that from the first, twenty-one years ago, he had been divinely influenced and guided. He spoke of his parting from his mother for the third time, she being then eighty-six years of age; his farewell to Nellie, who pleaded with tears to accompany him to Africa; the death of his brother Richard; the announcement lately received by him, that Dado, the Galla boy, had died at Ribe; the fact that he was taking out 2,000 copies of his own translation of Matthew's Gospel, printed and presented to the mission by the British and Foreign Bible Society; his unabated confidence in the utility of his work, and his burning passion for its success.

On Friday, February 17, we left the Victoria Docks in the s.s. 'Goa,' a large number of London friends assembling to bid us farewell, and Mr. Ibberson and Mr. Ellis, of Sheffield, accompanying us as far as Gravesend, where, on parting with them, we felt the last link with England had been severed, and we turned our faces eastward, feeling that our hearts were straining towards the land and friends behind us.

It will be sufficient to say that our voyage was one of great comfort and pleasure. Our companions on the way were all of the kindest dispositions, the captain and officers most capable and considerate; the weather proved, on the whole, favourable, and when we reached Aden it was with wet eyes and choking sensations that we transhipped to the s.s. 'Abyssinia,' for the journey down the East Coast of Africa to Zanzibar.

While waiting at Aden for our steamer, we met Bishop Steere, on his way to England for a short furlough. He said he was returning in a very few weeks, 'just to show the friends at home that Africa was not so far away as they thought.'

On April 1 we sighted Zanzibar, and, on landing, Mr. Wakefield was warmly greeted by his friends in that town. Here we were compelled to wait until a suitable boat could be obtained in which to make the passage northward to Mombasa. Meanwhile we had pleasant intercourse with the friends of the Universities Mission, worshipping with them on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, and being privileged to see the working of their schools. At the English and American Consulates we spent some pleasant hours. Colonel S. B. Miles was at this time the English Consul.

The 'Philomel' and 'London' being in the harbour, we had the pleasure of visiting both ships. Our good friend and business agent, Mr. Muxworthy, having arranged with the captain of a dhow to take us to Mombasa, we left Zanzibar on April 11, and for two days and nights enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of life on board a native boat. Our trip was a rapid one, but quite long enough for us to experience many things. Rain, sunshine, rats, cockroaches, smells (bad), lack of accommodation, proximity of native passengers, hunger and sickness were in turn endured, but for a dhow voyage this was one of the best of passages, and for this we were extremely thankful.

A severe epidemic of smallpox having raged in Mombasa, it was not deemed advisable for us to land there, so the Rev. W. S. Price, of Freretown, most generously offered us the shelter of his home until we could communicate with our own people at Jomvu, and

at the charming and hospitable C.M.S. settlement we spent the next few days. Messrs. Ramshaw and During met us there, and on the following Saturday we went up the creek to Jomvu, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ramshaw (the latter but recently arrived, Mr. Ramshaw having made a short visit to England for the purpose of bringing his wife out) until the following Monday, when we returned to Freretown, pending final arrangements for our journey to Ribe. Here we enjoyed the society of the Rev. A. Menzies and his good wife, Rev. H. K. Binns, Rev. E. W. Taylor, B.A., Rev. A. Downes Shaw and our host, the Rev. W. S. Price. In addition to the many kindnesses shown to us, the mission boat 'Alice' was placed at our disposal, and in due course we journeyed once more up the creek to Jomvu, and then across to the landing-place for Ribe, whence the land march began.

Immediately after our arrival at Ribe the following characteristic letter was written by Mr. Wakefield to the Missionary Secretary :—

'RIBE, EAST AFRICA.

'June 2, 1882.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I must reserve the report of our Ribe and Jomvu stations, with their branches, till next mail, as I am very anxious to write a few words by this about the *Gallas*.

'And now, oh! that I could dip my pen in some magic ink which would make the words burn and glow before the eyes of the Committee like a very tracery of *fire*!

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'Well, then, I appeal, with all the strength of my heart, to the Missionary Committee, and to all our

Churches, for the *establishment* of a GALLA MISSION, and to set about this great work with promptness, vigour, and pertinacious determination.

‘Argument.—Both the primary and ultimate purpose of the United Methodist Free Churches East African Mission was the GALLA COUNTRY *and the GALLAS*, not the *stepping-stones*, but “the REGIONS BEYOND.” I have had to fight this battle hitherto almost single-handed, and my weapons, I felt at the time, were far too feeble for conquest.

‘It is time, however, now for our Churches to gird themselves with strength, and with a resolute, unconquerable will, to plunge into the “Dark Continent” and claim this imperial race for Christ. It is not I alone who plead. There comes the silent appeal from four to eight millions of grand but barbarous men—“grand” in the greatness of their number, “grand” in the possession of exceptional attributes of manhood and strength. The appeal comes to our Committee and to our Churches to lift this grand race *up*—aye, *to lift it up*. The “stepping-stones” have long since been taken; the entrance has long since been occupied; and now what wait we for? Why do we *pause* on the threshold with our purpose still unachieved? Let us *go in* with the loud war-cry of stalwart men, “THE GALLAS FOR CHRIST!”

‘(a) When I last left East Africa for England it was my firm purpose to appeal for a *Special Fund* for this Mission; but as soon as I stepped ashore there came the cry of “depression,” of “bad times,” and before the shadow of depressed trade had passed away there came the sad news of the destructive hurricane in Jamaica, and the cry of the distressed for sympathy and succour. The response of our Churches was prompt

and generous, and a large amount was drafted off from bank-books and purses to the West Indies to repair the terrible damages of the cyclone. I felt at the time that it would be unfair and unkind to our people to make another and a special appeal under the circumstances; it would have seemed inconsiderate, if not audacious, and its very untimeliness would have appeared like courting defeat.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men”—(“yes, go on, William”)—“which, when taken at the flood”—(“yes”)—“leads on to fortune.” I wonder if I have got hold of the “tide” at its “flood”? The dark days of commercial adversity have gone by, and “the light” of prosperous trade “shineth now”; the ravages of the West Indian tempest have been healed and the breach restored; the loss on the death-roll in China has been supplied; and now, I ween, there is no special call from North, or South, or West. Sir, *plead* with the brethren and the Churches, with all the strength of argument, the thrilling inspiration of eloquence and the touching tenderness of pity to lend an ear to a voice from the EAST—a Central African race, a superior nation, endowed with all the instincts and attributes of our immortal humanity, sunken in heathenism! I appeal to our Churches to work and pray for its social and spiritual redemption!

‘(b) As far as I know, the mere *margin* only of this race has been touched by the Christian Church, and that at its northern extremity—Abyssinia. There is, therefore, a splendid opportunity for our Connexion to make its mark, to take a good position side by side with other Churches in the great work of modern times—the *Evangelisation of Africa*.

‘(c) When the American Board of Foreign Missions

had the singular good fortune, a few years ago, of a gift, by legacy, for mission work, of two hundred thousand pounds, it very promptly directed its attention to East Africa, and proposed to commence operations on the River Tana, amongst the Gallas. The Rev. J. O. Means, D.D., visited Germany, and saw Dr. Krapf on the subject. He then paid a visit to the late Missionary Secretary, after which he came to me, finding me at Smedley's Hydropathic Institution, soon after my arrival in England in 1879. I told the doctor that was the field *our Churches* had fixed upon, and that through many difficulties we had been working up to it for years. The result was, the American Board refrained from an entrance on the eastern seaboard, and turned their attention to a region somewhere near the Congo River, in the West, but stated in their report that, had not the Methodist Free Churches fixed upon the River Tana, in East Africa, they would at once have taken a position in that field. The late Mr. Bushell said to me some time ago, when we were conversing on this matter: "Having excluded the American Board of Missions from the Southern Galla country on the plea that it is specially *our field*, we are COMMITTED to the project, and *must* have a mission there." I replied, "Of *course* we are, sir." From many considerations our Churches are "committed" to a Southern Galla Mission.

'Arrangements have already been made with Aba Shora and Shakala, two good and trustworthy men, local preachers, to start for the River Tana as soon as the floods caused by the rainy season have sufficiently dried to render the roads passable, as scouts, to prepare the way. It is not unlikely, I think, that Mr. During may go with them. I am writing to the English Consul for letters of influence for these men—a letter from the

Consul himself and one from the Sultan of Zanzibar—to the Arab Governors on the coast. I hope the time is not far distant when *all* our Gallas here will *return in a body to their own land*, and there constitute a Christian Church and a Christian settlement in the heart of heathenism, and be “as a city set upon a hill.”

‘(d) The trio of spirits which had taken a special interest in our East African Mission—the late Dr. Krapf, the Rev. Robert Bushell, and Mr. Cheetham—has recently passed from our midst. Those lost friends can no longer advocate or support in any way this project, which was dear to their hearts; but their *sympathy* with it is as strong as ever. Who will step into their vacant places? If they could speak to us, would they not still urge us on to the Gallas? I am sure they would. Let us, then, show our veneration for the lives of these good men and appreciation of their Christian enthusiasm, by completing the work in which they were profoundly interested for many years, but from which they have recently been removed by death. I need not enlarge on this part of the argument, I know; the matter speaks out its own claim to the judgment and sympathy of the Committee.

‘(e) If we do not *bestir* ourselves and take up a good position in the Galla country, where we may command growth and extension, the opportunity will *pass out of our hands*, and OTHERS will use it, and the lamentable result to *us*—and a *fixed* result, too—will be FOSSILISATION—that is, we shall be *permanently shut up within a circumscribed area*, tied hand and foot—“cribbed, cabin’d, and confined”—and whilst other Missions of the Christian Church in Africa will be flourishing “like the green bay tree,” showing evidences of life by *expansion*, we shall be *for ever* simply amongst the

Wanyika—a small, inferior, stagnant race—fixed on the “stepping-stones” and bounded on the north and south and west by the stations of other Societies. With all my heart I say, *God forbid!*

‘Well, then, what do we want? Why, we want *men*. Our staff hitherto has scarcely been sufficient for retaining our old ground. The position I fixed at Sigirso in the Galla country, just before leaving for England, was abandoned soon afterwards. Stephen Kireri was withdrawn from Chonyi (Bartonia) about three years ago, and that station lost. Kireri was wanted for Ribe, whilst Mr. During was stationed at Jomvu. This, of course, was a necessity. I merely mention this to show that we are *short-handed*, and unless reinforced cannot possibly do any work of *extension*. The Committee will see that we are only holding our own, and scarcely that. Our years and strength and our Churches’ money are all drifting away simply for a *contracted result* amongst a feeble folk!

‘Then let us have a *good Galla Mission*—something worthy of the men and the missionary spirit of the Free Churches. As the Committee are aware, there has recently been a great revival in the missionary spirit of Christendom, especially in its sympathy with Africa. Missionaries are pouring in at the east and the west every day. Our agent, Mr. Muxworthy, wrote to me a little while ago, and the last item of his letter was:—“There are sixteen missionaries for the L.M.S. and C.M.S. Lake stations expected by the next mail.” Now, that is the sort of thing that is constantly going on about us. Are we to remain in *statu quo* in the midst of all this great movement? or are the Methodist Free Churches to have a “*part* in this resurrection”?’

‘I have not time to write all I wish to write, but will try to add a little a few days hence.

‘Ever yours faithfully,

‘THOS. WAKEFIELD.’

‘The Rev. J. Adcock.’

The reception of the following letter at this time from Colonel Grant gave much pleasure to Mr. Wakefield :—

‘19, UPPER GROSVENOR STREET, W.

‘MY DEAR SIR.—At the Council meeting of the Geographical Society, held yesterday, the proposal herein contained was carried unanimously. This is a pleasant recognition of your past services to geography. It is a record, and will assure you that we all look forward to your future life in Africa, and that, however short or long your residence may be there, it will be as useful and as happy as it has hitherto been.

‘I learned yesterday that Sir John Kirk and Mr. McKinnon are to be put upon our Council, so that Africa will be a strong element. Mr. Bates will no doubt give you full particulars as to the amount of the Murchison Grant which has been awarded to you, but small though it is, you will, I am certain, value it as much as if it were ten times the sum.

‘Allow me to send my best wishes to Mrs. Wakefield, in which Mrs. Grant joins me, and believe me,

‘My dear Mr. Wakefield,

‘Ever yours sincerely,

‘J. A. GRANT.’

Mr. Bates wrote saying :—

‘I have the pleasure to inform you that the Council of our Society, at the anniversary meeting, May 22,

awarded to you the "Murchison Grant" for 1882, in consideration of your services to geography and as encouragement to future endeavours. The grant was bequeathed to the Society by Sir Roderick Murchison, with the proviso that the annual proceeds should be accorded to meritorious Geographers.

Trusting that you and Mrs. Wakefield may have arrived out safely, and found your old settlement at Ribe in good order, believe me,

‘Yours sincerely,

‘H. W. BATES.’

The extract from the report of the meeting ran as follows :—

‘The Murchison Grant to Rev. Thos. Wakefield, of Ribe, near Mombasa, E. Africa, for the services to geography rendered by him during his twenty years residence in E. Africa, and especially for his paper and map published in the 40th volume of the *Journal* on "Caravan routes from the Coast to the Interior," and his account of his fourth journey to the Southern Galla Country, read at the Geographical Section of the British Association in 1879; also to aid and encourage him in the researches he is still making in that little-known region.’

CHAPTER XIV

WAR AND INVASION

‘We must all feel a desire to elevate these fallen races and lift them up from their helpless barbarous state. Who can do it? Who has time to do it? Who can find the means to do it? The operation is dangerous, costly, tedious, and, as far as human eyes can see, thankless. We have got to get rid of cannibalism and human sacrifice at once, and slavery, polygamy, magical rites, and cruelty gradually. The Government of a European country cannot do it. A commercial association would not find it pay a dividend. The traveller and explorer cannot stop to do it. Will any Benevolent Association which is not bound together by the cement of the love of Christ undertake it? Yet our hearts go out in pity and love to them; we recognize in some their natural goodness, their hospitality, their love to the children. Will no one go forward? Yes, Brother: the Love of Christ constraineth us.’—DR. CUST.

AT this time Mbaruk and his band of rebels were again in activity, consequently the country was in a very disturbed state. Mbaruk was busy burning and destroying the property of the subjects of the Sultan, and endeavouring to embroil the native tribes of the district. One by one, under pressure of fear, they joined the rebel force, and for the time being fared sumptuously on the booty which the chief and his men captured; but a day of reckoning was at hand. The Governor of Mombasa, after letting Mbaruk have his own way for a while, at last

sent out his soldiers, not to meet the leader of the rebellion, but to punish the tribes who had gone over to his side, and our poor heathen Wa-Ribe in due course came in for the chastisement which they knew would ultimately be meted out to them as participaters in the rebellion.

On Sunday, July 23, the work of destruction took place, and all day the terrible sounds of war and death could be heard. The Waswahili soldiers forced their way through the surrounding bushes and stockades into the 'kaya' or village, the headquarters of the Ribe tribe, and killing any who withstood them, burned to the ground the whole settlement. In the midst of all this excitement the mission, of necessity, remained neutral; but the hearts of the Christians yearned over their heathen friends in their trouble and danger, so that they were with difficulty restrained from taking part with their distressed relatives against the Moham-medan soldiery. The sad day at length came to an end, vengeance had been wreaked, and now the poor Wa-Ribe had to face their fallen fortunes and rebuild, as best they could, their desolated village. Mbaruk, who had led them into this trouble, was careful to keep out of the way.

Meanwhile, news of the disturbed state of the country had reached Zanzibar. H.M.S. 'Philomel' was sent up to Mombasa, for the protection of Europeans, should hostility be exhibited towards them.

On Thursday morning, July 27, two Englishmen were descried on the road to the mission house. They proved to be the Rev. W. E. Taylor and Mr. H. W. Lane, of Freretown, who had come to invite us to Freretown for greater safety until matters political had quieted down. We demurred at leaving

our own people, but were assured that if we remained it would be entirely on our own responsibility. Danger was anticipated from the Mohammedans. Moreover, provision had been made for taking the women and children of the mission to a place of safety. Under these circumstances it was deemed best to accept the kindly proffered help, and we went down to Jomvu, where we found the Vice-Consul, H. B. Cracknall, Esq., a young naval officer named Travers, and Mr. Binns awaiting us. General Mathews, commander of the Sultan's troops, also accompanied us to Mombasa. Mr. and Mrs. During remained at Jomvu.

As soon as possible on the following day Mr. Wakefield sought an interview with the Wali (Governor) of Mombasa, and was assured by him that no danger need be feared by the Europeans.

After waiting a day or two, lest fresh complications should arise, we bade our dear friends at Freretown farewell, thanking them most heartily for their kind hospitality, and gladly set out again for our home on the hills. Mr. and Mrs. Ramshaw remained at Freretown a few days longer.

The political atmosphere having cleared somewhat, we were left once more to prosecute our legitimate work among our Christian natives.

The following letter from Mr. Wakefield to the Missionary Secretary gives a vivid picture of another season of peril and anxiety which soon fell to our lot.

'U.M.F.C. MISSION STATION,
'CHEETHAM HILL,
'RIBE, EAST AFRICA.
'Nov. 20, 1882.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Our mail came in yesterday (Sunday). It is rather remarkable that nearly every

mail from England since our arrival here has reached us on a Sunday. Yours of the 12th of last month came, with other welcome letters, yesterday.

‘I am glad the “Galla Mission” question is to be considered by the Committee at their next session. And now, my friend, when you are present on the occasion, get hold of the Archimedean lever: get a firm grip of it with both hands, and crane up the Committee “to the height of this great argument,” and the Committee will crane up the Connexion, and then you will find that there is leverage-power sufficient in the Connexion to crane up the Gallas. This is a very simple climax: please see that the Committee and Connexion work it out. I do wish we could get on with this mission. We are lagging fearfully behind! As to men and means and vigour of effort, we are absolutely nowhere with the other missionary societies about us. But it is not the principle of competition I am pleading for; mere competition is comparatively a small matter, though, of course, no man who has got any vitality in him likes to be left behind in the race. He would be a milksop who could see his neighbour’s work progressing, and then look complacently on his own in its lifeless fixedness. No, it is not competition I am urging, but co-operation. We ought to take our stand with the other missionary societies who are working about us, and take a position with them worthy of our work and our Connexion. I am not ignorant of the fact that our present resources are limited, but they greatly need enlarging. Our Committee refused the offer of a mission in South Africa only a little while ago, on the plea that the Committee preferred to strengthen and buttress the mission in East Africa to taking another mission in

hand. I am firmly convinced that our Connexion has far ampler resources than those which have yet been revealed, if the Committee can only get at them. Men of Israel, help! and let us show to the world that we have still some enterprise, and that the old missionary chivalry which sent out its band of five men to East Africa twenty-one years ago is ready to send out a band of five more to strengthen, develop, and extend its past achievements.

‘I must now leave this subject for the time, to tell you about the recent and terrible invasion of Ribe by the “Wakwavi” or “Masai.” We have just passed through a strange ordeal. We have been menaced by a frightful danger, but God has wonderfully delivered us. We placed ourselves calmly and trustfully in His hands, and His power and grace did not fail us in the hour of peril. On the 25th of last month the Masai were reported to be on the northern border of the district, but only about four miles distant. Straggling lines of people (natives of Ribe) kept passing through the station most of the day, hurrying to the forest for shelter, and the whole country—as is always the case when there is a report of Masai—was in a state of great excitement and alarm.

‘On the following day they invaded Ribe from north to south. Our station lay right in their way, but though the Masai have frequently visited Ribe of late years they never came nearer than Mahunduni, which is about two miles to the north of Cheetham Hill, never to the eastern or southern localities. We then thought—and still think—that they had a fear of approaching too closely the “white man’s” settlement. On the morning of the 26th a band of them started from Mahunduni, and at the head of a gorge or valley

which separates the hill-spur on which the station is situated from a counter-ridge or spur a little to the north and west of us, they divided into two lines, one line coming along the road which leads into the station from behind the hill, and the other branching off along the counter-spur, the two lines forming in their march two sides of a triangle, or the letter V horizontally. When the further line reached a position due W. of the station they descended the hill-slope facing us. From the top of our house (into which we had collected most of our people) we could see these savage marauders and their spears distinctly. They were coming along very leisurely, in single file, straight for the station, and in a direct line for our house.

‘As they began to descend the hill, I heard a terrible scream as of a woman, and judged that some poor creature had fallen by the spears of some of these. I decided to wait and see if they set fire to any of the huts on the station, for they had been burning the huts of the natives in all directions. When they got into the valley, a number branched off to the south, and skirted the forest in which the kaya is built, and to which the tribe always rushes in times of invasion. The remainder climbed the western slope of our hill, and we soon saw their heads and the blades of their spears bobbing about amongst the bushes and manioc plants just outside the mission fence.

‘They raised no war-shout ; they made no more noise than so many cats would have made, and it was easy to perceive how often they take the poor, unsuspecting natives by surprise when working in or walking to and from their plantations. They only skirted the settlement, and were evidently afraid of the stone houses. It seemed clear to us that they had no

deliberate purpose to attack the mission. It seemed equally clear also, that their purpose was to capture some cattle belonging to Tofiki, and which he had concealed in a ravine amongst a grove of banana trees about two hundred yards to the south-east of our house. They did not pass, but made a stand before they came in a line with us. Two of them, however, slipped down the hill to the south of us, and these we did not see. They stood directly in front of a little knoll on which there is a wattle-and-daub hut belonging to one of Tofiki's friends. Here Tofiki and several men with guns had taken their position. When the two Wakwavi saw that the men on the knoll stood their ground one of the savages grounded his spear and uttered a challenge—I can't say "shouted" a challenge; the cry seemed insignificant for such a race, and sounded something like "Nye-e!"—when Tofiki and a man named Kombo (a Swahili mason) fired almost simultaneously, and, to our astonishment, the invaders rushed off the ground precipitately! We suffered no loss whatever on the settlement, either in life or property; but at the very time we were watching these men two of our people—a Mnyika and a Galla—were lying dead, one in the valley before us and another on the Mahunduni path on the hill. We did not know this at the time. They were injudiciously exposing themselves to danger, and were overtaken and speared.

'After leaving the station, the party joined another band, and together passed southward. We could see them distinctly, passing in a long line, about a mile distant to the east of us, on high ground, with a valley between us. On the same day they returned along the same path, with large spoil in cattle. They

had reached the side of the creek immediately opposite Jomvu, but the friendly water stood between them and the mission station there as a timely and effectual barrier. When they filed past us on their return it was getting towards evening. That was the last we saw of them. When they may come again no one can say.

‘The 25th and 26th of last month will ever be regarded as historical days to the tribe. An impressive epoch in their history, from which social and political, private and public matters will henceforth take their date. I believe this is the first attack the Wakwavi or Masai have made on Ribe. They have cleared the district of all its cattle and cruelly massacred (for it can be called by no other name) from twenty to thirty unresisting natives, chiefly women and children. I could relate many harrowing tales of the diabolical doings of that day. One man alone buried four of his family—two boys and two girls—the same day. We saw him pass our house with a hoe on his shoulder on his way to dig their graves.

‘The Wakwavi and Masai are cognate races, but mutually hostile. They are alike in physique, manners and customs, modes of life, weapons and war; and spend their time in cattle-lifting and in murdering all who happen to fall across their war-path. They are not always distinguished by the natives about here, “Wakwavi” being almost the synonym for “Masai,” and *vice versa*.

‘The above circumstances show how invaluable the stone mission house has been to us. We felt perfectly safe whilst in it, and it was a secure asylum for all the people who took refuge with us; but to make it perfect for room and convenience, and for health and

defence, it absolutely needs the upper storey I wrote to the Committee about. Our heads were simply covered with palm-leaf thatch, which could at any time be easily set ablaze by a little fire shot from an arrow—a plan which is sometimes adopted in Africa by invaders.

‘We were busy at work with an agricultural scheme, which we are sanguine will bring us in some profit next year. We are aiming to get a little income to help expenses. I will explain this more at large in some future letter, all being well.

‘I have set several of our Christian Wanyika and Gallas to work at translating the Scriptures. The first rude draft thus prepared will be of great service to me in this department.’

CHAPTER XV

THE DAY'S WORK

'What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil,
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat of day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their hearts and hands
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.'

E. B. BROWNING.

AN East African missionary does not lack variety of employment. From one department of work to another he is called in rapid succession. As missionary, teacher, doctor, magistrate, farmer, printer, or mechanic he poses in turn. Nothing comes amiss, all is bravely met, and faithfully performed to the best of his abilities. The day is not long enough for the accomplishment of all that calls for attention.

The following letter, written on March 19, 1883, to the Missionary Secretary, gives an idea of the daily routine and of the anxiety of Mr. Wakefield to respond to the needs of the surrounding people :—

‘Yours of January 31 to hand, and also the cases—sheets of corrugated iron, etc.; very much obliged indeed. Have not been able to unpack the press yet, as we have nowhere to put it. Shall have room, all being well, shortly.

‘The weather is at about its maximum of heat—93 in the sitting-room, bedroom, and printing office, and occasionally the breezes which blow into the house feel as though they had been wafted from a furnace. Added to these things, about fifty times a day we hear “hodi,” which means that some one has business with you, and that you are “wanted.” It may be a woman who wants to see the “Bibi” (mistress) about the making of a jacket, skirt, or child’s dress; or it may be a man who wants the Bibi to make him a coat, or a pair of trousers, or both; or it may be some one about building materials; or it may be some one in difficulties. “Hodi!” is the East African knock at the door, and it comes with overwhelming frequency. This peculiar combination of circumstances, heavy work, high temperature, hot winds, and no leisure nor privacy for a single hour, is by no means helpful to the work of writing an official letter, especially if one has a lot to say. It will be a feat if I get this letter off in time for the mail. However, in spite of all this, I will commence by ringing out a clear, loud, and cheery note.

‘A Macedonian Call. There is a very large settlement of Wakamba about five hours’ walk from here. It has hitherto withstood attempts of the Masai to conquer it, so I am told. This is evidently a proof of strength. A young man, an Mkamba, came to me a few days ago and asked for a missionary station to be located there. He said, “Europeans have come out to Rabai, Jomvu, Freretown, etc., to bring salvation

to the people. Are the Wakamba not to be saved? Does the Bible direct that Rabai people, Jomvu people, and others are to be saved, but the Wakamba left out?" This young man's father came here some time ago on the same errand.

'The Wakamba are a distinct race, but a race without a missionary, without the Gospel. I will not say more on this subject, but send the question of the young Mkamba to the Missionary Committee for its consideration.

'I enclose you some more new hymns in Kiswahili. I do not send them as specimens of printing, for they are only *proofs*, pulled off on the galley. I also send first proof of a daily Text Book. I use this every morning at the 6.30 service, and find it very useful. The end of the chapel roof fell in the other day, and I have had to re-roof it. I have had also to thatch the house we are in from end to end. I shall now have to cover temporarily the stone house, to protect it from the rains, which will soon be down in heavy showers upon us. I am getting new beams to supply the places of those which snapped a while ago.

'Health good, thank God, but the weather (and iron house) awfully trying. Have conducted the 6 or 6.30 a.m. service every day since I came here. This is a proof of health and strength in my case.'

The above was written at Jomvu, whither we had come from Ribe, to supply the places of Mr. and Mrs. Ramshaw, circumstances having necessitated their going to Zanzibar for medical assistance. Alas! Mrs. Ramshaw never returned. Her child was born, and for a little while all went well. But fever setting in severely our dear fellow worker never rallied and on the 13th January, 1883, she passed quietly away in a deep sleep.

At eight o'clock on the following morning (Sunday) she was buried, many residents and officers from the ships attending the funeral. The stricken husband decided to take the motherless child to England, that she might be properly cared for.

Again on June 7, Mr. Wakefield writes, still in the midst of strenuous work.

He anxiously enquires about the funds for the Galla Mission, asking that two missionaries be sent out as soon as ever the Churches can find them and the money for their journey. 'I have said "two" missionaries; of course three would be better!' He speaks of farming operations going forward at Ribe and Jomvu, where land was being brought under cultivation, but sadly needs some one for the plough.

Cheerily he reports 'All well. During is a capable and useful missionary, and helpful all round. We number 200 odd on the station here.

'Good prospects are opening out. The Jomvu Mohammedans are on first-rate terms of friendship with us. We have peace in our borders, the Lord on our side.'

In February 1883 we were privileged to entertain Mr. Joseph Thomson, the young and afterwards famous African explorer. He arrived with a letter of introduction from Mr. H. W. Bates, of the Royal Geographical Society, who wished Mr. Wakefield to assist Mr. Thomson in his preparations for his great journey 'Through Masai Land.' Mr. Thomson's advent was quite a pleasant break in our ordinary life, and Mr. Wakefield did all he could (in conjunction with the Church Missionary Society friends) to help the young traveller in making a start for the unexplored region of the Masai.

It may be of interest to quote here Mr. Thomson's impressions of Jomvu and its missionary.

'On the following morning (February 9), I proceeded in the Liwali's boat to Jomvu, the station over which the Rev. T. Wakefield presided. Our way led us round the little point on which Freretown is situated, through a narrow but picturesque winding passage, into the more open stretch to the west of the island, thence through a dreary waste of mangroves. After a series of windings we reached the base of the Rabai hills, where Jomvu is situated.

'I prepared myself to find in Mr. Wakefield a man weakened and weary, looking forward to the exploration of a better land as a happy change from the ills that flesh was doubtless heir to in this wretched country. Putting on my most lugubrious expression as the most suitable for the occasion I proceeded to the mission house to meet with due solemnity the mission patriarch of East Africa. Before reaching the house I was startled by the sounds of hearty laughter. On entering the building my hand was seized with no weak grasp, and my philosophy upset by a cheery welcome which told of good lungs. I looked in vain for the yellow integument and irritable temper which might suggest "liver," the wasted visage and careworn aspect which might speak of weakening fevers. With pleasure I found a lively companion boiling over with good spirits, full of hearty laughter, puns and genial stories—in fact, a very prince of African good fellows. In that very temperament, I doubt not, lay the secret of his success in battling with the evil genius of Africa.'

With intense interest did we listen to the unfolding of the plans of the expedition. Full of life, energy and hope, Mr. Thomson was most enthusiastic, and entered

upon his dangerous enterprise with a bright and courageous spirit.

We were with him when he turned his back upon the coast; we heard the ringing cheers of the sailors on the steam launch which brought him up from Zanzibar, as they uttered their fervent, 'God bless you, Sir,' and waved their kindly farewells. Our mission boat conveyed him up the creek, and on parting with him at Jomvu we added our good wishes for a prosperous journey and a happy return.

On leaving Rabai, Mr. Thomson wrote:—

'MY DEAR WAKEFIELD,—The day has at last arrived for the great final start, and you—you are not here to give a really good jolly hurrah, to send us off to the wilds, to the snow-clad and the fiery mountains of the unknown region. I have got everything satisfactorily arranged at last, though three of my Zanzibar men have bolted since yesterday. I have sent some men after them, with little hope, however, of putting "salt on their tails."

'Now goodbye; may your and your wife's prayers follow me. Remember me to her very kindly, and believe me, ever yours truly, JOSEPH THOMSON.'

On May 22, as we were sitting down to our mid-day meal the report of a gun was heard, and one of the mission boys brought word that a white man was coming. Our surprise was great when we beheld Mr. Thomson. He had been, from force of circumstances, obliged to return to the coast, and would now have all the worry and anxiety of another start. But bravely setting to work again he made another and a final departure in June.

A few days before we bade Mr. Thomson a second farewell, another member had been added to the mission family at Jomvu in the person of a little daughter, born on June 15, and named Ada.

Mr. Ramshaw having returned to England, Mr. Wakefield and Mr. During were the only workers left in charge of the mission. Their hands were full of work. The stone house was being erected, harvest operations were in full force, and the ordinary teaching and preaching regularly carried out.

On October 5, Mr. Wakefield writes :—

‘His Lordship the Bishop of Mauritius is in the district just now, holding Confirmation Services in connection with the Church Missionary Society stations. Bishop Royston is an exceedingly agreeable man. I met His Lordship and Mrs. Royston six years ago at Freretown, at a similar visitation as that of the present year. The Bishop came up in H.M.S. “Dragon” from Zanzibar.

‘Mr. Muxworthy, our agent, is with us on a visit, and his colleague, Mr. Sutton, is coming up after a time.

‘You will have heard of the s.s. “Henry Wright,” built and sent out for the use of the Church Missionary Society stations in this neighbourhood, in memory of the late Rev. Henry Wright, formerly Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, a man well beloved, a man of rare goodness and of unusual generosity. The accident on Coniston Lake has left a painfully vacant place in the Christian Church, but there is still exhaled the odour of a fragrant name.

‘The “Henry Wright” came up to Freretown on the 26th of last month, and Mr. Muxworthy came by her. She made the passage from Zanzibar to Mombasa in twelve hours.

‘ We hear the good news that a Vice-Consul is to be appointed to Mombasa shortly ; also one to Lamu, in the north, and one to Kilwa, and one to Lindi, in the south. Also that in two months from now the outward-bound and homeward-bound mails are to put in at Mombasa, and also at the ports named. You see East Africa is showing a little *life*. What these movements signify I do not now, but we ought to strengthen our position in East Africa, and be prepared for any favourable evolution or development of circumstances.

‘ We are quiet here. The Masai were at Giriyaama a little while ago ; and just about the same time Saadani, a town opposite to Zanzibar, was attacked by the Masai. Of course the two bands may have acted independently of each other. The invaders were repulsed at Saadani, there being a thousand guns in the town.’

During the autumn of 1883 Mr. Wakefield’s health was not good, and our little Ada was suffering somewhat acutely, we therefore availed ourselves of the privilege of a journey in the s.s. ‘ Henry Wright ’ and proceeded to Zanzibar to obtain medical advice. Our short stay in the metropolis of East Africa was very beneficial, and on our return to the mainland we felt very considerably invigorated and improved in health and spirits.

CHAPTER XVI

FOUNDATION OF THE GALLA MISSION

‘I have been reading the life of Livingstone, and am beginning to kindle. I do not see why I should fight and struggle with twenty or thirty other young men—most likely my friends—to get an opportunity of preaching and a place to settle, when there is the whole of Africa and a few more continents to preach in—room certainly to settle in. . . .

‘The need abroad is a hundredfold greater than the need at home—in fact, the need at home is the need abroad, though some people shut their eyes to the fact—and surely we are sent into this world to fill some place where there is need for us, and not to jostle each other.’—W. AFFLECK SCOTT.

THE following letter was written to the Missionary Secretary on March 5, 1884 :—

‘After the novel and unpleasant experience of more than a month of *ophthalmia*, I am thankful to be able to report that your friend is almost himself again. My eyes are considerably affected, and it tries me even to write a short letter. I have to be very careful, scarcely venturing out of the house into the sunshine—which is now intensely bright, as we are in the midst of the hot season—and in the house wearing coloured “goggles.” It has been a severe attack, and for over a week I was almost blind, having to be led about by the hand when out of doors. Had I been dressed in ragged or ill-fitting

clothes, I should have passed very well for that pitiable object of charity which so often takes its stand by the kerbstone and appeals to a passing public with the pathetic prayer, "Pity the poor blind." I have never pitied the blind so much as during my recent partial sightlessness.

'You cannot tell how thankful I feel to be able once more—though with some difficulty—to sit down again at the desk and write you another letter. For a good part of the past month I have of course been "shunted into a siding"; but though this has been the case, the traffic has not been stopped. For two successive Sundays I was unable to attend chapel; but Mazera and others conducted the services for me. Two other cases of ophthalmia occurred in connection with our station. Mazera was the first one attacked, and after me, Miesa.

'We trust we have now nearly got through our hot season, with its depressive influence, and hope the rains are not far off. Mrs. Wakefield and I have not had a single attack of fever since we came here.

'I am glad to be able to report progress. My wife has a sewing class for women and girls every day, and eight or ten of the Jomvu Mohammedan girls attend. In this way we are trying to get the thin end of the wedge into Jomvu. We have got the headman or chief of the place to bring the children of Jomvu into connection with the mission. Our people here are greatly improved. Many of them who did not know a letter when we came here, and seemed to have no idea that they might be taught, are now beginning to read the Gospels. We have sixty or seventy in attendance regularly at the Sunday school. The scholars are chiefly adults, and all are cleanly and decently dressed.

‘The Tonic Sol-fa Modulator you kindly sent out is very useful. My wife has a singing class of the young folks every afternoon, and it is incredible the advancement the children have already made.

‘But the greatest and most interesting (to me) of all the items of progress I have to report this month, is, the commencement of the GALLA MISSION. I could throw up my hat and shout hurrah for very joy! “At last” (not Kingsley’s, but ours)—at last the Galla Mission has begun! During has proved himself a man in this undertaking. In spite of determined opposition, and perhaps danger, he has carried the thing so far through, and he and our Christian Gallas have entered the Galla country.

‘It is now for our Churches at home to carry out the grand project of 1861—a mission to the Gallas, and take possession of that great country in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ! The Gallas are His: “He shall have the heathen for His inheritance.”

‘Men and women of the Free Churches, up and claim the Gallas for Christ! You will see from Mr. During’s letter, which I enclosed in mine of last month, that he had much opposition from the Mohammedans of Kao on the Ozi River. I wrote, as he requested, to Sir John Kirk, and entreated him to be kind enough to use his influence as far as possible in behalf of the interests of our mission to remove the hindrances in the way. He wrote a very kind letter in return, and soon afterwards went to Lamu himself to install Captain Haggard as Vice-Consul at that place.

‘Now, by the good providence and gracious help of God, we have our first two positions fixed, namely, Lamu, a large town on the coast, where a monthly mail now touches, outward and homeward bound, and where

a Vice-Consul has been appointed. Both these are significant and very important events, and which the most sagacious, outside the political inner circle could not possibly have forecast. Lamu must be the *dépôt* and place of departure for the Galla Mission, the base from which our mission in the interior must be supplied and directed.

‘The second position is about two days’ journey, I presume, from Lamu, nearly due west, and somewhere near the Ozi River and Kao. We are quite satisfied for the present with those two positions; but they are only the key, or rather the open door, leading into the interior.

‘I send with this a map-tracing, hastily drawn, to give the Committee some idea of the positions already taken, and a suggestion of the lines beyond.

‘Bworana is that part of the Galla country from which the Southern Galla migrated; and whilst the Southern Galla have been greatly broken and wasted, Bworana remains intact in all its native strength, with not only its wealth in cattle, but in horses. The Bworana Gallas even go to war on horseback. They do not hesitate to go to the Masai country on cattle-lifting forays. Bworana, I think, should be our first aim. It is only a few days’ journey from Lamu—perhaps about twelve. If our Society works up into Bworana, then the whole of the Galla country is right before it. The first positions then are taken, and now let our Churches gather up their strength for the regions beyond.’

From another record of events I insert here a note.

‘JOMVU,

‘May 30, 1884.

‘We have been entertaining Mr. H. H. Johnston (now Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.M.G.), traveller and

artist, who is going to survey the country around Kilimanjaro. He is very young and of delicate appearance; but in this case appearances must be deceptive, for his experiences on the Congo prove him to be far stronger than he looks. He is exceedingly pleasant and kind, and in a letter received from him this morning from Rabai, he says "he shall always have the pleasantest and cheeriest recollection of Jomvu," and certainly hopes to "enjoy its hospitality again." Mr. Johnston brought with him a letter of introduction from Mr. Bates, of the Royal Geographical Society, to Mr. Wakefield, and informs us that as Mr. Bates was engaged in penning the epistle he remarked, "Well, I will *write* this letter, but I am afraid poor Wakefield will never get it!" A rumour, it appears, had reached England to the effect that Mr. Wakefield was dead. Needless to say, Mr. Johnston found him perfectly well, and the letter was safely delivered.

'June 2. Mr. Thomson has returned! On Saturday afternoon he came here with his caravan, having completed a most successful journey.

'He is very unwell, and is anxious to obtain a doctor's advice. He is worn very thin, but says he is very much stouter than he was some months ago.

'Mr. Wakefield was at Ribe when Mr. Thomson arrived. While talking over his remarkable experiences, Mr. Thomson put his hand into his pocket and said, "Here is something that Mr. Wakefield will have seen before!" And he drew out a gold watch, chain and seal. "These," he said, "were Mr. New's. Mandara, the Chief of Chagga, who took them from Mr. New in such a heartless manner, has restored them to me to be taken to England and given to Mr. New's friends." My interest in looking at these mementoes of Mr. New was

very great. It is supposed that the loss of these valuable articles, and many others, helped to aggravate his last illness.'

Greatly to the relief and joy of Mr. Wakefield, the welcome information was despatched by the Missionary Secretary that two missionaries and their wives were to be sent to East Africa in the autumn, and on Tuesday, October 21, a valedictory service was held in London in connection with the departure of the Rev. J. and Mrs. Baxter, and the Rev. J. and Mrs. Houghton, by the s.s. 'Kerbela,' for their distant sphere of labour.

Mr. Wakefield writes :—

'JOMVU, E. A.,

September 29, 1884.

'MY DEAR MR. ADCOCK,—Very much obliged for the newspapers with accounts of the Annual Assembly. Many thanks. We are *delighted* to hear about the two men for East Africa coming out. *Now* we have encouragement and hope. We are making preparations for them as fast as we can. We trust they may be made a great blessing.

'Mr. During has started again for the Galla country, taking between twenty and thirty men with him to cut down the forest at Golbanti and cultivate the ground. He has taken down the old iron walls and the house Messrs. Martin and Ramshaw lived in at Ribe, hired a dhow at Mombasa, and started with it on Thursday last. The new missionaries will not be able to go to the Galla country immediately on their arrival; they must be here some time first. But I hope to go with one of them soon to make a visit to the stations.'

'Dec. 23. With devout feelings of thankfulness to God I have to report the safe arrival of our dear friends

the Rev. J. Baxter and Rev. J. Houghton, together with their brave wives.

‘The mail bringing the new helpers arrived in Mombasa the day before it was due, so that when I went down on the following morning I found our friends very comfortably cared for at Freretown. In the cool of the afternoon we left in the “Spotland,” the new mission boat, and arrived at Jomvu in good time in the evening.

‘I have been straining every sinew to get up a three-roomed cottage for one of the brethren and his wife.

‘We have been to Ribe, and are now busy thinking out the problem of the future—namely, the Galla Mission and the Gallas.

‘I am giving our friends almost daily lessons in Kiswahili, the first requisite for a missionary in East Africa. And soon I hope to commence Galla with them.

‘I am thankful to be able to report all well. Mrs. Houghton has had her first attack of fever, and has got over it.

‘It is now nearly the “witching hour,” and Mr. Houghton and I have to leave in the “Spotland” to-morrow morning soon after six o’clock to meet the mail at Mombasa.

February 7, 1885.

‘I am now busy making arrangements to leave for the Galla country. Brother Houghton and I, all being well, go to Lamu by this mail, where Brother During will meet us at our place of departure for Golbanti, on the Tana River. Brother Houghton cheerfully offered to go with me. He leaves Mrs. Houghton here in the meantime, whilst we go to survey the Golbanti station and to ascertain the general circumstances of the Galla Mission, and then to see what can be done to render

the station as habitable as possible under the inexorable conditions of an African equatorial country and climate, and that not on the cool and bracing uplands of the same latitude in the interior, but on the hot, enervating lowlands near the sea. On this occasion I shall not be able to remain at Golbanti for more than a month. I must return by the March mail. Brother Houghton will continue here, and with Brother During's assistance will do what is possible towards fitting the place as a residence for Europeans, and when ready intends to come and fetch Mrs. Houghton to join him.

'Brother Baxter has stated his willingness to follow and take up a position in the Galla country as soon as his way is clear. It is to be hoped that this will be as soon as is practicable, for Brother During, according to agreement, is to return to Ribe about June or July next. In that case Brother Houghton would be left alone, which of course is not desirable in a new and untried mission, and especially a mission amongst the Gallas. Such a mission requires all the tact, sagacity, and strength with which you can supply it. Not fewer than two men should be there for mutual help and working.'

Mr. Wakefield then refers to the needs and circumstances of the mission in the Mombasa district.

An English missionary was needed at Ribe, where John Mgomba was doing his best in the absence of Europeans.

At Jomvu a good deal of useful work had been done. The newly arrived brethren had shown every disposition to do what work lay in their power. They had not come attired in clerical black, neither had a *suspicion* of a white tie been perceptible, but like wise and practical missionaries they were oftener seen without their coats than with them on, and their sleeves turned up, and



1. SHELA, NEAR LAMU.

2. JOMVU MISSION HOUSE.

their pants stained with tar. He felt certain that if the most loyal and orthodox Roman Catholic were to wander in their direction, he or she would never think of touching the hat or dropping a curtsy, or addressing either of these brethren as 'your reverence.'

Printing office and storeroom were in process of erection, a road had been made from the creek to the mission house, and a flight of steps placed from the beach to the road. A tank had also been dug for the collection of water.

Jomvu station required a new chapel, the present building being quite inadequate. The English Consul, Captain Gissing, had paid a visit to the station, and had kindly taken several photographs, but had remarked, 'You haven't a *church*, or I would photograph that.' This was only too true—a new chapel at Jomvu was a necessity.

A terrible famine had been raging during the past year, and had been a sad and shocking visitation. 'Thousands have died, and many have sold themselves into slavery to escape starvation. This dreadful scourge has ravaged whole districts and countries between here and the interior. In Ukambani whole families have perished, and hut after hut stands empty in many villages, because the former occupants are dead, slain by the invisible hand of famine! On the roads leading from the coast to the interior dead bodies lie thick, and emit a fearful stench. Hyenas, who gloat on carcasses, have become satiated, and are unequal to the task of clearing the country of the putrid remains. . . .

'We did what we could, and, under God's blessing, were successful in saving life. In other cases the famine laid too firm a grip upon the victims for us to wrench them from its power, and they now lie in the silence of our

little cemetery. Others begged a pittance from us, and passed on, to die in the next district.

‘And now a few words about Duruma. You will remember how pressing the Duruma people were that we should establish a mission amongst them. At last John Mgomba was sent to them, a site fixed and built upon, which was called Mawsonville, after the then treasurer. About a couple of years ago Mawsonville was burnt down, when the coast people made an attack on the Nyika country, and since then the station has been unoccupied; but the Durumas have repeatedly begged us to rebuild and re-occupy the station. The other day the brethren, Baxter and Houghton, and myself went over. We pitched our tent near the site of the old station, and there had an interview with several of the principal men; one man expressing the longing and weariness of waiting for us by saying: “We have strained our eyes until they are *red* with looking for the white man’s coming.”

‘We have chosen a site which is both healthy and beautiful for situation, and Thomas Mazera is to go next week, if possible, to put up some buildings and recommence mission work. And now for a peroration—not a sham, but a real one; not one of fireworks, of squibs, crackers, and popguns, but a real, necessary climax. What is it? Very simple, very plain, and I feel certain very practicable; and “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear”: More money! more men! More money! more men! Let the Missionary Committee hear it; let our Churches in the metropolis and in the provinces hear it, and let every individual member of our Societies who is at all stirred by missionary enthusiasm, hear it. More money! more men!’

‘GOLBANTI, GALLA COUNTRY,

‘*March 12, 1885.*

‘MY DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of unbounded gladness and thankfulness to God that I begin this letter. Here we are at Golbanti, standing on the foundation stone upon which I firmly believe will ultimately be reared a goodly spiritual Church to the eternal honour of God’s name.

‘Here we are at Golbanti, on a station, and fairly established in one of the most promising, if not *the* most promising, position for mission work in East Africa, on the bank of the River Tana, with a waterway of several hundreds of miles, leading to numerous races in the interior. We must be up and doing, and promptly strengthen this grand beginning with all the force we can possibly command.

‘Men and women of the Free Churches, rally round Golbanti! Send us the best of your sons and daughters, to push on the conquest of the Redeemer far and wide amongst the races of the Dark Continent. The Tana, or as the Gallas call it, “Gatano Maro,” is waiting with its ample and ever-rolling waters to bear the messengers of the Cross on and on to the “regions beyond.”

‘The mission has been established at much personal risk and by hard work; *now* the responsibility of developing and carrying it to a successful and triumphant issue rests with YOU.

‘Ever yours faithfully,

‘THOMAS WAKEFIELD.

‘Rev. J. Adcock,

‘*General Mission Secretary.*’

CHAPTER XVII

GALLA IDEAS AND LEGENDS

‘There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was cursed with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatmen: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye.’
—MACAULAY’s *History of England*, vol. i. p. 3.

WITHIN the limits of this volume it is not possible to dwell upon the information with respect to the Galla nation collected by Mr. Wakefield, nor to give an adequate idea of his researches into the language. It is proposed to embody all this material in a second volume, bearing entirely upon the Galla manners and customs, history, folk-lore, language, &c. At present we have only sufficient space for one or two extracts from the abundant matter which Mr. Wakefield had hoped one day to arrange himself.

We take first some notes on Galla habitations:—

‘The dwellings of the Southern Gallas are of the rudest possible description, and appear to be monotonously the same throughout the race. The little homes

in which these pastoral people pass their social and domestic life are cabins. They cannot be called anything else, for they can scarcely claim to be denominated huts. The huts of many other African tribes, far below the Gallas in physical and intellectual development, are simple and primitive enough, but these are far in advance of the dwellings of the Gallas, in point of appearance, strength of build, proportion, convenience, and durability. The Teitas—their western neighbours—build neat circular dwellings, with a wattled wall, covered with mud, and a small verandah all round, which constitutes a shady retreat from the sun, or a lounging or a gossiping place. The Wanyika—to the south-west of them—build large, strong, but rude dwellings, supported by pillars and a ridge-pole, and protected by a low wall of sticks of hard wood, neatly cut, and firmly lashed with green lianas; but the huts of the Gallas have neither verandah, wall, pillar, nor ridge. They are simply small cabins, built in the form of a rounded cone, something resembling beavers' huts, or the ice-built cones of the Eskimo.

'The inferior character of their dwellings is probably due to the migratory habits of the Gallas, their pastoral avocations necessitating their wandering from one district to another, in search of pasturage and water for their flocks and herds. Were they a people whose occupation fixed them to any one locality or region, instead of being nomadic and scattered in social fragments and isolated families, I have little doubt they would ultimately combine, and shape themselves into large communities, and that then their dwellings would receive expansion and improvement, and their architecture become more worthy of so fine a race. But as long as their occupations compel a wandering habit,

their rude cots must remain what they are—small, easily erected, and easily removed ; unsubstantial and fugitive—a fitting symbol of their own restless and changeful life.

‘These dwellings, or wigwams, are all built by the women, that is, by the wives. They are constructed on a framework of thin, elastic shoots, about as thick as a man’s finger. One end of the shoot is pushed into the ground, and the other bent over, towards the opposite side, where a similar twig has been fixed in position, and the two ends are lashed together, in the form of an arch, like a gipsy tent, or the cover of a wagon. The base, or ground-plan, is that of a rude circle, from which spring the sides and interlacing roof. The entrance is formed during the progress of the work, by fixing a couple of good, thick stakes in the ground, reaching to a height of about four feet. This conical or dome-shaped frame is thatched with grass, and sometimes a cow’s hide is thrown over the top, as an auxiliary to take the brunt of the showers. A curtain of soft, pliant grass hangs inside the place of entrance, screening the interior from the observation of the public outside ; but *door* there is none. This fact accounts for the many stories I have been told by our Galla Christians and others, of hyenas and lions having entered these rude dwellings and taken away sleeping children.

‘These huts are about two yards in diameter, and the central part of the roof about eight feet high ; the top of the entrance is scarcely four feet from the ground ; consequently the Gallas, being tall men, have to bend their backs considerably in going in or coming out.

‘The entrance of each hut is always made to *face the east*, as also is the entrance of each cattle-fold.

‘When a Galla founds a settlement, he first selects a

tree which is exactly in a line due east from the site he has selected. All other trees about it are cut down, and this one left, standing quite alone, a solitary and distinctive mark, pointing, as it were, to the rising sun, its foliage catching the morning's first bright beams. His hut is erected at some distance from the tree, but in a direct western line with it, and the cattle-fold is planted around the tree. All the other huts of the settlement are built in a line with the proprietor's domicile—that is, stretching from it on either side, but with the entrance of each dwelling looking towards the tree.

‘This “eastern position” in Galla architecture, and which is also observed in their worship, may perhaps, be explained by the following fact:—the Gallas believe that the *east* is the *dwelling-place of the Deity*. This being the case, they may have conceived the beautiful idea that, in turning the entrance of their huts and those of their cattle and sheep-folds in that direction they will be greeted by the first bright rays streaming from His presence. They have a saying, that if at any time a Galla should be *lost*, in being driven from his home by the attack of an invading foe, or otherwise, if he travel on, with his face to the east, *he will be sure to find God*, and when these men pray to “Waka” (God) in their rude and pagan manner, the faces of the whole assembly are turned towards the rising sun. On asking them for the reason of this custom, the answer given was as beautiful as it was expressive. The answer was, that the fresh and beautiful light of the morning suggested the thought of newness, of beginning, of pleasantness, and of life; whilst the *west*, which they regard with feelings quite the reverse of the above, intimated decay, ending, dying. They say their enemies came from the

west. This is not absolutely true, though it is the case to some extent. The conception, I imagine, is entertained more as a poetic thought. To the minds of these men the *east* and the fresh new morning suggest hope and joy and blessing, the beginning and the buoyancy of life; but the *west*, with its paling light, declining day, its shadowy "gloaming" at eventide, and its deepening darkness, speaks to them of wasting, perishing, disaster and death. There is something very impressive and beautiful in the way in which those rude, untutored men are influenced in their contemplation of the east—the opening glory of the rising sun, and the fresh and invigorating influences which he sheds, like a rich and blessed baptism on the world. It is scarcely a wonder that even savages should be smitten with feelings of veneration and joy, as they gaze on the beautiful vision and imagine that the *east* must surely be the *Palace* and *Pavilion* of God. This thought reminds us of many passages in the Psalms: "The Lord hath prepared His *throne* in the *heavens*." "*Who coverest Thyself with light*, as with a garment; who *stretchest out the heavens* as a curtain."

It is possible, perhaps, that the Gallas' veneration for the east and the rising sun may have been imbibed from the presence of Persians or Medes in the maritime districts long ago.

The following legend, as related by the Gallas, institutes a comparison between the shape of the Galla hut and the form of an elephant:—

‘STORY OF A WOMAN WHO GAVE BIRTH IN HUNGER.

‘A long while ago a woman gave birth; her husband went out to the goats. The woman was hungry. She

called (her) child to her, and said, "I am going to sleep; if your father brings home a 'mee' (goat) do not wake me, but if he brings a sheep, wake me." The husband brought a "mee" (goat); the child awoke her, she got up, and heard the "mee" (bleating of the goat). She plucked up the hut, and went away, and became (was changed into) an elephant. The pillar of the hut is a tusk, the door (curtain of long hanging grass) is the tail, the mat is the footprints, the ridge-piece is the back bone; the "intille" (piece of hide which is thrown over the top of the roof) is the ears; the "hosingo" (hide covering the end of the hut) is the trunk.

'At that time the elephant did not eat men, but they took shelter underneath him from the rain.'

There is a kind of double transformation in the story. The woman became an elephant, and the elephant (in a figure) becomes a hut. This double feature is not accounted for. Such a thing, however, often happens in these tales: the facile imagination of the African trips lightly along, careless about providing *links*, or means of transition. However, such is the story—the woman becomes an elephant, and the elephant a Galla hut.

The parallel drawn between the two is rather ingenious, and not so very far-fetched. The skeleton of a Galla cabin is not altogether unlike the appearance presented by the ribs and backbone of an elephant. The entrance is likened to the tail (pensile curtain of long supple grass), and here the comparison is natural; then the roof and flanks of the hut are covered with *real hide*. The form of the hut, too, may not unfairly be compared to that of the body of an elephant, being a flattened cone. The size, also, of some of the huts, is not very much beyond the capacity of a large elephant's stomach. Then there is a thick, reticulated *mat* laid on

the floor, the interstices of which are compared to the animal's footprints. The above comparison is somewhat natural, and certainly very ingenious, and I have been led to wonder whether the gentle architects first got their idea of the present construction of their huts from the *anatomy of the elephant*, many carcasses of these animals confronting them as they walk about their wild plains.

If there is a *smith* in the village, he builds his cattle-fold *behind* the headman's hut, and his own hut behind that, but the entrance of it to the cattle-fold, and that of



his dwelling, looking also to the east. The smiths are regarded as of *lower caste* than the rest of the community, and on account of their inferior social status are not allowed to build in a line with the other huts in the settlement, but are assigned a position to the *rear*.

Galla settlements are not promiscuously built, but generally each one is a separate and independent constitution, each family forming a settlement of its own. The above sketch would represent the domicile of a polygamist, a man with four wives, with their four huts built in a line, two on either side of his own. Each wife has a separate and independent entrance to the cattle-

fold, which directly faces the door of her own hut. In addition to the cattle-fold there is a separate one for calves. The settlement is surrounded by a rude fence of unplanned thorns, as a protection from wild beasts. There is an eastern opening in the fence, through which the cattle are led to pasturage, and a private entrance on the opposite side. Both entrances are blocked up with thorns at the close of the day.

Unmarried men (bachelors) are not allowed to sleep in a settlement or in a hut. Having no wives, and consequently being without the means of linking themselves to the social constitution, they appear like a lot of poor outcasts. Having no wives to build them dwellings, they spend their nights in the open air, with no roof intervening between them and the stars. A rude semicircle of thorns alone marks the spot as a sleeping-place, a dormitory as wild as that of the beasts of the forest.

The Gallas firmly believe in the existence of departed spirits, and these spirits are supposed to have very much power over the living.

Mr. Wakefield says: 'Having buried an old pagan Galla who died at our station, Ribe, in September, 1874, and there being several Gallas at the service—raw heathen, fresh from the interior—I thought it would be a favourable opportunity for making an effort to find out if they had any definite notion of a future life. The day following being the Sabbath, I called these men aside, and addressing an elderly man, distinguished by two "gutu" on the crown of his head, I said to him, "Your friend and fellow-countryman is dead; he died yesterday, and I have buried him in yonder grave, and you were all at the service. What do you think about the matter? Where do you think that man's spirit is

now?" The old Galla very promptly and emphatically replied, "I don't know." On pressing the enquiry further, he said, "He has become an 'ekera' (demon), and we shall never meet with him again; never see him any more; he has become a demon." I asked him if this idea was the universal belief of the Gallas. He replied that it was. Subsequent and independent testimony, given at various times, and by different Gallas, has quite confirmed the above statement. The Gallas evidently think that the "ekera" do not confine themselves to Hades, but that sometimes they make their presence known on the earth, though they do not assume a palpable shape. They have told me that these demons are frequently heard at night time making a great noise, as of a large multitude assembled together, but though the noise is distinctly heard, their forms are invisible. A Galla, of the name of Abba Fira, assured me that one day when he and another man were travelling together in the Galla country, they heard, distinctly, a goat bleating, a dog barking, and people talking, apparently about two or three hundred yards away from them; and supposing the place from which the sounds proceeded to be a settlement, they went up to the spot, but found nothing! There was neither village, people, dog, nor goat! The sounds, which continued, seemed then to be further on, so on they went, but at the second place they could find nothing, neither settlement nor signs of personal life! But the sounds were as distinct as before, dog, goat and people, in the distance. Away they went to the next place, but the result was still the same—at every place a *blank*! After a little while they found themselves completely lost in the bush and quite bewildered, and knew not what to do. They then felt fully persuaded that they had been

decoyed, deceived, and led astray in the wilderness by "ekera."

'Miesa, a young Galla, who has been at our station seven or eight years, assured me that *he* also had heard the "ekera," but I have unfortunately forgotten the story he related to me.

'When travelling in the Galla country in 1878, I was one day paring my nails in the presence of a Galla named Waichu, who said to me, "When you pare your finger nails, what do you *do* with the parings? Where do you put them?" I replied, "I don't put them anywhere in particular; I simply throw them away. Why do you enquire?" I asked. He rejoined, "Because at death you are asked by the 'ekera' where you have put the parings of your finger nails, and if you can't tell them the place, you get *no food*." ¹

'I find that it is the custom of the Gallas to be particular in this matter. Wherever they may pare their finger nails, they scratch up a little earth near the place and bury them. But how they can bear in mind the various localities where the parings of the finger nails of a lifetime are deposited is hard to comprehend, especially as they are continually moving about from one district to another.

'The impression on the Galla mind seems to be that the influence exerted by the "ekera" on the living is evil and malignant, and that at death they gladly *revenge* themselves for any unkindness shown to them during the earthly lifetime, and act out the principle *quid pro quo*. I have been told that if a man dies who has been injured or ill-treated by someone, the former comes

¹ 'Cut finger nails and hair must be buried, for fear wizards might get hold of them to work evil.'—South African Customs in *Light in Africa*, by James Macdonald.

and fetches the latter away from earth at the first opportunity. He bides his time, however, for a good chance. The Gallas say that the "ekera" take counsel together to effect the man's capture, and that they carry him off in triumph the first time they can.

'The thought generally prevalent among the Gallas is, I believe, that the "ekera" do not exert an evil influence on their relatives and friends; but beyond this circle their evil purposes are carried out indiscriminately. On asking Abba Fira if those who were friends while living become enemies after death and try to inflict evil on their former comrades, he said he did not know, but seemed to think it possible, "For," he said, "you know, they have become changed; they are no longer our kindred, but belong now to a different race of beings."

'When the Gallas are suffering from thirst, caused by drought, they offer sacrifices to the "ekera"; and when in trouble or danger they pray to these demons. These prayers and sacrifices are made at the burial-places or graves of their departed friends; and this fact suggests the idea that the "Bala-bagada" of Galla mythology is the subterranean world, or Hades of the Waswahili (coast people), and of the Wanyika (in the interior), who also say prayers and present propitiatory offerings at the graves of the departed.

'Waichu said to me one day,—“A man's shadow is his 'ekera' (demon),” quite a common notion amongst barbarous races, but added, “When a man dies, it is his body which is buried, as it is impossible to bury a shadow.”

'There is a bird which the Gallas, from superstitious considerations, say is an "ekera." Its name is Witu, and is described as being about the size of a quail, but with longer legs. It has a horny excrescence on the top

of the head, resembling the guinea-fowl of the Southern Galla country, and other regions—the Numida Crestata Elioti.

‘It is remarked by the Gallas, on account, they say, of a very peculiar habit which characterises it, namely, that though it frequently flies exceedingly high, yet it is never seen to alight on a tree; but always,—when not flying—is found on the ground. The Gallas call this bird “ekera,” demon, and always drive it away when it is found in the cattle-fold.’

We here submit a curious specimen of Galla composition after the style of ‘The House that Jack Built.’

1. Tokoch máni?
Tokoch k'ens hárea,
Tokésa k'uboola.

1. What is the one?
The one is the donkey's hoofs,
The first remains.

2. Lámmá máni?
Lámma múch r'étia,
Tokoch k'ens hárea,
Tokésa k'uboola.

2. What are the Two?
The two are the teats of the goats,
The one is the donkey's hoofs,
The first remains.

3. Sádien máni?
Sádien k'ubdúrea,
Lámma múch r'étia,
Tokoch k'ens hàrea,
Tokésa k'uboola.

Thomas Wakefield

3. What are the Three?

The three are the tinkling bells,¹
 The two are the teats of the goats,
 The one is a donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

4. Arfa, máni?

Arfa múch lawóni,
 Sádien k'ubdúrea,
 Lámmá múch r'etia,
 Tokoch k'ens hárea,
 Tokésa k'uboola.

4. What are the Four?

The four are the teats of the cow,
 The three are the tinkling bells,
 The two are the teats of the goats,
 The one is the donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

5. Shána máni?

Shána agícho nama,
 Arfa múch lawóni,
 Sádien k'ubdúrea,
 Lámmá múch r'etia,
 Tokoch k'ens hárea,
 Tokésa k'uboola.

5. What are the Five?

The five are the human fingers,
 The four are the teats of a cow,
 The three are the tinkling bells,
 The two are the teats of a goat,
 The one is the donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

¹ K'ubdúrea—tinkling ornaments worn by women.

6. Já máni ?

Já lawón heríma,
Shána agícho nama,
Arfa múch lawóni,
Sádien k'udárea,
Lámma múch r'etia,
Tokoch k'ens hárea,
Tokésa k'uboola.

6. What are the Six ?

The six are the marriage-kine,
The five are the human fingers,
The four are the teats of a cow,
The three are the tinkling bells,
The two are the teats of the goat
The one is the donkey's hoofs,
The first remains.

7. Tóiba máni ?

Tóiba toibani bufne,
Ja lawon heríma,
Shána agícho náma,
Arfa múch lawoni,
Sádien k'udúrea,
Lámma múch r'etia,
Tokoch k'ens hareaa,
Tokésa k'uboola.

7. What are the Seven ?

The seven we put aside,
The six are the marriage-kine,
The five are the human fingers,
The four are the teats of a cow,
The three are the tinkling bells,
The two are the teats of a goat,
The one is the donkey's hoofs,
The first remains.

8. Sadieni máni ?
 Sadien d'al sara,
 Toiba toibáni bufne,
 Ja lawón heríma,
 Shána agícho náma,
 Arfa múch lawóni,
 Sádien k'udúrea,
 Lámma múch r'etia,
 Tokoch k'ens harea,
 Tokésa k'uboola.

8. What are the Eight ?
 The eight is the breeding of 'sara,'¹
 The seven we put aside,
 The six are the marriage-kine,
 The five are the human fingers,
 The four are the teats of a cow,
 The three are the tinkling bells,
 The two are the teats of a goat,
 The one is the donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

9. Sállá máni ?
 Sállá harédi wán tok,²
 Sádien d'al sara,
 Toiba toibáni bufne,
 Ja lawón heríma,
 Shána agícho náma,
 Arfa múch lawóni,
 Sádien k'udúrea,
 Lámma múch r'etia,
 Tokoch k'ens harea,
 Tokésa k'uboola.

¹ 'Sara,' the name of a fictitious animal said to give birth eight times. It is said to resemble a cow in appearance.

² Nine is the demon's (or devil's) number. 'Wan tok,' lit. *one thing*, but here it is said to mean the devil. 'Kurdoba' the Gallas say for nine (instead of Sagal, or Salla), when counting people. They say nine is a 'bad' number, as one is lacking, that is, to make the number up to ten. I am told that if they get to nine when counting, they hurry along and say 'ten.' The ninth day is said to be a bad day, and no Galla attempts any matter or enterprise on that day.

9. What are the Nine?

The nine is the demon's number,
 The eight is the breeding of 'sara,'
 The seven we put aside,
 The six are the marriage-kine,
 The five are the human fingers,
 The four are the teats of a cow,
 The three are the tinkling bells,
 The two are the teats of a goat,
 The one is the donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

10. Kúr máni ?

Kúr midan sadiéka,
 Sálla haredi wan tok,
 Sádien d'al sara,
 Toiba toibani bufne,
 Ja lawón heríma,
 Shana agícho nama,
 Arfa múch lawóni,
 Sádien k'udurea,
 Lámma múch r'etia,
 Tokoch k'ens hareca,
 Tokésa k'uboola.

10. What are the Ten?

The ten is the game of chess,
 The nine is the demon's number,
 The eight is the breeding of 'sara,'
 The seven we have put aside,
 The six are the marriage-kine,
 The five are the human fingers,
 The four are the teats of a cow,
 The three are the tinkling bells,
 The two are the teats of a goat,
 The one is the donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

11. Dibi máni ?

Dibi ilkole dadua,
 Kúr mídan sadiéka,
 Sálla hareda wán tok,
 Sádien d'al sara,
 Toiba toibani bufne,
 Ja lawón heríma,
 Shana agícho nama,
 Arfa múch lawóni,
 Sádien k'udurea,
 Lámma múch r'etia,
 Tokoch k'ens hárea.
 Tokésa k'uboola.

11. What is the Hundred ?

The hundred is the woof of the bag,¹
 The ten is the game of chess,
 The nine is the demon's number,
 The eight is the breeding of 'sara,'
 The seven we put aside,
 The six are the marriage-kine,
 The five are the human fingers,
 The four are the teats of a cow,
 The three are the tinkling bells,
 The two are the teats of a goat,
 The one is the donkey's hoofs,
 The first remains.

12. Kúmn máni ?

Kúmn mila hákankarésa,
 Díbi ilkole dádua,
 Kúr mídan sadiéka,
 Sálla haráda wán tok,
 Sádien d'al sara.
 Toiba toibani bufne,
 Ja lawón herír a,
 Shana agícho nama,
 Arfa múch lawoni,

¹ *Dadua*, a woven bag. *Ikola*, the woof of the bag. The Gallas do not count the warp.

Sádien k'udurea,
Lámma múch r'etia,
Tokoch k'ens hárea,
Tokésa k'uboola.

12. What is the Thousand?¹

The thousand are the millipede's legs,
The hundred is the woof of the bag,
The ten is the game of chess,
The nine is the demon's number,
The eight is the breeding of 'sara,'
The seven we put aside,
The six are the marriage-kine,
The five are the human fingers,
The four are the teats of a cow,
The three are the tinkling bells,
The two are the teats of a goat,
The one is the donkey's hoofs,
The first remains.

¹ The Galla numerals only go up to a thousand. Ten thousand, a hundred thousand, &c., can be said, but there is no specification to represent any number beyond the thousand.

CHAPTER XVIII

SHIPS THAT PASSED, AND 'SPOKE'

'Britain has never failed to find among her sons the men she has need of. Willingly they have always devoted their health and lives in her unsparing service, welcoming the jungle bed, the desert path, the mountain or the wave, in the spirit of a summer holiday, with the eager heart of the play-fields of youth. And they will never fail her until she turns her back on empire and forgets the sea. In her luxurious country palaces, as under the humbler cottage thatch, they are found, with the sea-born love of adventure in their veins, able to command and ready to obey with the same earnest sense of duty ; just, in the main, according to their lights, brave, strong, and merciful. And when that call of duty comes, there is no moment's hesitation, no ties, however dear, will hold them back ; whether it be to tropic sands or into the winter zone, it is enough that their country needs them, and round the world they go.'—*Epilogue to Sir Gerald Portal's 'Mission to Uganda.'*

THE year 1885 brought us many bright and happy episodes. No longer were we a small company of lonely Europeans amongst the surrounding Africans. Our countrymen came and went, and in passing did not fail to call at the mission house by the side of the creek, where, if they found few of the luxuries of life, there was always a hearty welcome. The staff of the C.M.S. at Freretown and Rabai became increased, and our intercourse with these friends was ever of the most

cordial nature. Bishop Hannington had come out to his African See, and our first meeting was on this wise. We were spending a day or two at Freretown, when one evening, while conversing with the missionaries there, steps and voices were heard in the darkness outside the house, and one of our party started up saying, 'It is the Bishop'; then a tall travel-stained figure entered the room, and we saw for the first time James Hannington, Bishop of Equatorial Africa. Unexpectedly he had returned from a journey to Chagga, surprising his friends and fellow-workers by the suddenness of his appearing. That night plans were talked over for the projected visitation of the Churches in the interior, and the practicability of striking through the Masai country on Mr. Thomson's route was well considered. In the intervals of conversation it was evident that the Bishop was suffering no little pain, to control the paroxysms of which he would grasp the edge of the table, bending himself over it.

Our next meeting was at Zanzibar, whither we went on account of illness, while the Bishop had come down to make arrangements for what proved to be his last sad journey. We bade him farewell on his return to Mombasa, never to see him again in this life.

Our kind friend Captain Gissing, the Vice-Consul at Mombasa, left for England, and his place was taken by Lieutenant C. S. Smith, to whom we were also indebted for many kind acts and words.

On June 20 at Zanzibar our son Wilfred was born, and here as everywhere we met with the greatest cordiality from the European residents.

An American ship, the 'Essex,' being in the harbour at the time, the Captain's wife, hearing of the arrival of our

little boy, came every day to wash and dress him. The American Consul's wife, Mrs. Cheney (who had just lost her little son), was most thoughtful about our comfort. We were provided with apartments in the house of a German lady. Our doctor was of Polish extraction, and friends from other parts of the world vied with each other in their acts of kindness. Some of these friends we have never met again, with some we still correspond, but the memory of the goodness shown to us at this time will ever abide.

Upon our return to Mombasa we found all well. Messrs. Baxter and Houghton had held the work well in hand, and we were soon all busily engaged in united efforts in connection with the work of the mission.

In the autumn of 1885 the International Commission to settle the boundaries of the Sultan's dominions met at Zanzibar. Our Vice-Consul, Lieutenant Smith, was a member of the commission, and the English representative was the renowned soldier Lord (then Major) Kitchener. Visits from Her Majesty's ships of war were not uncommon in those days at Mombasa, and the officers frequently came up the creek and called at the mission houses.

One day in November, while the 'Briton' was in the harbour, Mr. Coppleston, of Freretown, and the Chaplain of the 'Briton' came up to Jomvu for tea. Incidentally they mentioned that the steam pinnace, with the Captain of the 'Briton' on board, was on the creek, but they did not think the Captain would come as far as Jomvu. Our two visitors prepared to return to Mombasa, and after their departure Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Baxter took the mission boat and went off in the opposite direction to bring down a harmonium from Rabai landing-place.

No sooner had they disappeared than the said steam pinance, with two boats in tow, was espied coming rapidly up the creek. Things were happening rather awkwardly. There was no possibility of Mr. Wakefield returning soon, so I had to nerve myself to receive the visitors. A man was despatched to see if the boats were coming in to the landing-place, and he brought back the information that three gentlemen were advancing towards the house, and that one was the Vice-Consul.

But to my surprise *six* gentlemen shortly afterwards filed in at the garden gate, all strangers except Lieutenant Smith. During the introductions I could not distinguish the names, but I concluded that a certain tall, soldierly-looking man must be the celebrated Major Kitchener, and my surmise proved to be correct.

Captain Lloyd had very kindly brought up our mail, and while Mrs. Baxter was opening the bag I ventured to offer the company some refreshment. Having told Athman, our cook, to bring out some 'zoedone' which we kept for special occasions and visitors, he proceeded to arrange a line of bottles down one side of the table. I had my back turned towards him, and so did not perceive what he was doing until the array was complete. The gentlemen, however, preferred 'Madafu,' (cocoa-nut water), so Athman had to withdraw his 'noble supply' of zoedone.

After a glance round the station, which was pronounced to be very pretty, the gentlemen declared they must go, or it would be dark before they could reach the 'Briton.' So with many assurances from the Captain that they would return at some future time they took their departure. Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Baxter, returning from Rabai, saw in the distance the fleet set out

from our landing-place, and naturally wondered what such an unusual sight signified.

After these pleasant interludes and messages from the outer world, life again flowed on in its ordinary course.

In response to Mr. Wakefield's appeals a new boat and a new bell were provided by the generosity of friends at home. The former was bought from the old historic man-of-war the 'London,' previously to her demolition at Zanzibar. To commemorate the gift of the boat by the Rochdale friends at Spotland, a brass plate was engraved and affixed to the trim little 'Captain's gig,' and the missionaries in their frequent journeys up and down the creek had ever before them a reminder of the love and thoughtfulness of the friends in the Homeland. The bell was subscribed for by friends in Sheffield, and on Mr. Wakefield's return from the Galla country a cheque for £13 2s. 6d. was put into his hand, with which he purchased a large clear-toned bell, also from the 'London,' which bell, he said, was to be a 'preacher' proclaiming the existence of a Christian Mission Station, and calling to a heathen tribe to leave its pagan superstitions and abominations and to worship the true God.

When acknowledging this gift to the mission Mr. Wakefield wrote: 'I am thankful to report myself in good health. Some time ago I was considerably anxious about a small chronic ulcer between my right eye and the bridge of my nose, which had troubled me for nearly a year and a-half, and I feared it was never going to heal. In the Galla country I was attacked by ophthalmia or something of the sort, and the inflammation of the eye enlarged the ulcer until it reached the eye, within, I should think, the thirty-secondth of an inch. Fortunately a ship's doctor happened to be temporarily

staying at Lamu at the time, and through his treatment, under God's blessing, it was checked and a healthy action commenced. A clever young doctor attached to the down mail kindly and skilfully rendered me help in the same direction, and now, thank God, it is quite healed ; but it ran a close shave with a corner of my eye.'

Writing on October 26, 1885, Mr. Wakefield refers to the condition of things at Duruma. He had visited the station with Mr. Baxter, and found 'that Mazera had laid out the place very nicely, had got up a plain but serviceable little chapel, twenty feet by thirty. He had made several forms in addition to a few we had spared him from here (Jomvu), also a table. The latter he had covered with a piece of calico, in the centre of which he had sewn a red pocket handkerchief which my wife had given him for himself a little while ago. The red centre certainly gave variety and relief to the white ground, but the pattern of the handkerchief might strike a stranger as being somewhat lacking in fitness to its surroundings, for it had a border of dominoes and a centre of dice ! However, both Mazera and the Duruma people are totally ignorant of both one and the other, having never seen or heard of such things. . . . Mazera's only idea and purpose was that of contrast, and here he had them in a pronounced form—red, black, and white. Mazera has also put up several other mission buildings, has made good paths on the place, and planted the ground with Indian corn, manioc, ground nuts, etc. He sent six loads of the latter here some time ago, which will shortly be sold for the benefit of the mission. He is a man of practical mind. He told me the other day that he has persuaded the people on the station to combine in building a sort of fortified hut for mutual

safety, in case of a surprise at any time by the Masai—a place into which they can run at any time of sudden alarm or panic. . . .

‘To me there is something very pathetically interesting in Mazera’s position and work yonder on the hills. He is a native of the country, a Duruma by birth and bringing up ; knows the heathenism of Duruma from its shell to its core ; was once, I believe, a “ medicine man ” amongst the natives. Well, he has thrown off every vestige of heathenism, both of thought and life—cast it from him as a hollow and worthless thing, and is trying to lead his tribe out of darkness into light, away from the folly and delusion of paganism to the one satisfactory reality, the Cross of Christ.

‘While at Duruma I came upon a splendid “ find,” that is, for a mission station, namely, lime. Mazera had stamped the chapel floor with a light-coloured soil which made a hard, compact surface. He had covered the roads with the same material, and though only pressed by the pattering of naked feet had made them quite hard and solid. I asked Mazera where he had obtained the material, and he pointed to a spot a few yards from the chapel. I remarked to Mr. Baxter, “ This must be lime, or at any rate there must be a good proportion of lime mixed with it.” So I decided to take a little back with me and test it with nitric acid. The moment the acid touched it, it responded with a fizz which would have been no discredit to “ Eno’s Fruit Salt.” The next thing will be to excavate, and see how far the “ find ” extends, and ascertain whether there is pure lime or limestone rock underneath the superficial soil.

‘Sir John Kirk and Lieutenant C. S. Smith, R.N., paid us a visit a short time ago, and remained for the

night and next day. Lieutenant Smith pitched his tent in the garden and slept in that, as we have only one spare bedroom.

'The rats played fearful havoc with our American organ whilst we were at Zanzibar, rendering it quite useless. The rats are in fearful force here just now. They get into Ada's bed and wake her up at night; they get into our bed, and run up and down the bed posts, quicker than the lamp-lighters of olden times used to ascend and descend their ladders. They eat our clothes, my books, paper, etc. They commence their entertainments quite early. Soon after tea they come in and go out of the windows, run about the floor, explore the cupboards quite fearlessly. "Simba" and "Alec," our cat and dog, who used to protect the premises, have been carried off by leopards, poor things! A dozen good rat-traps would be very useful.'

Steven Kireri, one of the earliest converts of the mission, passed away at Jomvu on Sunday morning, January 11, 1885, after suffering for a long while. Thomas Mazera went to see and talk with Kireri a little while before his death, and asked him if he were ready to go. Kireri said, 'If Bwana Wakefield were to send me a letter calling me to him, should I not go at once? And so I am waiting for Jesus to send His messenger to take me home to Him. It is true that I have been a bad man, and have done every kind of wickedness, but I know Jesus is my Saviour, and I trust in Him.'

The education of the mission members had so far progressed that Mr. Wakefield judged the time had come when the thoughts of the people should be turned upon their heathen neighbours, and consequently missionary services were held in the Jomvu Chapel, and the

congregation asked to contribute, according to their varying abilities, something for the spread of the Gospel which had brought to them freedom, light, and knowledge. An account of the first missionary meeting at Jomvu may not be without interest.

A sermon had been preached and a collection taken on the previous Sunday, but the missionary meeting proper was held on February 10, 1886, in the afternoon. To make the attendance of every one possible, a half-holiday was given to the school children and workmen, and at four o'clock the bell was rung and we all repaired to the chapel. The service was opened by the singing of the hymn 'Speed Thy Servants' translated into Kiswahili. Then followed the prayer, after which Mr. Wakefield gave an address, in which he told the people why missionaries were sent to different countries; and he gave them short accounts of the various stations connected with our denomination, and asked his listeners to do their best to help the 'Mother' to support her numerous 'Children.' He also reminded them that last year he had made no appeal to them because of the terrible trouble in the land caused by the famine; but that this year they had been blessed with a most abundant harvest, so he begged them to try and give as much as they could as a thank offering that the fearful days of famine had vanished, and as an expression of their gratitude for such plentiful stores of food. Then John Mgomba, from Ribe, spoke a few earnest words, reminding his friends of the difference in their positions and lives and hearts since the missionaries brought the Word of God to their country, and urged them to do all they could to send the same blessing to other poor dark creatures. Mwidani then placed before them the fact that even the Mohammedans give a tenth of their pos-

sessions towards the support of their religion, so surely Christians were able to make a little offering. When the speeches were over an opportunity was given to those who wished to contribute, to bring forward or state the amounts they were willing to give. Mwidani stepped up and asked to be 'written down' a dollar; this he afterwards increased to a dollar and a-half. Then one by one the different sums were mentioned. To our surprise and pleasure one of the first offerings came from a Mohammedan, a Somali, named Omari. He said, 'Bwana, put *me* down for three-quarters of a dollar.' One man promised three measures of Indian corn. A woman the same. One poor woman went home and brought five pies (about 2½d.). The printer, Marmaduke Kivatzi, said, 'Bwana, take three-quarters of a dollar out of my wages, *but take it gently!*' meaning, 'Don't take it all at once; you know how many debts I have, and how I can never keep any money!' William Ambale, our house boy, quietly rose, went out of the chapel and returned with a dollar, which he placed on the table. Our cook, formerly a Mohammedan, and his wife presented half a dollar. Miesa and his wife, a Masai woman, gave three-quarters of a dollar, and so they brought forward as they were able, with willing hearts, and just before dispersing sang the hymn 'Jesus shall reign.' So ended a meeting which represented the great change brought about in the lives of these people, and the wonderful advance they had made in the cultivation of the Christian spirit.

In February, 1886, Mr. Wakefield's mother was called away from earth, having reached the advanced age of ninety years.

CHAPTER XIX

RECREATIONS

‘He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.’

COLERIDGE.

TURNING away for a time from his teaching, translation, printing, and building, Mr. Wakefield would occasionally sally forth with butterfly net in hand, bottle for collection of beetles in his pocket, a case for reception of plants slung on his back, and by his side a companion with a sketch book and pencil ready to transfer to paper any pleasing bit of scenery or picturesque combination of native dwellings. That these excursions were not altogether fruitless, the list of plants at the end of this book will testify. It was delightfully refreshing to fancy he had discovered something ‘new,’ and to have that fancy confirmed by high authorities. In passing, it may not be out of place to say that missionaries may frequently benefit science and recruit their own health and spirits by taking an interest in the wonderful life crowding about them on every side in tropical countries. We know only too

well how one's natural stock of energy is drawn upon and quickly exhausted in a climate like that of East Africa: how, as Sir Richard Burton says, we recklessly promise our friends when we leave home that we will remember their different fancies as collectors, and generously assure them of consignments of beetles, etc., etc., yet, incredible as it may seem, when we actually behold these much-desired objects lying about in our pathway, we feel too weak and spiritless even 'to stoop to pick up a beetle.' Nevertheless, it is worth while to strive against lassitude, and in the pursuit and contemplation of the wonders of God's creation a tonic will be found for jaded mind and weary body.

A dove and a butterfly which Mr. Wakefield was happy enough to 'discover,' now bear his name.

Respecting his collection of birds, R. Bowdler Sharp, Esq., of the Zoological Department, British Museum, was good enough to say:—'The Rev. Thomas Wakefield may well be congratulated on the success of this, his first undertaking in the cause of ornithological science; for although chiefly devoting himself to collecting insects, he has found time to form a collection of birds with no inconsiderable result. The number of novelties and rarities is not large; but at the same time the situation of Mombasa and the period of the year (January and February) when the birds were collected have shown the route by which some of our European birds proceed on their way to their winter home in South Africa. It would not be fair at present to draw conclusions as to the avifauna of Mombasa and its affinities; but the locality shows a mixture of Cape and N. E. African forms: and I therefore trust that this is by no means the last collection of birds from this very interesting place.'

There were forty-six varieties in the collection, the green dove being designated 'Treron Wakefieldii.'

On one occasion Mr. Wakefield shot a couple of birds to furnish the larder for breakfast. He heard, when too late to repair matters, that the two birds *alive* were worth £50. This was approaching, in a slight degree, Cleopatra's earring!

A Galla one day brought to the house a curious fungus. Mr. Wakefield desired me to make a coloured sketch of the peculiar growth, and I believe the fungus was not previously known. The Gallas eat this dainty morsel.

It is not always necessary to go in quest of things wonderfully interesting, occasionally they are brought to you. The natives gradually understand that the 'Mzungu' (white man) has a queer fancy for treasuring up things which to them are ordinary objects by no means of any intrinsic value, but they humour his fancy by bringing, now and then, specimens which they have accidentally come across. One of our men brought in his hand to the house a queen ant. 'That's right,' said Mr. Wakefield, 'I will give you sixpence for that!' Instantly the man turned away with a laugh and threw the queen ant on the ground, with the result that the poor insect was smashed. It never occurred to him that the 'Bwana' was serious; he took the offer as one of the master's little jokes—no one in his senses would give the magnificent sum of sixpence for an ugly insect; and so we lost our only chance of securing a queen ant.

While sitting at breakfast one morning a native came to say that a 'monster' had been caught in the chain of the boat lying down at the landing-place. 'Bring it here,' said Mr. Wakefield. 'We cannot,' replied the man.

‘It would take twenty men to carry it!’ ‘Then take twenty men, but bring it up here!’

After a while the sound of chanting was heard, to the accompaniment of the tramping of feet, and up came the ‘monster,’ carried over a pole by the men, and it was deposited at our door. It proved to be an immense fish, measuring nine feet by six feet, with a mouth two feet in width, adorned on either side by two flaps, each measuring one foot. Again the pencil was called into use, a sketch made, and sent to the British Museum. In reply we were informed that this was a *young* devil fish. The authorities would be gratified if we could secure a full-grown specimen, the skin of one having been long desired for the Museum.

The natives carried off the fish, cut it up, boiled it, and then dined upon it. With their usual good feeling they brought us a plateful of devil fish, but somehow we could not bring ourselves to taste what was evidently a delicacy to our African friends.

Another fungus was brought to our notice—a strange brown potato-like growth with a greenish flower. This was placed in the garden, so that we might observe it at our leisure. The aroma arising from it, however, was so fearful that we were obliged to have it removed to a very long distance from the house.

Even the fisherman bringing up from the creek his bundles of fish for sale would contribute something of interest, in the shape of curious fish, such as hammer-headed shark, sucker fish, etc., etc. Centipedes of fine development, scorpions, tarantulas, the endless varieties of mantids, beetles galore, spiders of huge dimensions (one we mistook for a ball of worsted, and only just discovered our error in time) visited us in our home, and displayed their several charms for our benefit.

But who shall describe the beauties of plant and flower life! The starry jessamine, the scarlet hibiscus, the heavily scented 'maua,' sold in the markets for its fragrance, the orange and lime blossoms, the wonderful variety of orchids, the flaming flowers of the gold mohur, the scarlet spikes of the erythrina, the delicate tints of the pomegranate blossoms, and last but not least, the many forms of grasses, some tall and wiry, others short and fragile, but all beautiful in design. A happy hunting-ground, truly, for the enthusiastic botanist.

When debarred from out-of-door interests by the early darkness of an evening in the tropics, Mr. Wakefield would pursue his philological studies by lamplight. With a Galla, a Somali, Mnyika, Msawahili or even a stray Masai beside him, he would dive into the mysteries of the different tongues, extract from his informants all kinds of interesting items relating to the history, customs, folk-lore, etc., of their respective countries. Thus by day and by night, at work, or in leisure moments, he was ever gathering and storing funds of useful knowledge, for, to him, change of work was rest.

CHAPTER XX

SLAVERY

‘ O execrable man, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurpt, from God not given ;
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute ; that right we hold
By His donation ; but man over men
He made not lord, such title to Himself
Reserving, human left from human free.’

MILTON.

DURING Mr. Wakefield’s residence in East Africa the horrors of the slave trade were in force, but Britain was making strenuous efforts to prevent the iniquitous traffic.

Before the Portuguese visited East Africa the slave trade to India, Arabia and Persia was general, and this continued so until comparatively recent times. Under all governments and dynasties the slave trade had been a mainstay of the commerce of East Africa, and solely in consequence of the single-handed endeavours of Britain has this been altered—(1) in India by cutting it off as a slave-holding country ; (2) by pressure on other states.

It is not known how or when the slave trade with

Zanzibar began. It is from old date. The French at one time occupied Kilwa, and attempted to take the coast to the south more than a hundred years ago. This was for the purpose of getting slaves. They in all probability began the European slave trade on the east coast, but the trade with eastern countries had gone on for ages before. The first treaty was signed 1822. It only professed to limit the line within which slaves might be landed in India. The slave-trade limits were often restricted, and at last only allowed on the African coast from place to place between Kilwa and Lamu. This was so abused, and slaves shipped ostensibly for Lamu so often landed further north or in Arabia, that in 1873 a new treaty was signed by Sir J. Kirk with the Sultan, making all shipment of slaves by sea illegal. In 1875 a further treaty was signed that virtually made slavery afloat illegal, and if the slave chose to claim his freedom when afloat he was able to secure it through the British Consul.

However, slaves were still marched by land to the coast opposite Pemba, where, in consequence of the demand for cloves, slaves were required, and once on the shore opposite they were run over in a few hours to Pemba. This no power could prevent.

The Sultan, therefore, was induced to declare illegal all marching of slaves by land as well as all shipping of them by sea; the fitting out of caravans on land for purchase or capture of slaves was also declared illegal, and this had been the most severe and practical measure yet adopted.

At the same time the Sultan declared the status of slavery in his dominions, from Kismayu north inclusive, legally abolished. As a fact, no new slaves

had been imported there, but the old slaves had not been freed.

In 1875 there were certainly 12,000 slaves imported into Pemba: this was reduced the year following to possibly 2,000.

The open sale of slaves was declared illegal, and the public market closed in 1873.

In the efforts to suppress the East African slave trade it is computed that the British Government spent about £200,000 per annum, including the cost of the ships of war which patrolled the waters of the coast.

About 2,000 slaves were imported yearly to Pemba, and the same number to Zanzibar, mostly smuggled in by ones and twos. In the days before the treaties there were probably not less than 30,000 imported yearly.

Very few slaves were exported from Zanzibar, and those only to Pemba. The amount levied at the Custom House per head on slaves imported was \$1, and the same on those exported. But this was abolished in 1873. For every slave that reached the coast probably there were ten deaths. Thus the arrival of 4,000 slaves yearly would mean a loss of 40,000 lives. This presupposes their capture in some far-off district—say Nyassa.

The Sultan of Zanzibar was an employer of free labour, and his overseer was to be seen every evening in front of the palace paying the men who had been working for him on the roads or buildings. But some of the foreign merchants memorialised the Sultan to protect slave labour, the want of which they felt. As a result of the altered condition of things, owners of slaves found they must be considerate of

them, or there would be a danger of their running away, and if they crossed to the mainland no one dare legally to bring them back. The presence of a slave would condemn a dhow. Slaves once on the island could be sold privately, but any slave who could show he was imported since 1873 was entitled to be freed.

The East African missionary was necessarily brought into immediate contact with slavery. On the coast it was a recognised institution; Arabs and Waswahili kept as many slaves as their means would allow, chiefly for the value of their work in the house and the field, and for the purpose of hiring out to those who desire labourers, porters, masons, carpenters, etc. Among the Wanyika, slaves were also held, but the practice was not so common as on the coast. A domestic slave in an Arab or Swahili household did not always lead an unhappy life. It might be that his master was a man of humane feelings, who extracted no more from his slave in the way of work than was reasonable, and who accorded him certain days in the week when he might labour on his own account and enjoy the fruits. But should this good master die, or fall into financial difficulties, the slave might be at once disposed of as a piece of property, and the person into whose hands he next fell might be the incarnation of cruelty. He was then forced to work as no animal would be required to do; and for slight defalcations his punishment was most severe. He was even liable to be offered up as a sacrifice, should circumstances demand it. What wonder then that he should fly, even though loaded with fetters; and that, as he could hope for no help from his fellow-countrymen, he should turn to the white man and entreat his protection? This was

gladly given as far as lay in the missionary's power, but that was limited.

The slave might obtain a few days' or even a month's rest on the mission station ; but ere long the news of his retreat would be carried to his master, who would one day appear on the scene and demand his property. The missionary rarely had the pain of seeing the man carried off, for when the Arab's approach was perceived, friendly neighbours hurried to the fugitive, who was no sooner warned than he fled, this time *away* from the station towards which formerly his weary steps had taken him. He knew that the missionary could not legally retain him, that the law demanded his return to his master. He possibly escaped to another mission, and there sought shelter, until again compelled by pursuit to leave. If caught and taken back captive to his owner, alas ! alas ! for the poor slave. We had women, whose owners were tracking them, rush into our house—as we at the time supposed, *through* it ; but in passing through, their quick eyes detected some spot that would afford them shelter. After the voices and steps of their pursuers had died away in the distance, the poor hunted creatures crept out, one from under a bed, another from a corner where her dusky form lay in shadow ; standing in our little room, they looked at one another, then at us, wondering whither they should now betake themselves.

A poor creature once came to us at night in a pitiable plight. She had made her way from Malindi, she said,—distant about fifty or sixty miles—with the fetters on her feet ! How she could have walked, one could scarcely imagine ; for, connecting the two iron anklets, was a bar not more than ten or twelve

inches long, impeding her steps, and preventing her from putting one foot much in advance of the other.

Nevertheless, she had come over the ground between the place of her captivity and the mission station, and the reader may well imagine that it was not long before those cruel bonds were torn off the poor weary feet. This woman, Mariamu by name, lived for years on the mission station, and was always well-behaved, gentle, kind, and law-abiding.

The life stories of the slaves are of painful interest.

CHAPTER XXI

DANGER, DISASTER, AND DEATH

'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God. . . . God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. . . . And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.'—REVELATION.

'One step more, and the race is ended ;
One word more, and the lesson's done ;
One toil more, and a long rest follows
At set of sun.

Who would fail, for one step withhelden ?
Who would fail, for one word unsaid ?
Who would fail, for a pause too early ?
Sound sleep the dead.

One step more, and the goal receives us ;
One word more, and life's task is done ;
One toil more, and the cross is carried,
And sets the sun.'

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

ONE day in the spring of 1885 a little band of missionaries met in the mission house at Ribe, and dined together. The next meeting-place for three of them was to be in the land where the inhabitants rest

from their labours, and there is no more death. And for the realisation of this they had not long to wait.

Bishop Hannington's biographer writes, speaking of a journey taken to Giriama, 'He' (the Bishop), 'took with him his chaplain, Mr. Fitch, and Jones, the catechist. On their way they visited a station of the United Free Methodists at Ribe.

'Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, the missionaries there, are now well known by name, as they were both murdered by the Masai in the spring of 1886, surviving Bishop Hannington by about six months. They gave him a kind welcome, which, no doubt, *he has since returned.*'

On January 16, 1886, Mr. Wakefield writes to the Missionary Secretary: 'By the mail that takes this letter, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, we believe, will go to Lamu, *en route* for Golbanti, in the Galla country, and soon afterwards arrangements will be made for Ribe. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter are going there to take charge of the station.

'Intelligence came to Zanzibar a little while ago which has filled us all with consternation and alarm. A letter was received from Mr. Mackay (Uganda), stating that Bishop Hannington, who left here for Uganda last July, to see if a route through the Masai country were practicable, had reached Usoga, four days from Uganda, and that there the Bishop and his party had been arrested, and put into stocks, the Bishop's feet, hands, and head being thus fixed! But, far worse than that, the King had given the order to one of his military officers then in the district to execute the Bishop and those who were with him. . . . For my own part I feel it difficult to believe that such a barbarous and tragic event has taken place, and we are hoping, though with fear, that better news may come.'

Alas! the terrible rumour was too true. Mr. Wakefield writes again on February 15: 'Hopes and fears were sorrowfully put at rest eleven days ago, by the arrival of letters from the Rev. William Jones, an ordained African, who accompanied the Bishop on his journey. The letter came here for the Rev. J. Handford, who, together with Mrs. Handford, had come up to see us before Mrs. Handford should leave by mail for England. Mr. Jones arrived the same day at Rabai.'

The tragic story is so well known that details here would be superfluous.

Mr. Wakefield continues: 'My wife and I were at Freretown when most of the caravan came in. The men looked worn and dejected. It was a gloomy return home, so different from the jubilant entrance usual to the caravans coming back in safety from the interior. I was at church early on the following morning, when the death-roll was read, and all suspense relieved by a terrible certainty. As the widows heard the names of their late husbands read out, unable to control themselves, each rose from her seat with a wild cry, and clasping her hands over her head, left the church shrieking.

'This event must be a terrible blow to the Church Missionary Society in particular, and, in general, to the whole of the Christian Church.

'As to Bishop Hannington, to know him was to esteem and love him. He was a broad-minded man, a man of warm and generous sympathies, and possessed a rare and personal magnetism. So that while we feel deeply for those on whom the terrible blow has most heavily fallen, we ourselves mourn a personal loss.'

And now to return to our own missionaries, in view of an equally terrible event which was to overtake us.

Noble John Houghton had proved himself, during the short time he had been in Africa, 'a good man and true.' Reference has been made to his capacity for work, and now a tribute should be paid to his unselfishness. He and his brave wife had taken up the work at Ribe, and had made for themselves a cosy home in the wilderness. Finding, however, that the delicacy of Mr. Baxter's child would render the journey to the Galla country a perilous undertaking for Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton offered voluntarily to leave Ribe and proceed to the post of danger, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter to take up the Ribe work.

Accordingly, on February 8, 1886, Mr. Houghton reports from Golbanti, Galla country, their safe arrival.

'We got no sleep from leaving the mail till we arrived at Golbanti. All our sleeping places were habitats of mosquitoes, rats, huge flying cockroaches, goats, hens, and other small game not usually written down for polite readers. We were compelled to have the places filled with smoke and ourselves wrapped in blankets and large shawls; and what with a Turkish bath in a mud hut, the irritation from mosquitoes, the noise and unsavoury smells from others in the house, rats running about and cats after them, &c., sleep was out of the question. We are just about returning to a normal condition, and I don't think we shall be any the worse for it.'

On March the 4th Mr. Houghton reports: 'A terrible calamity which has befallen our little mission, inflicting upon us an irreparable loss, such as almost completely to paralyse us.'

This was a visitation of the dreaded Masai, by whose hands fell some of the most important and useful members of the mission, amongst them the faithful Aba

Shora, a convert of twenty years standing, and his son Arthur Huko. Well might the hearts of the missionaries be filled with dismay. Nevertheless, they stood their ground, continuing their work to the best of their abilities, and trusting that their cruel visitors had made a final exit from the country.

Meanwhile, in the Mombasa district matters were progressing favourably under Mr. Wakefield's direction. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were settled at Ribe, and at Jomvu the usual organisations were in full force. The only disturbing elements arose from the continued illness of Mr. Baxter's little son, and an accident occurring in connection with our own boy, which rendered a visit to Zanzibar for surgical treatment an absolute necessity.

On the never-to-be-forgotten morning in May, when waiting on the beach at Freretown to embark on the mail steamer for Zanzibar, a letter was handed to Mr. Wakefield, on opening which he exclaimed, 'This is terrible!' and then gave us the fearful tidings of the murder of our dear comrades, John and Annie Houghton, by the Masai, at Golbanti. The heartbreaking news was despatched by telegram to England, and on May 21 Mr. Wakefield wrote from Zanzibar: 'The telegram I sent you the day before yesterday would give you tidings of the bare fact of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, having recently been murdered by the Masai! . . . My feelings are so strong that I can scarcely move the pen on the paper to write to you on this sad subject. As you may imagine, we are profoundly pained and almost completely unnerved; and these words express but little the intense acuteness of our feelings. It appears that on Monday, May the 3rd, at about 8.30 in the morning, Mrs. Houghton suddenly observed a band of men approaching the station; and

a woman, who was just then bringing water to the house, seeing Mrs. Houghton intently looking out, "wondered what the Bibi was looking at." She looked for herself, and at once said, "Bibi, those are Masai!" and ran away as hard as she could, and thus saved her life. Mrs. Houghton ran out of the house at once and called Mr. Houghton, who was busy building a new chapel. In the meantime, some Masai came through a part of the stockade which Mr. Houghton was fixing round the house for protection, and where he had left an opening for a gate. Other Masai went round the stockade, and the two parties came upon Mr. and Mrs. Houghton in the public road, and as they stood together one of the Masai speared Mrs. Houghton in the side, and she fell down at once. Mr. Houghton was totally unarmed, so he took off his hat, and struck the Masai with it, who had speared his wife. He struck him three times. Then the same man speared Mr. Houghton under the arm, and then another went behind him and speared him in the back, and still Mr. Houghton remained standing, when another speared him in the back of the neck, and then he fell, and our two dear friends and fellow-workers lay with their faces in the dust, foully butchered by these wild, marauding savages.

'The Masai then rushed about the place killing whomsoever they could find. Godana (a Christian Galla) was speared and severely clubbed, but survived. Several of the children of our Gallas were drowned in the Tana in their attempts to escape.'

So, on the golden streets of the Eternal City, James Hannington and John and Annie Houghton met again; the cruelty of those for whom they had given their lives but opened for them the shining gates a little earlier; one short moment of unspeakable anguish, and then the

safety, the glory, and the crown, and the face of the Master. Like Bunyan's Valiant-for-Truth, well might they say, 'Our marks and scars we carry with us, to be witnesses for us, that we have fought His battles, who now will be our Rewarder.' And doubtless, 'All the trumpets sounded for them on the other side.'

But on *this* side—the mourning, the weeping, and the lamentation that we should see their faces no more.

When Mr. Houghton offered for the Galla country in response to Mr. Wakefield's appeal for men, he says this impression was made upon his mind: 'John, you are the man; this is your work. It was as though a voice whispered to me. I was so deeply struck that I fell into a kind of reverie. I roused myself, so that I might be sure it was no dream, and took a walk, but to no purpose. I again tried to read, but could not rest, and after a weary night I rose next morning and wrote a letter at once offering for the Galla Mission.'

When Mr. Houghton communicated this decision to the lady who was to be his wife, he found that her thoughts had already been turned towards mission work, and that she was perfectly willing to accompany him to the foreign field. So they made a full and complete surrender, counting not their lives dear unto them, desiring only that they might finish their course with joy testifying to the Gospel of the grace of God.

In a letter written only in March, Mr. Wakefield had recorded his opinion that never in the past history of the mission had there been so much hope, and so much cause for joy and thankfulness. And now the disappointment, and the shattering of his hopes, came with a staggering force. Added to this, the verdict of the doctor was that he could only give temporary relief to our little son, and that, to secure a complete cure, it

was necessary that he should come to England. This caused us great anxiety of mind, especially as the doctor had advised Mrs. Baxter to take her son home immediately, as the only means of saving his life. She accordingly left by the June mail. We returned to Jomvu with Mr. Baxter; but as Mr. Wakefield's presence was imperatively necessary at Golbanti, he decided at last that the wisest course would be to send his wife and children home, while he himself would hold on until relief could be sent to him, in the shape of suitable men.

'S.S. "ORIENTAL," ADEN,

'July 20, 1886.

'MY DEAR MR. ADCOCK,—I have been staying here on board the "Oriental" since I saw my wife and children off by the s.s. "Lalpoora." The "Oriental" is now ordered off to Bombay, and has to leave to-night; so that I shall have to go ashore and wait for the s.s. "Baghdad," due in here next Saturday. . . .

'Please stir up the Committee and Churches to strengthen the East African Mission as soon as possible. I quite thought I ought to go home this year. I am hoping now that the trip up to Aden may lengthen my service here a little longer. My health and strength are both down. I will do my best as long as I can. But men—unmarried men—should come out soon. It is fearfully hot and trying here; I want to get to sea again as soon as possible.

'Very faithfully and heartily yours,

'THOMAS WAKEFIELD.'

Our journey from Mombasa to Aden was not pleasant. The weather was stormy, and most of the

passengers, the captain included, suffered from malaria. We had distinguished passengers on board the 'Oriental'—Sir John Kirk and Major Kitchener, also the Rev. Philip O'Flaherty, LL.D., the companion of the heroic Alexander Mackay during the Uganda troubles. Mr. O'Flaherty was in poor health, but was looking forward with intense delight to the re-union with his wife and family, from whom he had been separated for six years. Mr. Wakefield had many interesting conversations with him, and after the parting at Aden, Mr. O'Flaherty said, 'I'm sorry Wakefield's gone, he was a pleasant fellow!' We had only just set sail from Aden when poor Mr. O'Flaherty became rapidly worse. He kept to his cabin for a day, the doctor being in attendance upon him, and then to our great sorrow we heard that the weary missionary would not reach his earthly home, he had been taken swiftly to the home eternal. We sorrowed not for *him*, but for those who were watching for his return, and who would be so sorely disappointed.

Then came the pathetic sight of the still figure on the hatches, under the cover of the Union Jack. Just as the sun was setting, and its light was rendering the Red Sea glorious, the ship's engines were stopped, and passengers and crew gathered round the gangway, opposite which the body of our friend, now removed to a plank and still covered by the flag, was lying. The Captain read the solemn service, the signal was given, and the sea received into her silent depths all that remained of one who began the voyage with us full of hope and a glad anticipation, and now had passed out of our sight for ever. The gangway was closed, the engines set in motion again, and the ship flew onward. In the empty cabin lay the gifts bought

at Aden for wife and children, but the loving hand which had selected them would never make the presentations.

Mr. Wakefield, writing on board the 'Oriental,' July 17, 1886, says:—

'Went with my dear wife and children to the "Lalpoora" to see them settled on board, the "Lalpoora" leaving for London to-night. Another wrench! Had to say farewell to my darlings. When leaving the ship I had a severe trial. Wilfred was at the "companion" and stretched out his arms for me! I kissed the lad—papa's boy—and then had to push him back into Bai's (the nurse) arms, and rush down the ladder! We pushed off from the "Lalpoora"—which, as far as I am concerned, never contained so precious a freight.

* * * * *

'Arranged to sleep on deck. The "boy" laid my mattress and pillows on the skylight near the wheel. The evening was profoundly still. The lights ashore and those on the ship were reflected in clear, straight lines; the atmosphere was sultry, sea and sky and land seemed to slumber. The silence was most positive, obtrusive and oppressive, and the huge bare serrated stern rocks ashore helped to intensify the nasty feeling of loneliness and quietude. The Captain had "turned in" on the other skylight.—Sunday, 18th. E——'s birthday! Threw my thoughts westward after the "Lalpoora" and the Red Sea.'

'HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, ADEN,

'July 20.

'DEAREST E——, Have got to the above hotel, and washed and just had dinner.

'The "Oriental" left about six this evening for Bombay. . . . Friday, 23rd. Still here—waiting for the "Baghdad"—she is due, I believe, to-morrow. Last night we were all suddenly awoke from our sleep in the verandah by rain, very vivid lightning and thunder. We had to scamper inside, carrying our beds with us. I've just been looking at myself in the glass! I'm the picture of robust health.

'The hotel is next door to the Police Station, of which perhaps you remember Melville took a sketch. The Somali "Bobbies" have just put a German sailor inside, who was rolling about dreadfully drunk—no cap on his head in the terribly hot Aden sun! What madmen the drink makes of men!

'Saturday afternoon. "Baghdad" not arrived yet! I was imagining this morning that you are nearing the cool and refreshing latitudes, and that you and the children—the dear children—are perceptibly beginning to get braced up. My thoughts and prayers follow you all day by day. How thankful I shall be to hear from you! I'm so wondering where you'll get that pretty little country cot you thought of, and shouldn't I like to pop in unannounced, some fine morning, when you had some nice bread and butter and eggs for breakfast, and hot, aromatic coffee!

(Bread and butter and *cold* water meant to us the height of luxury in East Africa.)

'July 25. Still here! No "Baghdad" yet! It is very hot, 93 in the shade. We had a sand squall here yesterday afternoon. Everything about you shrouded in a fog. Air feeling heavy and queer. It looked like a heavy twilight, but it was only sand from Arabia Felix—Arabia the Blest, very *blest*, I should think, if this is the way she carries on!

'Monday. Temperature 93 Fah.; that's the style of the heat here! And yet I feel wonderfully well. I am up all the day, while the doctor is on his back.

'The "Baghdad"! While at breakfast this morning she steamed in, looking awfully battered and weather-beaten. A lot of the black paint washed off her sides, and her funnel almost white. Met Captain Frohawk at Cowajee Dinshaw's about noon. "Halloa," said he, "are *you* here? And where is Mrs. Wakefield?" I go on board the "Baghdad" to-morrow morning early.

'Between eleven and twelve this morning I went to see Major Hunter, Assistant Political Agent, having heard that he had printed a Somali grammar. I found him very agreeable, and he presented me with a copy of the grammar, and asked me to make use of the club here in his name.

'July 28. We are to leave this afternoon.'

'S.S. "BAGHDAD," LAMU HARBOUR,

'Friday Evening, August 6, 1886.

'MY DEAR WIFE,—The voyage over, and all well! For six or seven days I was awfully ill with sea-sickness. It has done me, however, an immense amount of good. The reason of my being so sick was that we had a head-wind. The "Baghdad" pitched and rolled tremendously, day and night. I am thinking that perhaps you and the darlings are possibly just about getting to London. How my prayers have followed you! Don't be anxious about *me*. I will do my best to take care of my health, not for my own sake only, but for yours and the dear children.'

At Lamu, Mr. Wakefield was joined by a young gentleman, Mr. W. H. Bone, a talented artist, writer,

and sportsman, from Sydney, N.S.W. He very kindly offered to accompany Mr. Wakefield and assist him in any way he could while the inquiries and arrangements were in progress with the Gallas, and Mr. Wakefield was exceedingly glad of the companionship of Mr. Bone.

Writing from Golbanti, Galla country, on August 25, Mr. Wakefield says:—

‘Mr. Bone met us by the mail. He had fever on leaving Freretown, and had it exceedingly bad on board ship. It continued with him for several days at Lamu, and prevented us leaving when we had intended for Golbanti.’

Mr. Bone’s account of the trying passage through the Mbelezoni Canal is so vivid that I insert it here:—

‘Our canoes reached the mouth of the Mbelezoni in a string; “Uncle’s” first, During’s second, mine last; and in that order we proceeded through it.

‘This Mbelezoni is a narrow, tortuous canal (which I am inclined to believe of artificial origin), ranging from four to twelve feet wide, winding sinuously for about three miles across a flat plain of gross-jungle and connecting the Ozi and Tana Rivers. Throughout its course the banks are overhung with dense masses of long grass, the home of countless hordes of mosquitoes, and, as our canoes were pushed and dragged along, they attacked us in clouds. Mosquitoes! the air was murky with them: we actually *breathed* mosquitoes! Our mosquito-net pugarees were absolutely no protection; they settled upon us in swarms, biting through our clothes till we were simply maddened. Before I was driven to leave the canoe and join the crew who were towing it, I filled an empty matchbox in a few minutes with dead mosquitoes, killed by simply brushing my hands over each other. The half-naked

men who were dragging the canoes had a fearful time, but took the most effective means at their disposal to free themselves from the pest. Each man used one hand to haul on the canoe, while with a palm-branch held in the other he beat the mosquitoes off the man in front of him, though I noticed that the last man of each crew gave one sweep of the branch for the man before him and two for himself. Being weakened with fever, the irritating attacks of the mosquitoes made me somewhat erratic in my movements, and we had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when, to the alarm of the men, I stumbled and took a header into the canal. However, I had hardly come to the surface when I felt myself "yanked" violently out of the water by the strong arms of two of the men, while the others stood around, excitedly informing me that the creek was full of crocodiles. I returned to the canoe and slipped into dry clothes, but the brief delay allowed the rest of the party to get some distance ahead. Soon after resuming the journey, we heard confused shouting in front, and on rounding an abrupt turn in the canal found that a large party of Galla warriors, led by a grey-haired, three-tuft chief, had appeared suddenly and seized the two foremost canoes, which they surrounded, gesticulating wildly with their weapons, while "Uncle" stood calmly in the midst of them, with During beside him, utterly regardless of the threatening spears and knives. My first impulse was to pitch my rifle to my shoulder and pot the chief, whose spear point was flicking about "Uncle's" breast, but before I could pull the trigger "Uncle" motioned to me not to fire, but to come ashore. I did so, and after some further demonstration on the part of the Gallas, "Uncle" took his seat upon a camp-stool brought

from one of the canoes, and with During and myself beside him, and our men ranged behind us, with our backs to the Mbelezoni, placidly listened to the wrathful declamation of our opponents, who, reinforced by small parties who came trooping through the jungle, ranged themselves in similar manner opposite us, each man with his spear standing erect from its heelspike at his right hand.

‘I could not help contrasting the calm, smiling bravery of our leader with my own feelings. To look at him one would have thought him pleasantly discussing some amicable subject with a number of friends in his own study, instead of being confronted with a large party of savages, whose every word and action was a threat against the lives of himself and his companions. For myself, my nerves were at their highest tension, and as each Galla chief, or “mzee” (old man) in turn sprang to his feet, and spear in hand advanced menacingly towards Mr. Wakefield, to add his quota of violent objurgation and threats, I mentally resolved that *he* should be the first to drop with my bullet through him the moment the fight began. During I could see gravely watching the course of the debate, with his hand now and then straying towards the butt of his revolver, while our men sat behind us, stolidly nursing their weapons and awaiting the result.

‘It appeared that the tribe had been set upon us by the Kao and Kipini Arabs, who, jealous of the success of the mission, and of Wakefield’s beneficent influence upon the people, had persuaded the Gallas to attack us *en route*; but, with infinite patience, courage, and gentleness, Uncle explained to them the message he was bringing, and as he proceeded their demeanour gradually assumed a quieter tone, each succeeding

orator went back to sit upon his heels on the ground with less of ferocity in his expression, and I found myself buttoning up my holster-flap with a sigh of relief and lighting my pipe. The outcome of the discussion was that the warriors dispersed, and we were provisionally allowed to proceed unmolested, on the understanding that we were to camp at a Wapokomo village a few miles up the Tana, there to await a final settlement of the matter on the following morning.

‘As “Uncle” and I walked back to the canoes together, he placed his arm around my shoulders, as was often his custom, and when I muttered some wild vow of vengeance, should there be further trouble, he laughed his jolly laugh, and digging me in the ribs, said, “Ah-ha, Bwana Tui, I believe you’re as bloodthirsty as they are. But,” he continued more gravely, “we must do the Master’s work in the Master’s way, dear lad.”

‘We reached the village just at nightfall, and pitched the tent, the men being cheerfully housed by the Wapokomo. A funny incident occurred later in the night as we sat round the fire, in the clouds of smoke made by heaping green rushes thereon to keep the mosquitoes off. During asked me to pass him some tobacco, and being very drowsy I misunderstood him and handed him the match-box I had filled with dead mosquitoes. In the darkness he thought the box contained tobacco which I had cut up as overplus, and carefully filled his pipe and applied a lighted twig. He only took two puffs, and for the next five minutes was hopping about saying: “Ouarch-a-a-warch-oh-onach!” We sprang to our feet, believing something serious the matter, but mutual explanations ensued, and we all three yelled with laughter.

‘Next morning the Galla deputies appeared, and after

further conference with "Uncle," and the payment by us of a sum of money as a sort of solatium, we received formal permission to proceed to our destination—Golbanti.'

To resume the story in Mr. Wakefield's words:—

'On Friday afternoon, the 20th, we arrived at Golbanti, and found that our refugees were on the other side of the river. The people everywhere seemed scared, and our feelings on entering the village were sad indeed! On Saturday we had a monument built over the grave, and covered it with pure lime, so that it looks white and neat.

'On Sunday we read the funeral service over the grave at five o'clock in the afternoon, and then adjourned to the verandah of the house where our friends used to live. It was a sorrowful day. We visited the places where our poor friends were speared and killed. Sad, sad, sad!

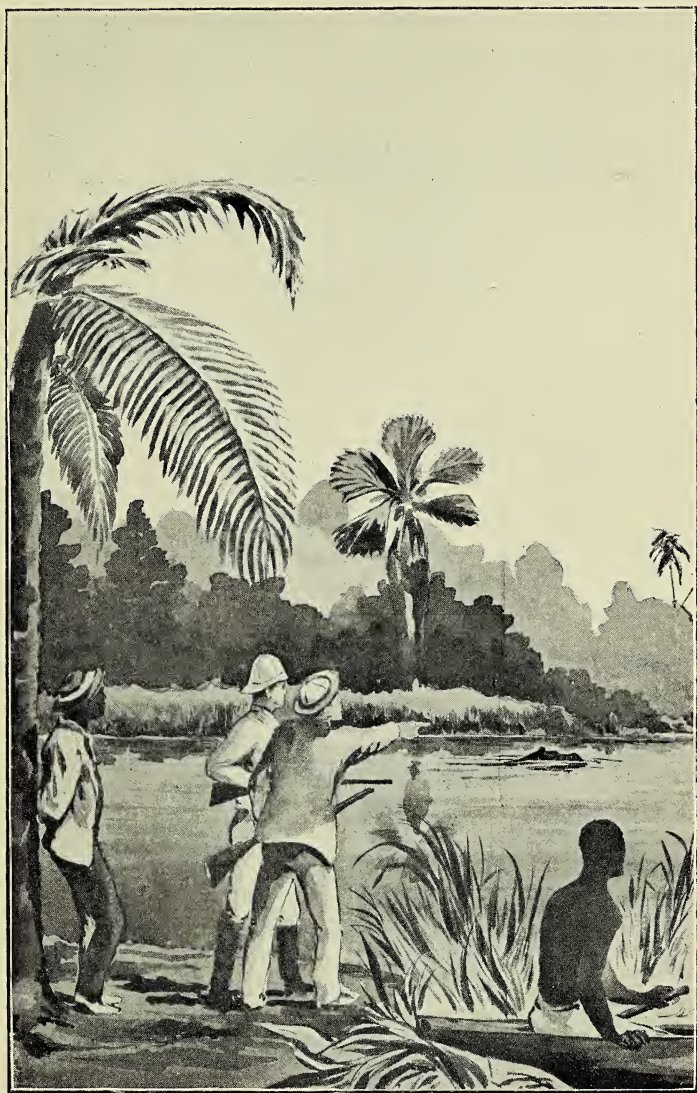
'Mr. Bone has been a great help to us, and I have engaged him for three months, at least, to take charge in place of Mr. Baxter, who is leaving for home by the next mail.

'We leave here to-morrow morning for Lamu, and the mail. We are building a house that will be *quite safe*.'

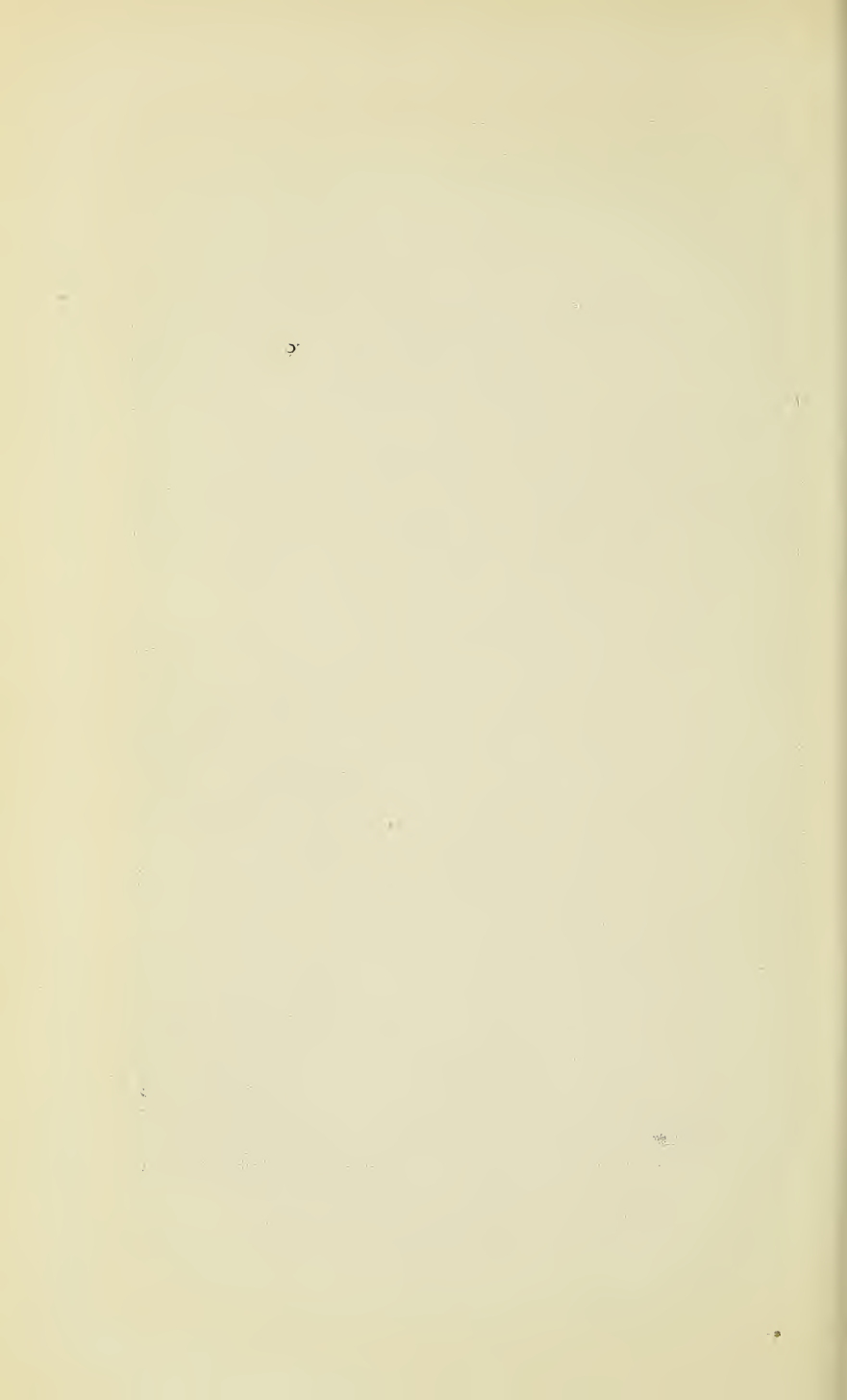
Writing to the Secretary on September 24, from Golbanti, Mr. Wakefield says:—

'Tell the Committee and our Churches to be patient with the Galla Mission for awhile. It will be necessarily expensive for a time, especially through the influence of the recent reverses. The Gallas are unspeakably (and to you at home incomprehensibly) avaricious; their greed knows no bounds; and "to beg" they are not "ashamed." I wish they were. And they will use any pretext to urge a demand. The last time

but one that we came up from Lamu, a number of them stopped us by force at Mbelezoni, the dyke where the mosquitoes are in force, and told us we must go back at once to Kao, as there was to be a palaver there. Our little fleet of canoes had to be moored to the bank, whilst we argued the matter out with them. We had taken nothing all day, excepting a banana and a cup of coffee very early in the morning, and had been in the sun all the day in open canoes, and said we would not go back to Kao. The upshot of it was, we were allowed to go on a little way up the Tana River, where they promised to meet us again, the day but one after. Thus they caused us to lose three days, and at the end we had to give them twenty dollars, and the matter was settled. When we got up here, the chief and what we call his prime minister, together with a lot of influential Gallas, came to the house, and we were arguing with them from noon until sunset without a break in the time. The contention was strong, but the Gallas would not yield—they had two charges against us. The first was, The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton had been buried, which was a sin against Galla custom, which requires that the bodies of all who meet with violent deaths—all who are killed—must remain where they fell. We were aware of this custom, and it was fulfilled in the other cases—when the station was attacked all who were speared by the Masai, even those who went out from the mission, were never buried. There was a solitary instance, however, to the contrary, the Arab soldier who led the Masai to the station, and was afterwards clubbed to death, was buried on our station by his comrades. So I cited this fact. Many of the Gallas did not seem to have been aware of it. I said,



ON THE TANA RIVER, WAITING FOR HIPPO.



"Go and put that matter right first with the coast authorities." They knew they could not, so *that* point went.

'The next was, "You are building a stone house! This is a new thing in the country, and we cannot say what disaster it may bring upon us! You must stop building!" We used all available arguments, but in vain, and the altercation ran high. The twilight was coming on, and the Gallas were shouldering their spears to leave, when we suggested a present, which was of course what they were really driving at, and as we were going to leave for Lamu the next day, they were to promise not to interfere with the builders while we were away. Apparently with very great reluctance they agreed. We are now back, and they are to meet us to-morrow or Monday about the "present." They are demanding \$300! We shall have a long, stiff, and very unpleasant fight about it.

'The Mohammedans of Kao have repeatedly put as many obstacles in our way as possible, have run up expenses for us by secret machinations with the Gallas, and have annoyed us in every possible way; so much so, that we have had to lay the case before the Governor of Lamu. The result is the Kao people have promised to cease their work of obstruction, and the captain of the soldiers up the river (who turned back several of our canoes laden with stone, a little while ago, threatening to fire upon the canoe-men if they dared to proceed) had the option of a month's imprisonment, or to come to us and beg our pardon. He has done the latter. So far we have gained ground. Things were getting on nicely and the station developing and becoming established, when the sad disaster overwhelmed it, and the Gallas have taken advantage of

our weakened condition. But bear with us and help us, and we will do all we can to put the station on its feet again, and with God's blessing to make it strong. It would never do to leave this station because the Masai attacked it. Such a course of action would no doubt confirm the Masai in the thought that they were more than a match for Europeans, and they would probably be emboldened to attack the other mission stations.

'When Bishop Hannington and his forty-seven picked men were so foully murdered by order of the King of Uganda, the Church Missionary Society received, soon after the startling news reached home, ninety-six spontaneous offers of service for Uganda, and more than half of these candidates were Oxford men!

'Because of the catastrophe have the Church Missionary Society abandoned Uganda? Nay, rather, they are strengthening it, and one missionary, my friend the Rev. W. E. Taylor, has recently left Rabai to go there.

'October 26. Our last stay at Golbanti has been an experience severely trying. The insatiable greed of the Gallas, combined with secret hostility practised against us in underhand ways by the Mohammedans of Kao, and the Arab soldiers at Golbanti, have combined to torment us day and night, with trouble and anxiety. Whilst the Gallas are intolerably lazy, and (with a few exceptions) never do a single hour's work; they are so intensely greedy that they beg from everybody else who does work. They not only beg from us, but from all besides. It is not begging really, but demanding. In fact, they spend all their lives, all their days, in going about after what they call "Kidaba,"

foraging. They watch the harvests of the Wapokomo, and as soon as they are ripe go and demand a portion of the produce. For this purpose they go even as far as Giriya, several days' journey. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They never turn a sod, or put a seed in the ground, but as soon as a harvest blesses the toiling of others, they walk up to it like devouring locusts, and without the slightest hesitancy, or the remotest suspicion that they doing a mean, unmanly, or dishonest thing, demand from the industry of others that which they never lifted a finger themselves to produce.

'The Gallas would not abate anything from their demand of \$300, when they again met us. Daché, the prime minister, was sent for the amount, which we had never promised. I told Daché we could not give them such a sum. "The money is not ours, but belongs to our Society at home." He turned away his face in disgust, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear such talk as that," and then said, "I didn't come here for talk; Dadi (the chief) sent me for the money. I've come for it. Is it ready?"

'If we had given the \$300 to the chief and the prime minister, they and their party would have absorbed most of the amount, and then the "lower house" would have come the day after with a like demand, or for a larger amount! Finding that they couldn't get their \$300, the prime minister ordered a proclamation to be made, and it was made at once near the house. The Gallas laid their spears flat on the ground, and the chief amongst them gave out the proclamation, that the stone house must not be built. They thought that would bring us to terms at once. We quietly bowed to the announcement and gave up build-

ing. Finding that we did not call them, and offer them the \$300, they became very angry. One, a villainous-looking Galla, said to one of our Gallas, "I'd soon put a stop to this bother; I'd go and put a spear into the two of them." After this a message came indirectly to us, to the effect that Daché, the prime minister, was coming to the station with "two desperadoes"! These "desperadoes" were of course to kill us. And yet where was our offence? We had given up building! They had missed the \$300 at which they had been grabbing. Then we heard that some of the Gallas wanted to spear us, but others said, "What is the use of spearing them? Let us curse them." And this I believe they did.

'After a while the vice-chief and others came, and each one said in his speech that "when friends quarrelled they made it up again." We said we were quite willing for peace to be made between us and the Gallas, but how could it be done? He replied, "You know how it could be done!" He meant by a present, but he would not budge by a hair's breadth from the old demand of \$300. A few days afterwards he sent a message by one of our Christian Gallas, to say that we had better be quick and make matters up with the Gallas, as there were men who were bent on spearing us. We were sick and tired of such heartless cruelty. We had no time for anything, as there were palavers every day. We had hardly time to get our meals, and mission work was of course out of the question.'

Under these extremely trying circumstances, Mr. Wakefield determined for a while to leave these unreasonable and unhappy people to consider their ways, and, accompanied by Mr During, he went down to meet the mail at Lamu, and away from the irritating conditions at Golbanti, to think out the plans for the future.

While at Lamu, Mr. Wakefield found it necessary to go down to Zanzibar by the mail, to interview the Consul on several matters connected with the mission. He called at Mombasa on the way, and, with Mr. Bone, went up to Jomvu for the Sunday, and embarked from Freretown on the 'Henry Wright' on Tuesday. Wednesday found him at Zanzibar. On Friday he was again on board the 'Henry Wright,' returning to Mombasa.

On the following Thursday Mr. Bone and Mr. Wakefield visited the Duruma mission stations, then in charge of Mazera and Mgomba. The heat of the sun, however, tried the travellers exceedingly, and Mr. Wakefield was unable to proceed, and therefore rested at Mazera's, Mr. Bone going on to Ribe. The Duruma stations were found to be in a very satisfactory and promising condition, but Mr. Wakefield was sadly perplexed as to the carrying on of the work. He was soon to lose the assistance of Mr. Bone, who, greatly to his regret, must return to Zanzibar. As European helpers seemed almost unprocurable, Mr. Wakefield pleaded especially for a schoolmaster, so that, from amongst the youths of the settlement, native helpers might be raised up.

CHAPTER XXII

THE EVENING OF LIFE

' Now that thou hast gone away,
What is left of one to say
Who was open as the day ?

Over manly strength and work
At thy desk, or toil, or hearth
Played the lambent light of mirth.

Mirth that lit, but never burned ;
All thy blame to pity turned ;
Hatred thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing
At thy home-fire lost its sting.
Where thou wast was always spring.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thine earthly presence dear ;

And when fall our feet, as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well.'

WHITTIER.

THE severe strain and continuous anxiety experienced in the oversight of the mission under such exceptional circumstances had begun to tell very unfavourably upon Mr. Wakefield's constitution, and, un-

willing as he was to confess it, he felt that he could not hold out much longer without a respite.

On March 15, 1887, he writes from Jomvu :—

‘The stations about here are flourishing splendidly—Ribe, Jomvu, and Duruma ; and it must have struck the Missionary Committee that these stations are costing us a mere nothing. Mgomba was here the other day, and I ruled his class-book for him, and entered seventy-five names, and there are others to go down. Mazera has over two hundred at his station, and the Durumas are asking for another station between Mazera’s and that of Mgomba. The Kamba people, a Nyika tribe near Ribe, have been to us and asked us to come and found a mission amongst them also!

‘And now about myself. The illness I had some time ago made me completely wretched, and incapacitated me from all work. Fortunately, I found some medicine in the house here which relieved me, and I am much better, thank God. I believe the cause of the disturbance is in my liver. I saw the doctor of the mail steamer, and he gave me some medicine, and told me to come and see him on the return of the mail from the South. The mail is due to-morrow at Mombasa, and I am going down, all being well, to see him. I write this showing how uncertain my stay is here, but devoutly hoping that I *may* be able to remain a little longer. This shows the necessity of men coming out as soon as possible. On Saturday I shall have to go down again to meet the mail, as I am expecting a German missionary, who is coming from Cairo to ask about a Galla mission. Several German Societies are anxious to get a footing in the Galla country. Mr. During writes saying that the Gallas are requesting us to go back again and build.

‘German traders are building a stockade near Golbanti, on the opposite side of the river. They know the circumstances of the country, and it is no safer for them than for us. I would most gladly go there but I cannot leave these stations on the stream. Besides, my health and strength have had a heavy strain, and I feel myself very uncertain now as to the load of work and anxiety I have to carry. I have two or three men’s work upon me, quite too much for the strongest constitution, and this is the fifth hot season I have had during this last term of service.’

Mr. Wakefield’s fears were but too well-founded. His indisposition became so pronounced as to render his return to a cool climate absolutely necessary. Accordingly, to the great joy of his wife and friends, he arrived safely in England in June, 1887, having completed almost twenty-seven years’ work in connection with East Africa. His native air speedily caused an improvement in Mr. Wakefield’s health, and he at once undertook deputation work on behalf of the Missionary Society. Making his home in Leeds, he journeyed from town to town, pleading earnestly for the sympathy and help of English Christians on behalf of the sons and daughters of dark Africa. In 1888 the Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches bestowed upon him their highest honour by raising him to the presidential chair. In 1889 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

The Rev. T. H. Carthew, of Sierra Leone, volunteered to take Mr. Wakefield’s place in East Africa, and for the next ten years Mr. Carthew bravely and nobly toiled without rest or change, until the call came for him to lay down his charge, and enter into the rest that remains for the faithful.

And so there came to be another grave at Ribe, another bright, strong and promising life given up for Africa.

Just as Mr. Wakefield's sojourn of three years in Leeds was drawing to a close, the Missionary Committee formulated a scheme of advancement in East Africa.

Mr. Wakefield was asked to return for a short period, to introduce two young missionaries and to lead the forward movement in the Galla country. To this request he gladly acceded, and although he had arranged to labour in the Kingswood Circuit, release from his engagement was very generously accorded to him, that his services might be given to the missionary cause.

With this end in view, Mr. Wakefield removed with his family to Kingswood for six months, where he fulfilled the duties of circuit minister until a successor could be found.

The Rev. J. Collinge at length arriving to undertake the oversight of the circuit, we removed once more to Staple Hill, where Mr. Wakefield proceeded to arrange his outfit, etc., for the return to his loved African field. While engaged in this way, unfavourable symptoms again appeared in reference to health, and on consulting a Clifton physician he was emphatically told that a return to Africa was most undesirable—that a malady threatened him which exposure or fatigue would greatly aggravate.

To carry this verdict to the Missionary Committee was a great trial, and his disappointment, as well as the Committee's, was intense.

As a result of the doctor's decision, Messrs. Edmunds and Wilson went alone to join Mr. Carthew, and Mr.

Wakefield once more accepted a home circuit, this time in Bradford, Yorks.

Here three very happy years were spent in active work of various kinds. 'Christian Endeavour,' then in its early stage, found in Mr. Wakefield a sympathetic and earnest supporter, and, under his direction, the first societies in connection with Free Methodism in Bradford were begun. He was also associated with the birth of the great Free Church Council movement, having for his colleague in the circuit the Rev. T. Law, now so well known in his capacity as secretary to the Council.

Mr. Law, with the ministers of the town, organised a house-to-house visitation scheme, which was vigorously carried out, and other towns adopting the system, there was gradually evolved the present powerful combination, which may truly be called the historic religious movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Leaving behind him very happy memories and associations, Mr. Wakefield next travelled to Derby, to take charge of the Beckett Street Church, with which the name of the Rev. William Griffith will always be associated.

Here another happy three years passed away, and at their close the beautiful town of Southport became the home of our family, now numbering seven, and consisting of father, mother, one daughter and four sons—'Nellie' being still the beloved and cherished companion of her uncle, the Rev. R. Brewin; but soon after our settlement in Southport she became the wife of Mr. A. E. Jacques, of Accrington, from which town it was possible for her to pay many happy visits to her father's home, in due course bringing her children with her.

Mr. Wakefield's charge consisted of three Churches—High Park, Crossens, and Chatham Road, Birkdale, known as the Church-town Circuit.

It is a somewhat noteworthy fact that Mr. New laboured in this circuit before leaving for East Africa ; Mr. Woolner was sent there to recruit when invalided home from East Africa, and now Mr. Wakefield came to what, alas! proved to be his last field of earthly labour. But for five years he was permitted to go in and out among his people, gaining their love and respect, and endearing himself to all with whom he came in contact.

Although debarred from further service on the Foreign Field, his heart was ever in missionary work, and in each of his home circuits he speedily raised the missionary income, created intense interest in missions in the minds of his people, and never failed to plead for his beloved Africa.

In 1900 the great Ecumenical Missionary Conference was held in New York, to which four representatives were sent from the United Methodist Free Churches namely, the Rev. H. T. Chapman (Missionary Secretary), the Rev. J. C. Brewitt, the Rev. F. Galpin, of China, and Mr. Wakefield, the latter taking the place of W. H. Hart, Esq., Connexional Treasurer, who was prevented by illness from attending the Conference.

To this visit Mr. Wakefield looked forward with great delight, and on April 11 he left Liverpool in company with his friends, embarking on the ' Teutonic ' in the best of spirits, but having only recently recovered from an attack of influenza.

The voyage across the Atlantic was thoroughly enjoyed, and the society of so many men of missionary spirit was most inspiring to our friends.

On arriving in New York Mr. Wakefield was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Fowler during the sittings of the Conference. The days of the Session passed busily and quickly. Amongst the many friends with whom Mr. Wakefield associated, there came one day to him a gentleman who said, ‘Don’t you know *me*?’ He proved to be Mr. Graf, one of the first band of missionaries despatched under Dr. Krapf to East Africa, and now, after a lapse of thirty-nine years, two of that party meet again in America!

When the meetings of the Conference were over Mr. Wakefield and his friends set out for a short round of travel, passing rapidly through scenes of much interest, but time would not permit of more than a few hours being spent at each place.

On May 7 Mr. Wakefield wrote from Niagara, ‘We have all come in here this afternoon. The “Falls” are just opposite where we are staying, and the “roar” is very distinct, the “Falls” being only about seventy or eighty yards away. I only wish you and the children were here to see, with me, these wonderful sights.

‘We left Washington on Sunday night and spent the night in the train, very uncomfortably, reaching New Jersey at six this morning. Ferried over the river to New York, got breakfast at an hotel, and then steered for the station and started for Niagara. A most pleasant ride by the shore of one of the big lakes for a good part of the way, passing Albany, Syracuse, and on to Buffalo, and then on to Niagara, and here we are! To-morrow afternoon we leave the Falls of Niagara City for Toronto.

‘We are in good health, thank God, and Galpin and I are looking forward to soon being at home again!

‘May 9. We are now at Toronto—got in last night

safely and pleasantly. It was hard to tear ourselves from Niagara Falls, but it had to be done.

‘The road led us yesterday through a nice bit of country, nothing picturesque, nothing bold, but farmsteads and orchards and cultivated fields. Many of the fruit trees were covered with blossom.

‘We leave here, we think, to-morrow night, nine o’clock, to have a night journey to Ottawa, and then on to Montreal, from which place we sail (D.V.) on Sunday morning—not Saturday, as first reported, and this delay is owing to the fact that the “Parisian,” in which we are to sail, is just now three days late! I can tell you I am looking anxiously forward to seeing my dear wife and the children. If *they* were here, I wouldn’t mind how long I remained in this wonderful country. To-day we have been over the city, which is a bright, cheery place. I expect you will get this a few days before I arrive in the Home Land.’

Equally strong were the longings of wife and children for the safe return of the Father, and it was with very thankful hearts that we welcomed him home for breakfast on the happy May morning of his return.

There was only one drawback to our pleasure, and that was the evident weariness and weakness from which he was suffering. We had anticipated renewed vigour from the effects of the two voyages, but this was not apparent, and it was many weeks before he seemed to recover from his fatigue.

The spring of 1901 found him apparently in very fair health, and when, during the sittings of the Missionary Committee in March, an invitation was extended to him to visit the East African Stations in company with the Rev. H. T. Chapman, Missionary Secretary, and Alderman James Duckworth, of Rochdale, he very gladly

expressed his willingness to go. Before completing his arrangements, however, it was deemed expedient that he should consult the doctor who had attended him very skilfully during his stay in Southport.

Dr. Fenn, himself formerly a missionary in Madagascar, emphatically forbade even a *visit* to the Tropics. Mr. Wakefield's health was in such a precarious condition that, as on a similar occasion ten years before, the doctor would not give his sanction to the proposed journey.

Again had the veteran to lay down his armour, and to take this as a final sentence. His work in Africa was done.

CHAPTER XXIII

CALLED HOME

'Out, brief candle ! I would close
Weary eyelids and repose.
Let me sleep away all sorrow
Till the sweet dawn breaks to-morrow.
Noises fail and troubles cease ;
Mine the bliss of perfect peace.
Out, brief candle ! Love, good-night !
Greet me when the morn brings light.'

'BRITISH WEEKLY,' *Dec.* 12, 1901.

DURING the summer of 1901 Mr. Wakefield was laid aside for a week or two by a somewhat severe indisposition, but recovering again, and making a short visit to the Lake District, he took, upon his return, his usual duties in connection with the circuit, and also engaged to take several missionary services in other towns during the winter.

Towards the end of October a gathering appeared on the back of the neck. This the doctor at once pronounced to be a carbuncle, and intimated that Mr. Wakefield must give up all thought of work for at least three months, for under that time the trouble would not have passed away. Moreover, the hope was held out to us that Mr. Wakefield might be very much better in health after this was over. Buoyed up with this anticipation we devoted ourselves to the necessary

nursing and attention due to so tedious an affliction. Mr. Wakefield bore the intense pain from the carbuncle most patiently, although at times he could obtain no relief by night or by day. But as the weeks passed by it was evident that our dear patient was gradually losing strength. With his natural hopefulness and brightness of spirit, Mr. Wakefield assured us he should soon be better. He would talk about his anticipated removal during the next year to Leamington, and his plans for work there ; and in the intervals of pain would write and study with a view to future efforts. Alas ! the old trouble was by degrees asserting itself. The brave attempts to keep at bay an enemy which had so long threatened him were of no avail.

He became confined to his room, and at times it was sadly apparent that his hold on life was growing more and more feeble. Still it was not until the evening of Saturday, December 14, that our medical adviser gave us the sorrowful warning that we must prepare ourselves for the departure of the tenderest husband and most loving father.

After the doctor had gently given the message to Mr. Wakefield, he sat up in bed, and said, 'Doctor, I think you are mistaken ; I shall get better !' And oh ! how we longed and prayed that he might be right, and the doctor wrong.

All through the night we watched him, hoping against hope ; that he could still take nourishment was our great encouragement.

On the Sunday morning he was very restless, having constantly to be moved from one side to another of the bed. Suddenly he said, 'This is dangerous !' and enquired if the doctor would soon be coming.

We at once sent for him, While being again assisted

to a different position in bed, he looked steadily at one corner of the room and exclaimed, 'Oh! how lovely.'

'What is it, dear?' we asked. 'Do tell us what you see!'

'It must be Heaven,' he replied. 'It is like a beautiful dawn. Is it the dawn?'

These were almost his last intelligible words.

An hour or two later Dr. Brook, the President of the Connexion, saw him and prayed with him, and on bidding him goodbye said, 'Well, Brother Wakefield, you have done a good day's work!'

The dying missionary responded, 'I am trusting only in Christ.'

About six o'clock Mr. Jacques arrived from Accrington. Mr. Wakefield was just able to whisper a word or two to him, and after a short interval we could distinguish the words, 'Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!'

These were the last sounds from those beloved lips. Only a few more minutes, and the faithful servant rendered 'his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ, under whose colours he had fought so long.'

The sad news of the death of their pastor was carried to the congregation assembled in High Park Chapel, and was announced just as the service was being closed. The wave of sorrowful feeling which passed over the assembled worshippers will never be forgotten.

As the tidings spread, messages of loving sympathy were accorded on all hands to myself and family. Foremost among those who expressed their sorrow over our great bereavement was the Rector of North Meols, Canon Denton Thompson. His tender sympathy and the brotherly action he took in connection with the Funeral Services will ever be cherished memories in the hearts of the mourners.

On Wednesday, December 18, a cold, winterly day,

all that was mortal of my dear husband was laid to rest in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, Church-town.

A service was held in High Park Chapel, at which the Connexional officers were present, many of the ministers of the town, and the Rector, Canon Denton Thompson, besides representatives from the circuit, friends from other towns, and the congregations of which Mr. Wakefield had been the pastor. The service was beautifully and tenderly conducted by the President of the Connexion, the Rev. Dr. Brook, and in it the Rev. E. Boaden, Rev. J. C. Brewitt, the Rev. W. H. Cory Harris, the Rev. R. Brewin, and the Rev. W. Redfern took part.

From the chapel a procession was formed to St. Cuthbert's Church, where, at the very kind invitation of the Rector and by his thoughtful arrangement, another short service was held.

Here the Rector spoke in loving and appreciative terms of Mr. Wakefield, and in conclusion said, 'Personally, it was a delight to him to feel that Mr. Wakefield's body was resting under the shadow of that church. They and he would from time to time pay a visit to that grave, and they would cherish the memory of him who rested there. Let him plead with them to follow Mr. Wakefield as he followed Christ, resolved that by the mercy of God they would one day rejoin him in the better land.'

At the conclusion of the service in the church the funeral party repaired to the grave, where the committal prayers were read by Dr. Brook, and the beloved remains were hidden for ever from our view.

On Sunday evening, December 22, a memorial service, which was very largely attended, was held in High Park Chapel, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Brook, who took for his text 2 Peter i. 19—

‘Whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn.’

Dwelling upon Mr. Wakefield’s last question, ‘Is it the dawn?’ the Doctor most pathetically told the story of the missionary’s faithful struggles and labours in the face of difficulties and discouragements. ‘Is it the dawn? Yes, my brother, it is. Yes, you have finished with the night of earth; the loneliness of those months in Africa, when not a comrade was near; the tardiness of your successes; the disappointment from the unfaithful; the coldness of a forgetting world; all these belong to earth’s night, and for you they are all over. The best that belongs to this world has gone before or will follow after you. But the night is spent, and the dawn of Eternity has come, and for you sorrow and sighing are for ever fled away.’

From the length and breadth of England, from Africa, from Australia, China and Jamaica, came testimonies to the influence which Mr. Wakefield’s character had brought to bear upon others, encouraging them under difficulties, and leading them on to victory in the cause of Christ.

Shortly before his death Mr. Wakefield had been greatly cheered by hearing from the lips of a Bradford gentleman the statement that when in circumstances of perplexity and depression, the thought of the missionary’s trust in God in times of trouble and danger had so nerved him to hold on and look up, that he had turned bravely to face his difficulties, and in due time had the joy of seeing them all disperse and prosperity return to him. But he attributed the stimulus given, under God, to the life and faith of Thomas Wakefield.

Just as the labourer had been laid to rest, the deputation, Alderman Duckworth and the Rev. H. T. Chapman,

who had gone out to East Africa to report upon the condition of the stations, returned, bringing with them glad tidings and loving passages with which to cheer the heart of the founder of the mission. Alas! he had gone beyond the reach of earthly praise; but doubtless the messages reached him in the land where the labourers rest, but where their works do follow them.

The Methodist Free Churches are bravely carrying forward their mission to the Gallas. Much treasure in lives and money has been expended but the return will assuredly come. God will not forget their faith and labour of love. The grand though savage Galla is part of Christ's inheritance.

Two noble missionaries have gone home from Ugallani. The Rev. R. M. Ormerod served seven and a half years, giving the promise of great achievements among the heathen, but at the end of that time, after only a brief illness, he was taken away. The Rev. Charles Consterdine faithfully laboured, amidst loneliness and oftentimes great discouragement, for five years, and then, just on the eve of his return, for much-needed rest, to his beloved England, the call came to him with great suddenness to pass into the land which is so near to the one who goes, but so far to those who are left behind.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

EAST TROPICAL AFRICA

PLANTS FORWARDED BY REV. T. WAKEFIELD

Received May, 1880, at Kew. Classified by Professor Oliver.

Uvaria Asterias, var. Moore	Meliacea? (In open fruit)
Cleome ciliata, S. & T. variety	Vitis cirrhosa (aff.)
Euadenia? Kirkii, Oliv.—	Kalanchoe au K. coccinea?
possibly two flowers only	Wehe
Carpolobia, sp. nov.?	Combretum, nr. C. holoseni-
Polycarpæa corymbosa, Lam.	ceum, &c.
var.	Eugenia (Syzygium) cauda-
Hibiscus Micranthus, L	tum, Hochst.
„ rosa-sinensis, var.?	Barringtonia racemosa, Bl.
schizopetalus	Raphanocarpus, sp. nov.?
„ vitifolius, L. form	Peponia? sp. nov.
„ au sp. nova?	Crotalaria lanceolata, E. Meg.
„ near H. diversifolia	„ sp. nov.?
(Mkuna Mbya)	Crotalaria
Waltheria americana, L	sp.
Corchoras acutangulus, Lam.	Indigofera no. I. Binderi,
Ochna Kirkii, Oliv.	Kotseky.
„ Mossambicensis, Kl.	„ hirsuta, L.
„ sp. (imperfect)	Rhynchosia caribæa, DC.
	Abrus au Precatorius?

- Alysicarpus rugosus*, DC.
Desmodium lasiocarpum, DC.
Lonchocarpus? sp. *Lonchocarpus*? sp.
Acacia mellifera, Bth.
Bauhinia, sp.
Cassia mimosoides, L. var.
 " " *fornea*
 " *occidentalis*, L.
 " *Tettensis*? Bolle
 " (*Fistula*) au sp. nov.?
Pavetta crebrifolia? Hiern.
Cnemaspota africana, Bth.
Chasalia—*Psychotria umbra-*
ticola, Vatke.
Oldenlandia sp.
 " *Bojeri*, Hiern.
Pentas purpurea, Oliv. form.
 " nr. "
 " *carnea*, Bth. & form.
Vernonia Lemulans, Vatke
Gongrothamnus Hildebrand-
tii, O. & H.
Microglossa? allied to *M.*
Mespilifolia, Bth.
Aspilia nr. *A. linearifolia* & *A.*
Smithiana
Bidens Schimper, Sch.?
Senecio, sp.
Notonia,— nr. *N. Abyssinica*
 " Imperfect
Emilia sagittata, DC.
 Possibly a *Euryops* (In-
 sufficient)
Sonchias Bipontini? Asch.
 " *Schweiafurthii*, O. &
 H.
- Ipomoea pes-tigridis*, L.
Jacquemontia capitata
 (*Peniplocea* dub.)
Asclepias macrantha, Hochst.
Adenium speciosum, F. var.?
Jasminum auriculatum, V.
 var.
Lobelia fervens. Thbg. (*L.*
pterocaulon, Kl.)
Bachuera leptostachya, Bth?
Solanum, cf. v. *duplo-sinua-*
tum, Kl.
Argyreia? sp. (Imperfect)
Convolvulus parviflorus, chy.
Hewittia (*Shutereia*) *bicolor.*
Stend. (Chy.)
Barteria cf. *B. Prionitis*
Himantochilus sessilis *florus*,
T. And.
Asystasia gangetica, T. A.
Crossandra nr. *C. flava*
Blepharis boerhaaviæ folia
Juss.
Hygrophila longifolia, Lees.
Thunbergia (*Meyenia*) sp.
 nov.?
 " *alata*, Boj.
Covollas detached of *Spatho-*
dea nitotica, Seem.?
Justicia, sp.?
Clerodendron capitatum S.&S.
Piemna, sp.
Lantana, sp.
 an *Ocymum*? sp.
Coleus, sp?
Moschosma polystachyum
 Bth. ?

Centema au C. Kirkii, Hkf. ?	Curcuma, sp.
Aerua lanata, Juss.	Lissochilus (2)
Psilotrichum sp. ?	Ansellia africana, var. nilotica.
Amarantus caudatus, L.	Baker
Celosia aff. C. leptostachyee	Cyperus, nr. (rotundus)
„ trigyna, L.	„ sp.
Loranthus, sp.	„ hemisphaericus Bkla?
Arthrosolen, sp.	„ flabelliformis, Rottb.
Croton pulchellus, Baill.	Saccharum officinarum, L.
Euphorbia, sp.	Eragrostis ovariensis, St.
„ aff. E. anchinatae	Tricholæna rosea, N.
Phyllanthus, sp.	Setaria glauca, Beauv. ?
Aroidea (leaf only)	Oplismenus Colonus, K.
Aneilema æquinoctialis, Kth.	„ Crus-Galli, var.
var. adhærens	Chloris alba ?
„ pedunculosum, cl.	Peltæ a involuta, J.G.B.
„ longifolium, Hk.	Asplenium affine, Siv.
Cyrtanthus (Gastronema) sp.	Selaginella Vogelii, Spr. J.
Aloe (fragment)	Adiantum caudatum, L.
Anthericum (bad specimen)	Polypodium Phymatodes, L.

FROM REV. THOMAS WAKEFIELD, MOMBASA.

Received November, 1884.

Uvaria, sp. (=Hildebrandt, 1971)	Triumfetta rhomboidea, Jacq.
„ aff. U. Kiakii & U. lucidæ (fract.)	„ tomentosa, Boj.
„ Asterias S. Moore	Grewia au G. occidentalis var.? (=Hildebrandt, 1997)
Cissampelos Pareira, L.	Grewia sulcata, M.T.M. var.?
Capparis corymbosa, Lam.	„ sp.
Alsodeia Welwitschii, Oliv.	Acridocarpus chlorophorus? Oliv. (insufficient)
Scolopia aff. v. Ecklonii	Tristellateia africana, S. Moore
Flacourtia Ramoutchi, L'Her? (insufficient)	Oxalis (Biophytum) Sensitiva, L.
Polygala sinensis, kl.	Harrisonia Abyssinica, Oliv.
Sida rhombifolia, L.	Ochua Kirkii, Oliv.
„ cordifolia, L.	Balsamodendron cf. B. molle (= Hitzeria edulis kl.)
„ „ forma, pilis patentibus	Male fl. & fruit of probably a new genus of Burseraceæ or Sapindaceæ. Fragments sent for identification in hope of getting pistillate flowers
Pavonia aff. P. arabica, Hochst.	Turraea Wakefieldii, Oliv. MS, sp. nova
„ aff. P. odoratæ, W.	„ Mombasana? C. de C. & H.
Abutilon glaucum, Don.	Gymnosporia, sp. ?
Hibiscus gossypinus, Thbg.	
„ micranthus, L.	
Thespesia Danis, Oliv.	
Melhanhia ferruginea, Rich.	
Waltheria Americana, L.	
Corchorus acutangulus, Lam.	

- Elæodendron* ? sp. (no fruit)
Salacia, sp.
Zizyphus pubescens, Oliv ? sp.
 nov.
 ,, *Jujuba*, L.
Vitis (fragmentary)
 ,, aff. *V. cirrhosæ*, Af.
Paullinia, *pinnata*, L.
Schmidelia repanda ? Bker.
Rhus insignis, Del. forma.
Anacardium occidentale, L.
Odina au *O. wodier*, var. *brevifolia*, Engl. ? sp. nov. ?
Crotalaria, sp.
 ,, *Kirkii*, Bker. (conf.
 C. lanceolatum, E. May)
Indigofera hirsuta, L.
 ,, *Strobilifera*, Hochst.
Tephrosia anthylloides, Hochst
 var. ?
 ,, *incana*, Grah.
Ormocarpum mimosoides, S.
 Moore
Alysicarpum rugosus, DC.
Desmodium latifolium, DC.
 (*D. lasiocarpum*, DC.)
Rhynchosia cyanosperma, Bth.
 ,, *minima*, DC. var. ?
Dolichos, Ladlab, L.
Dalbergia Melanoxylon, G.L.P.
 ,, sp. nov.
Dalbergia, sp. ? (no fruit)
 ,, sp. ?
Cassia mimosoides, L.
Afzelia cuanzensis, Welw. (A.
 Petersiana, Kl.)
Tamarindus indica, L.
- Brachystegia*, sp. nov.
Cynometra, sp. nov.
Schotia ? or *Brachystegia* ?
 genus *Novum* ? near *Coadya*
 (fragment sent for identifi-
 cation ; fruit required)
Acacia, fragment, near *Abyssinica*
 ,, near *A. Seyel*.
 ,,
 ,, sp. with tumid spines
Albizzia (*Zygia*) *fastigiata*, E.
 May.
Rhizophora macronata, Lam.
Bruguiera cylindrica, Bl.
Terminalia, sp. nov. (fruit only)
 ,, sp.
Comberbum au *C. elæ agnoides*, Kl. ?
 ,, sp.
Eugenia oweniensis, P.B.
 forma.
Tryphæotemma, sp. nov., petalo-
 loides (inadequate)
Trianthema pentandrum, L.
Gisekia rubella, Hochst.
Hymenodictyon, sp. nov.
Pentas mombassana, Hn.
 ,, *purpurea* ? Oliv. (im-
 perfect)
Randia dumentorum, Lam.
Lamfnothamnus Zangurbari-
 cas, Hn.
Canthium lividum, Hn.
Coffe, sp. nov.
Polysphænia lanceolata, Hn.
Pavetta, sp. nov.

- Vangueria infansta*, Baich.
Spermacoce Ruelliae, DC.
Jecora aff. *I. Radiatae* & *J. ordoratae*, sp. nov.)
Psychatria, sp.
 ,, aff. *P. Kirkii* & *P. Punctatae*
 ,, sp. nov. (inadequate)
Ethulia conyzoides, L. forma
Vernonia, sp. aff. var. *zanzibarensis* & var. *marginatae*
 ,, *cinerea*
Pluchea Dioscoridis, DC.
Blephorispermum Zangarbaricum O. & H.
Senecio, sp. nov? aff. *s. tuberoso*?
Sideroxylon Diagyryherdes, Bkev.
Salvadora persica (L.)
Dobera glabra, Juss. var. ?
Diosglyhos sp. ? fragment
Jasminum auriculabum, v. var. (*J. tettense*, Kl.)
 ,, sp. aff.
Adenium obesum, R. & S.
Carissa in *C. edulis*, Set. V.
Tabernae monbana? sp.
Raemwolfia, cf. *R. senegalensis*, DC.
Asclepiadea dub. (inadequate: fragment sent for identification)
Dregea, sp. = 2024? Hildebrandt
- Strychnes*, sp. (inadequate)
Eucostema (*Slevogtia orientalis*, Evis. forma *calycis lobis obtusis*)
Ehretia aff. *E. amornae*, Kl.
Heliotropium bicolor? v. *strigosum*?
Evolvulus alsinoides, L.
Physalis peruviana, L.
Helerophraqma (*Ferinanda magnifica*, Seem.)
Hygrophila spinosa (*H. longifolia*, biis)
Hypoestes mollis, T. And.
Whitfieldia longiflora, T. And. (new to E. Africa)
Blepharis an *B. pratensis*, S. M. var. *hirta*?
Sclerochiton? sp. nov. vel. gen. nov. aff.
Lantana salvifolia, Jacq.
Clerodendron, sp. (fragment)
Aricennia officinalis, L.
Vitex an aff. v. *Strickeri*, V. & H.
 ,, sp. (inadequate)
Orthosiphon, sp.? (= *Schweiaf. 3818*?)
Lencas, cf. *L. glabratum*, Bth. ai to *Delagoe pl.*)
Tinneae aethiopica, K. & P. forma
Celosia aff. *C. leptostachya*
 ,, *Trigyna*, L.
Aerua lanata, Juss.
 ,, ,, forma
Suæda an v. *monoica*, Forsk

Loranthus Hirsutiflorus? Kl.	Phæniz reclinata? v. spinoso
„ Kirkii, Oliv.	(no leaf)
Euphorbia hypericifolia, L.	Acampe. Th.?
Phyllanthus (Kirkanelia), K.	Cyperus hemisphæricus,
Gelonium Zanzibarense?	Bklev.
Arg.	„ obtusiflorus, V.
Croton aff. C. macrostachyæ	„ flabelliformis, Rottb.
Gloriosa virescens, L.	Polypodium phymatodes, L.
Asparagus Abyssinicus,	Davallia elegans, Sa.
Hochst.	Acrostichum (§ Chrysodium)
Dioscorea (fruit only)	sp. but barren
Angræcum Dives, Rf.?	Ramalina, sp.
Mystacidium, sp.? (fruit)	Physcia flavicans (S.W.)

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